The Christian Union

Our part is to conspire with the new works of new days.—Emerson.

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HAMILTON W. MABIE, } Editors.

THE OUTLOOK.

IN the matter of the Western railroad strike the decision of Judge Gresham has in effect affirmed the principles laid down last week by The Christian Union, that what a single man has a right to do, a body of men have a right to do in combination; that, therefore, a withdrawal from employment by a number of employees in combination is not in itself illegal, and, in the absence of evidence of a criminal intent, can be neither punished nor prohibited. Both sides to the proceedings conceded, what indeed could not be denied, that under the laws of the State no railroad could refuse to take the freight of any connecting railroad. It would seem inevitably to follow—though this question was not directly brought before the Court—that if it could be proved that the object of a strike was to prevent a railroad from carrying the freight of a connecting road, it would be an illegal combination, because it would be a combination to compel a corporation to do an illegal act. To avoid the dangers of a legal prosecution, the engineers and firemen on the Santa Fé road struck, with a disavowal of any combination or any orders from headquarters. This strike is now over, and the men have returned to their work. As reported by very fragmentary dispatches, the cause of it is involved in some mystery. The men had no grievance against their own road; denied that they had received any orders to strike; simply stopped work, saying that they were tired, and decided to take a vacation till the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy strike was settled. The real and scarcely concealed object was, we judge, to stop the carriage of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy freight. The two roads are closely connected, and many of the stockholders are the same in both roads. The strike seems to have been as great a surprise to Chief Arthur as it was to the railroad officials, and, so far as we can judge, it is due to his intervention that it has been stopped and the men have returned to their work. Such a strike, it hardly ought to be necessary to say, is wholly unjustifiable. A strike is an act of war—to be resorted to only as a last resort, only in case of a definite and intolerable grievance, only after all attempts at conciliation and pacific settlement have failed, and never against an employer who is dealing justly with his own employees. It is no more right for the engineers on one road to strike in support of the striking engineers on another road than it would be for the officials of one road to discharge all their men in order to coerce into service the men who are striking on another road. When, as was probably true in this case, the object of the strike is to compel the road to do what the law forbids it to do, the act is criminal as well as immoral and a blunder. Monday morning's papers report the passenger trains on the C., B. & Q. road running with regularity; but we receive the report with some allowances. The loss to the road from the strike is estimated by an anonymous telegraphic dispatch to amount to six millions. This is probably a mere guess; but the loss must have been very heavy. And it is probable that both shippers and passengers who can reach their destination by any other line will avoid the C., B. & Q. until the strike is formally declared off. We suppose that there is no question that its train service is seriously deteriorated as well as disorganized by this battle, which has been disastrous alike to the company and to its men. Chief Arthur seems to us to have kept his head throughout these difficulties, and to have done all that it was possible for a man in his position to do to secure a pacific settlement before the strike, to prevent it from spreading, and to protect the community from any acts of lawlessness or disorder by or on behalf of the strike, which has been notable among railroad strikes for the absence of violence.

An important decision was rendered by the United States Supreme Court on Monday declaring invalid the Iowa statute forbidding a railroad to bring intoxicating liquor into that State unless a certificate has been furnished it from the County Auditor of the county to which such liquor is to be transported, showing that the consignee is legally authorized to sell it. The Court held, in an opinion written by Justice Matthews, that the power to regulate or forbid the sale of a commodity after it has been brought into the State does not carry with it the power to prevent its introduction or transportation from another State. Chief Justice Waite, Justice Harlan, and Justice Gray dissented from this decision, and maintained that the State's right to protect the health, morals, peace, and good order of its citizens authorized it to enact the statute in question. It will be noted that the Democrats on the bench were in this case opposed to acknowledging the right claimed by the State. The decision is of great importance, since under it apparently any individual may without restriction import liquor for his own consumption so long as there is any State in which the manufacture is not prohibited. The power of the State to enact and enforce anti-saloon legislation is in no way abridged, but statutes forbidding the manufacture of liquor will be to very little purpose when liquor can be freely imported from other States.

Owing to the snow storm, there was no quorum in the New York Legislature on Tuesday last, when the High License bill was to have been considered, and action was delayed for another week. Meanwhile Senator Vedder has introduced a local option bill, and people will wait with interest to see whether the Republicans of New York will follow the example of those in New Jersey and Ohio, and support these measures. Of course the legislators will decide the question as a matter of party policy. If they should support the high license measure alone, they may win the opposition of the liquor men without winning the support of the more determined Prohibitionists. But no Prohibitionist can object to local option. It is the most satisfactory form of "step-by-step prohibition," and most advocates of the reform believe that it must be brought about in this way. Local option avoids the scandal of laws openly defied, since the community which enacts them elects all the officers for the enforcement. A local option law is in every community much more certain of enforcement than is a State prohibitory law, since the fact that the latter is apt to be a dead letter in neighboring communities has a paralyzing effect. However, the High License law stands a much better chance before the Legislature. It represents the position on temperance questions which the average public sentiment is now ready to support. The Republican fear of losing the liquor vote does not appear to us well grounded. The liquor vote in the Republican party is small, and, though the liquor dealers may be able to "knife" particular politicians whom they oppose, they are not able to transfer many votes now Republican to the Democracy. What is needed in this fight, as in every fight, is courage. If conducted in a half-hearted way, defeat is certain.

On Friday last the body of Emperor William was laid to rest in the quiet mausoleum at Charlottenburg, where lie his father and his famous and noble mother, Queen Louise. The splendor of the great pageant was of the most impressive character. The sincerity of the mourning of the nation was beyond question. For the preceding few days a continuous stream of people, many from far-distant districts, had passed through the draped cathedral where they might view the face of the dead Emperor lying there in state among masses of white flowers, colossal palm branches, and lofty exotic plants. Outside were bivouacked several bodies of troops, whose aid was more than once demanded by the strong cordon of police in keeping back the struggling crowd. It is estimated that on Thursday alone 300,000 persons visited the cathedral. Along the route, three miles in length, followed by the funeral cortége, were placed great arches and obelisks beautifully draped. Before the cathedral stood a black-covered amphitheater holding many thousands. Along Unter den Linden vast multitudes assembled to honor the Emperor's passage in death through the avenue up which he rode in triumph in 1866 and 1871. The road was strewn with pine branches, over which the procession passed with a curious stillness. In the cathedral there was a strong contrast between the splendor of the audience and the simple but grandly impressive service. A brief eulogy by Dr. Koegel, the reading of Psalm xc., the chanting of "I Know that my Redeemer

Liveth," and the singing by all present of "What God does, He still does well," were the exercises. Then the coffin, covered with crimson velvet, was borne by officers of high rank to its car. It was followed on its last journey by the Kings of Saxony, Belgium, and Roumania, by the Crown Prince William and his brother Henry, by the Prince of Wales, and by literally a crowd of princes, royal dukes, and delegates from crowned heads. Frederick III., Bismarck, and Moltke were unable to join the cortége. In every detail of impressiveness the spectacle had been planned with artistic skill, and was carried out without slip or accident. At the Brandenburg gate was the brief inscription, "Vale, Senex Imperator." And so, amid the tolling of bells and the dull sound of distant cannon, Berlin bade farewell to the monarch and military hero it had so long loved and honored. It is a characteristic fact that, though the respect and grief were thoroughly genuine, yet, the dispatches say, the next day the great city had resumed its wonted gayety, the theaters, which were to have been closed for thirty days, began their performances, and the intrigues and merriment and bustle of the German capital were again in full course.

Now that the Emperor William has been laid at rest, the feeling of sincere and universal sorrow gives place to extreme anxiety concerning the health of the Emperor Frederick the Third. It is impossible for those outside official circles to form any just judgment of the real condition of the Emperor. But everything confirms the growing feeling that his disease, whatever it is, is not only serious, but certain to be fatal at a near date. There is an inner history connected with the medical management of the case which is not likely to come to the knowledge of the world in any direct way. But hints are thrown out that the services of an English physician have more than professional significance in this case. There has long been at the German court a party bitterly opposed to the present Empress, whose ability and character are widely recognized even by her enemies. It has undoubtedly been the purpose of this intrigue not only to exclude the Empress and her children from their proper share in the great fortune of the late Emperor, but, if possible, to prevent the recent Crown Princess from ever becoming Empress of Germany. If that event could have been prevented, her status would have been greatly changed. If the Emperor had been in perfect health, all intrigue would have been useless, but his disease afforded a possible occasion which the enemies of the Empress have not been slow to use. If the physicians attending the Emperor could have agreed that his disease was incurable, and that a fatal result was not only inevitable but near at hand, his succession to the throne might have been defeated in favor of that of his son. It is more than hinted that it was to prevent this, which would have been the culmination of the plotted intrigues and their final success, that the Crown Princess insisted upon the attendance of an eminent English surgeon, who has taken a very conservative view of the Prince's condition, insisted that he might recover and that he should not be subjected to the most extreme surgical operations which would have endangered his life. This interpretation of recent events is borne out by many circumstances which have not appeared in print, and has, in all probability, ground in fact.

The new Emperor's course will undoubtedly be modified by his physical condition. If it be true that he has but a short time to live, he will attempt, in all probability, to do nothing more than to insure the position of his wife and family, and endeavor to impress the moderate spirit which actuates him on the counsels of his Ministers. The proclamation which he issued last week confirms this interpretation of his present purposes, and has met with warm response not only from his own subjects but among the subjects of the nations who dread the outbreak of war. "Safely resting upon her own strength, Germany stands forth firm in the council of the nations." "She desires only to enjoy in peaceful progress that which she has won." "Imbued with the greatness of my mission, I shall make it my whole endeavor to continue the fabric in the spirit in which it was founded—of making Germany the center of peace and to foster her welfare." These phrases, among others, indicate the entirely pacific tone of this proclamation, and are in harmony with the known purposes and political creed of the new Emperor. The Emperor's official communications to the various parliamentary bodies of the kingdom and empire embody the same conservative policy; to preserve the integrity of Germany, to maintain peace, and to govern according to the Constitution, are the pledges which the new ruler makes to his people. There is, indeed, no more pathetic spectacle in the world than the decline of this admirable and thoroughly trained ruler, possessed by an ardent love of his country and in sympathy with her progressive political life, at the very moment when it has become possible for him to direct her counsels.

Russia is following up her recent appeal to the Powers who were parties to the Treaty of Berlin to straighten out matters in that much-troubled principality by trying to induce Turkey to take the chestnuts out of the fire on her behalf. But Turkey has so often performed this office for various European Powers that she is rather chary of the undertaking. Russia wants Turkey to demand the retirement of Prince Ferdinand on the ground that his election was illegal because it has not been ratified by the Great Powers. Turkey is willing to set in motion the diplomatic machinery of moderate demand and interminable procrastination which she has so long worked with matchless skill, and has formally declared the illegality of Ferdinand's position. But she is very unwilling to produce anything like an acute crisis, and it is very unlikely that this procedure will bring Russia any nearer the settlement of affairs which she desires in Bulgaria. The seven signatory Powers are all agreed that under the Treaty the election of Ferdinand ought to have been confirmed by themselves. But there is great divergence of opinion as to the proper course to pursue, and to this divergence Bulgaria owes her safety. None of the Great Powers has any sincere desire to throw Bulgaria into Russian hands, and, while they are likely to acquiesce in the technical position which Russia takes, they are not likely to do anything more aggressive. There is so much inflammable material in the Sultan's dominions that his hereditary procrastination and indecision are not likely to be overcome by Russian persuasion.

There appears to have been very little strong opposition to the new rules of procedure which are hereafter to govern the House of Commons. Under these rules the Speaker is authorized, whenever one hundred members vote in the majority, to apply the closure, which terminates debate, and which makes it possible for the Ministry to control the time and business of the House within reasonable limits. The Speaker is also clothed with authority to order any member guilty of disorderly conduct to withdraw from the precincts of the House, and to silence any member who repeats his own arguments or the speeches and arguments of others. Heretofore one of the principal instruments of obstruction in the House has been the power of the minority to call for repeated divisions, each of which involves a considerable loss of time. Hereafter the Speaker will in his discretion be able to take a division by simply calling on the minority to stand up and be counted. This rule is to be applied only when the Speaker has reason to suspect the purpose of obstruction. One of the rules adopted will make an important modification in the traditional methods of the House of Commons, and is likely to produce other modifications in the future. Heretofore the House of Commons has assembled at a late hour, and frequently sat until three in the morning. This is an abnormal and unhealthy habit; but there are many things which have recommended it, and it is of such long standing that the members are very reluctant to give it up. The wear and tear of a long session of Parliament, consuming night after night, has been very great, and has been specially hard on the Ministers, who have often broken down under it. These gentlemen have been compelled to stay in the House until three o'clock in the morning, ready at all times to take part in debates, and to sustain and defend their measures well on toward daylight, and have been obliged to return to their offices at eleven o'clock in the morning to begin with their secretaries the work of another day. This has been a severe tax even upon strong men, and the feeling against it, although of slow growth, has at length secured an important modification. Hereafter the House of Commons will assemble at three o'clock in the afternoon and adjourn at midnight. This rule seems to have excited more earnest discussion than any other, and the oldest members profess themselves very uncertain, and not a little solicitous, as to the result of this change in the habits of the House.

The annual burden of the British debt is to be reduced one sixth. Mr. Gladstone has indorsed Mr. Goschen's project for the conversion of three per cents. into two and a half per cents. As the British debt now amounts to over $3,600,000,000, the relief of the taxpayers thus affected is of great importance. Yet the change is not a welcome one to the property-owning classes. They cannot deny its justice. They see very clearly that it is as absurd for the Government as for an individual to pay too much interest on its debts. When the American Government has shown its ability to borrow money at two and a half per cent., when even the State of Ohio is now borrowing for less than three per cent., it is evidently high time for England to make the reduction which Mr. Goschen proposes. The fact that the change has been delayed so long has been due to the vast bondholding interests opposed to it. English three per cents. have been the standard investment for trust funds, and as the trustees of such funds will be unwilling to invest them elsewhere, the recipients will have their incomes seriously curtailed. Some of them half regret the public prosperity, the "overproduction" of capital, which makes this reduction of interest possible. The fact that the statesman who has proposed this change which will so lighten the burden of the English debt has always been a profound student of political economy is another illustration of the fact that political reforms advocated by thinkers and opposed by the moneyed classes are not always impracticable.

General Boulanger is apparently bent upon destroying the last vestige of faith in his discretion and judgment. Those who were anxious to believe that there was something in the man which might prove of real use to his country have suffered steady diminution of hope and confidence for a long time past; and the last performance of Boulanger is likely to remove whatever hope still remained. It has come to light that he has recently visited Paris three times without authority from his superiors. This, under the circumstances, and looked at from a military point of view, was a serious offense on the part of a general, but the manner in which it was done aggravates the offense. On two occasions Boulanger disguised himself and entered Paris so changed in personal appearance that the police did not recognize him. This performance bears close upon the opera bouffe, and will confirm the fear of those who have suspected that the opera bouffe formed a large element in Boulanger's character. That a man holding the position of General and commanding an army corps, who has recently been a member of the Ministry, should steal into the capital of his own country in disguise is from most points of view ridiculous. But President Carnot evidently does not look at the matter in this light, for he has removed Boulanger from his command and placed him on the retired army list. There appears to be no question but that the disgraced officer had military talents in certain directions of a high order, and that he might have been of real service to France. Unfortunately, he attempted to be a politician as well as a soldier, and that is a combination which Frenchmen hold in some dread, and with very good reason. On the whole, the disappearance of Boulanger, if this prove to be his disappearance, from the field of action is auspicious both for France and for the peace of Europe.

France and Italy are just now illustrating the various uses to which a protective tariff can be put. The French Chamber of Deputies has passed a bill which imposes a duty of fifty per cent. on raw silk imported from Italy, a measure which is likely to prove a boomerang of a serious kind. Those who are informed declare that the effect of the operation of the bill will be to close half the silk mills of Lyons, while the Italian silk growers, on the other hand, will sustain slight injury, the demand for their products being always greater than the supply. The Italian Government, not to be behind in this amiable and Christian warfare, has imposed a tax of twenty per cent. upon iron, of fifty per cent. on copper, and of thirty per cent. on machines imported from France. What the effect of this action will be on the French manufacturers remains to be seen. Its real object is said to be the desire on the part of France to strike a blow at German commerce, that country

being able under the present system to export goods at Italian rates of duty. The real effect, however, of the action of both Governments will be to tax their own subjects.

The movement for International Copyright steadily gains ground. The other branches of the publishing business are organizing to urge it, and many of those who have heretofore opposed it are now falling into line with the endeavor to secure for foreign writers a just and honest return for their work. The two authors' meetings in aid of the movement, given in Washington on Saturday and Monday, brought together an audience of distinguished people at the focal point of action. Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, who presided, made a short but very incisive opening address, in which, with mingled wit and satire, he sketched the present condition of things, and made a plea for justice not only to the foreign but to the American writer. He declared that American writers are falling into line with the other workingmen of the country, and are organizing, not for higher wages, nor against convict or machine labor, but against the labor of foreign authors, which is taken without pay. The American author strikes not so much for his own rights as for justice to his foreign brother-worker in the same field. "We need," said Mr. Stedman, "to redeem this great and generous Nation from the charge of being a grand 'fence' for the receiving of purloined goods. It is our hope that one of the memorable records in the annals of this Fiftieth Congress will be that through its wisdom the Chace Copyright bill will become a law of the land. On yonder hill is to me the fairest and proudest Capitol the world can boast. This city is the mouthpiece of liberty and justice for all. But these States can never wholly escape the imputation of fostering a provincial, a colonial sentiment, as long as we depend for our mental sustenance upon inferior European chap-books, dear at any price, and continue to discourage the native literature which shows such vigor in spite of all restrictions, and which at this moment is held in honor everywhere 'save in its own country.'"

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.—The House Committee on Foreign Affairs—Democrats and Republicans—have unanimously agreed to report the resolution of Mr. Hitt, which provides that whenever the Government of Canada shall intimate the desire for commercial union on a uniform basis of customs and internal taxes, it shall be the duty of the President to appoint a commission to prepare a plan for such union. The Congressional sentiment in favor of reciprocity has of late been growing marked, many Congressmen even favoring ultimate annexation. On the same day that the Committee agreed upon this resolution the leader of the Liberal party in the Canadian House of Commons urged that body to declare itself in favor of commercial union.——At present, whenever a National bank disposes of its bonds, it is required to deposit with the Government funds sufficient to redeem its outstanding circulation. As the circulation is rarely presented for redemption, the fund lying idle in the Treasury has been constantly accumulating. Senator Sherman has introduced a bill directing the Secretary of the Treasury to invest eighty per cent. of these funds in the purchase of Government bonds. Another section of his bill authorizes National banks to issue circulating notes to the par value of bonds deposited, instead of ninety per cent. as now. This would increase the National bank circulation by $19,000,000, upon which the banks would receive interest and no harm be done to the Government, though Greenbackers might insist that the Government itself should get the interest on this $19,000,000. Secretary Fairchild has written a letter to the Senate Finance Committee opposing Senator Sherman's bill, first, on the ground that it is not good policy to expand the currency, and, second, because the additional privilege given to National banks would force four per cents. to even a higher figure than they command at present. This second objection has a certain amount of weight. ——The Senate has passed a bill providing for the compulsory education of Indian children. It orders the establishment of an industrial boarding school on every reservation which contains five hundred or more adult Indians.——Senator Morgan has introduced a bill for the admission of Utah as a State.——During the storm general lifelessness characterized the proceedings of Congress. One member expressed the belief that were it not for the telegraphic reports no one would care to go to Congress. The speeches are all made to the newspaper public.

GENERAL NEWS.—The United States Supreme Court has rendered a decision in the Bell telephone patent cases. The decision declares the Bell patent valid in all respects. Four of the justices concur in the opinion; three dissent, holding that there was prior invention on the part of Drawbaugh.——The effect of the great storm of last week has nearly passed away; the roads are open and business is proceeding as usual; scattered reports of deaths and suffering from exposure are printed, but on the whole the loss of life is small considering the extent and severity of the blizzard.——In Scotland and the North of England railway traffic has been interfered with by a heavy storm, several trains having been buried in snow-drifts.——The loss of at least one life in the fire in the Elberon flat on Madison Avenue, in this city, on Monday, emphasizes the necessity of providing some means of escape from the great flat houses which refuse to disfigure their fronts with fire escapes ——The National Conference of the United Labor party and the Union Labor party of the West meets at Cincinnati on May 15.——Nineteen persons were killed and about twice as many were hurt by the running off the track of a vestibule train on the Savannah, Florida & Western Railroad, on Saturday last.——For the first time in many years the Irish flag did not float on the New York City Hall on St. Patrick's Day, Mayor Hewitt having given orders that only the flags of the Union, State, and city should be displayed.

A FAITHFUL RULER.

AT the close of the great war which re established the German Empire, Carlyle declared that the ascendency of German character and power in Europe was the most hopeful thing that had happened for many a year. This ascendency meant, to his mind, unhesitating use of force backed by honesty, truthfulness, and sobriety of judgment and aim. The Germanic virtues are fundamental; they are the foundations on which civilization is built, and their impress on Europe was far better for the world than the dissemination of the semi-fanatical, semi-Oriental spirit of the Russian, or the vainglorious Chauvinism of the French. In the main Carlyle was undoubtedly right in his judgment; German ascendency has been beneficent. The development of the military system which has made Europe a huge barrack cannot be traced to German policy, although no country has worked more earnestly to fortify herself against all the chances of war. There are racial antagonisms in Europe, there are national and territorial inheritances from the past, which make a final and decisive struggle apparently inevitable. Bismarck is the foremost representative of the epoch of "blood and iron," but he was not the creator of the condition of tension in which Europe now waits in ceaseless anxiety for the morrow. He has had the sagacity to comprehend the situation and to prepare for it. Germany in arms is probably not so much the ideal of Bismarck as the necessity of the times in which he lives. The selfishness and greed of rulers and statesmen have often used great wars as opportunities of aggrandisement; but to-day a great war is the one event which rulers and statesmen are striving to avoid. The fear which haunts them all is that some untoward occurrence will fire the inflammable temper of the masses and precipitate the avalanche, the dread of which can be measured only by the extraordinary precautions which have been taken against it.

The Emperor William was a man whose adaptation for his time and work was so complete that it suggests the quality of genius; the genius, not of creative effort, but of unerring perception and adjustment. A soldier by instinct, by training, and by necessity, the Emperor possessed in extraordinary degree the civic virtues of a great ruler. He was the servant of the State; no man worked harder or more conscientiously for the subjects intrusted to his care. If he held them to strict obedience, he held himself with equal rigor to the duties which, in their mutual relation, fell to him. Every German knew that the Emperor would have died at his post with unflinching courage and constancy, and that knowledge silenced the lips of criticism and protest. Born when the young Napoleon was just setting out to write the most brilliant chapter of his history in the Italian campaign of 1797, the Emperor's youth was stirred and shadowed by the tumult of the years that followed. He saw his father driven from his capital, his beautiful mother overwhelmed with multiplied griefs, his country humiliated and prostrated. The roar of battle, the agitation of a long revolution, the overthrow of ancient thrones, the extinction of ancient kingdoms, the anguish of war when it pierces the heart with personal loss—these were the influences which surrounded him in the formative years. It is not surprising that unfaltering courage, stern sense of duty, the habit of obedience and command, should have represented to him a sound national life, and that individual freedom and government by opinion should have seemed chimerical and dangerous. They were alien alike to his character and his education. Obedience and duty rather than freedom and rights were the keynotes of a true and normal popular life; and in this it is needless to say there was something that commanded Carlyle's admiration, as there is something which commands ours. A noble national life recognizes the two sets of traits and influences which must shape it as equally authoritative; it holds its freedom with a sober sense of obligation, and protects its rights because it perceives so clearly the duties which grow out of them. Rights and privileges, for which this century has fought so earnestly, are noble and safe only while they are held in indissoluble union with obedience and self-sacrifice; without these they mean license and anarchy. The Emperor's absolutism was so grounded in the consciousness of obligation that we cannot but respect it, however we may reject it as a political system, and doubt its wisdom as a political policy. He held his subjects to a strict obedience, but he loved them as his children, and the welfare of the State was the one great passion of his life.

That life, begun amid so much disaster, was crowned with a success so impressive that it gave the career of the dead monarch a dramatic interest and completeness. The boy whose sainted mother was brutally treated by Napoleon entered Paris twice with the victorious armies which overthrew him; and late in life, after the most crushing of modern wars, the same boy, now an old man, in the palace of the great French king was crowned Emperor of Germany. A far-seeing policy, steady devotion to the work of the State, genius for selecting great servants and resolutely supporting them, and two great wars, made the re-establishment of the Empire possible, and the coronation of the King of Prussia at Versailles will remain one of the most dramatic pictures in history. It was the good fortune of the Emperor to have men of the first rank about him, but it was his genius to discern their undeveloped capacities for statecraft and for war and to cast his fortunes with theirs. The fame of Bismarck is now so overshadowing that even the enemies of his domestic policy are estopped from criticism; but twenty-five years ago the great record of successful diplomacy was yet to be made up, a sluggish nation was yet to be aroused, prejudices and antagonisms of ancient date were yet to be placated and overcome, princes were yet to be persuaded to surrender their rights, principalities to give up their autonomy, the question of the supremacy of the north over the south German was yet to be settled, the great wars were yet to be fought and won. The foresight of Bismarck discerned the possibilities of the German race, but what he saw was a vision which was not visible to the people. In the early days of his resolute policy there were times when a man less brave and patient than the Emperor would have given way. There were times, no doubt, when even he would have yielded had not the iron will of his minister inspired him against his fears. It must remain one of his great claims upon the memory of the future that he stood fast by the statesman he had chosen until the end, and in the hour of death they were still hand in hand. The statesman made his King an Emperor and the foremost ruler in Europe; the Emperor never missed occasion to honor by word and deed the servant whose genius had wrought for him with such marvelous constancy and success.

Honest, fearless, laborious, virtuous, and crowned with years and honors, the venerable and venerated monarch has gone to his rest. A singular unanimity of respect and sorrow has expressed the common feeling of men of every race for him. Probably no man distinctively a soldier ever left fewer enemies or a greater company of friends behind him. The transparent sincerity of his character was as evi-

dent to those against whom as to those with whom he fought; to the Frenchman as to the German, to the Liberal as to the Conservative. His personal virtues and the great achievements which are associated with his name reconciled men to the military temper of his reign and to the repressive policy of his administration. It is no dishonor to the memory of this true-hearted and faithful ruler to express the hope that he will be the last of the great soldiers on the German throne; that with him and with the conditions which surrounded him the necessity for absolutism, if such a necessity there has been, will pass away forever. Germany is to-day the most thoroughly trained and efficiently organized nation which the world has ever known. She has rendered immense services to modern civilization, and her part will be a great one in the years to come. How fortunate would it be for the German people and for the world if in the coming years her splendid strength could be spent in the works of peace!

THE NEW THEOLOGY.

LAST week we set before our readers the essential features of the old theology—that is, the New England theology of the last century, as embodied in the two words government and justice. We put in contrast therewith this week the essential features of the new theology, as far as we can do so in so limited a space.

According to the new theology, God is to be regarded, not as the moral Governor of the universe, but the Father of whom the whole family in earth and heaven is named. He is the Teacher and Trainer of the race; the Shepherd who guides his flock and tenderly carries the lambs in his bosom; the Vine-dresser who, finding the vine entangled among the weeds and lying on the ground, lifts it up, provides it with a trellis, turns its leaves and its branches toward the sun, prepares it for its blossom and its fruit; a Father the end of whose administration in the household is not justice, but redemption; who does all things that he may bring manhood out of boyhood, virtue out of vice, strength out of weakness.

The whole of his administration, therefore, is keyed to mercy and redemption, not to law and penalty. The human race are children to be developed, not ticket-of-leave men to be watched and caught if they go wrong. Life is a school, humanity is in its tutelage, and God is the Teacher. God rocks the cradle in which the infant race is resting. He is its nurse. His kindnesses are loving-kindnesses, and his mercies are tender—that is, tending—mercies. The whole end of his government is, not to administer justice and inflict penalty, but to administer mercy and develop in man a divine character. The whole experience of life, its pain, its discipline, its otherwise inexplicable sorrows, are the operations of mercy. Their end is not punitive, but redemptive. The very hardnesses of life, the very apparent cruelties of life, are the kindnesses of a God who through severity and through gentleness is working out the world's redemption. Of this world one may see a figure in Hampton Institute, that wonderful school which General Armstrong has founded, and where he is educating five or six hundred negro and Indian children. These negroes rise at half-past five or six in the morning; they are kept continually at toil of one description or another until half past nine at night; they are under military discipline; they are now in the workshop and now in the school-room. They are drilled, and every offense is marked, and every violation of law is punished. Ask General Armstrong why the rules of Hampton Institute are so rigid, why the toil is so continuous, why the burden of industry so seemingly unalleviated, and he will reply that this is just the discipline the negro race needs to fit it for manhood; that it has been so long tended and cared for, that it has so long been kept from the hard experience of independence, that it requires more of hardness, more of toil, than the white race. The discipline is not for punishment, not for government; it is for development, and out of it there grow nobility of nature and nobility of service. And from all through the Southern States there come back to Hampton songs of thankfulness and gratitude to him who was so merciful that he had the courage, when necessary, to be rigorous.

So God puts us, his children, in life, binds heavy burdens on our backs, gives us hard tasks, allows us to know the experiences of pain and of heartache; for thus he makes us strong. He brings us into the circle and bids us wrestle with an opponent who sometimes throws us, and whom it is hard for us to throw, but in the wrestling our muscles grow strong and our nerves tense and our courage high, and out of the battle comes forth the hero. But the end of it all is not law, nor justice, nor punishment, but mercy, redemption, education.

Anger and penalty, wrath and punishment, are accordingly but the instruments of love. The penology of the universe, as well as its discipline, is redemptive, as we are beginning to make the penology even of earth redemptive. Formerly, in the punishment of society, the problem was, how to inflict the severest penalties on the wrong-doer. The record of the punishments which man has inflicted on his fellow-man in the name of justice is a horrible record. The groans and tears which have been extorted by a merciless justice are like echoes from the bottomless pit; rather let us say the distant sounds which our imagination hears from the bottomless pit are in reality but the echoes of our own cruelty to our fellow-man. We no longer justify in human governments the tortures of the rack, of the knout, of the bastinado, all once administered in the name of justice, and as penalties for wrong-doing. But now we not only try to adjust penalty to the sin, to make it properly and truly retributive, to give justice back her scales, of which cruelty had robbed her, and bid her hold them steady until they reach an even balance; we are passing on from even this to a still higher conception of the ends of punishment. Prison reformers are not content merely with a judicial system which shall be just. They are working to bring about in society a judicial system which shall be redemptive.

A criminal is arrested, tried, convicted for forgery. He is sentenced to Sing Sing, to hard labor, for a given number of years. The judge, in determining how many years he shall remain at Sing Sing, considers what is the enormity of the offense, what the mitigating circumstances, and endeavors to adjust the penalty to the criminality of the deed that is past. Another criminal is sentenced to the Elmira Reformatory. He receives what is known as the "indeterminate sentence." He goes there, not for a specified time, but to remain until he is cured. He is taken by Mr. Brockaway, examined as to his past life, his past associations, his heredity, and judgment is formed as to his character and the possibilities of the future. He is put into the evening school and the day workship, and his work is adjusted, not with reference to getting the most money out of him now, but the most manhood into him for the future. His conduct is watched, a record is kept of it, he is promoted if he does well, he is degraded if he does ill, and when the authorities are satisfied that he has learned how to earn an honest livelihood by intelligent industry, and that his will and purpose is firmly set so to earn his living, a place is found in society where that living may be earned, and he is put into it. Thus the whole end of the Elmira Reformatory is redemption, not punishment. The term of the criminal service is adjusted, not with reference to the offense that is past, but with reference to the life that lies in the future. This is the modern conception even of justice. Thus society itself is beginning to make even its wrath tributary to mercy. So the new theology believes in the divine administration; only with no blunderings and blindness such as characterize all human endeavor, the Infinite Love takes all criminal natures and works upon them, that it may work in them a true and divine manhood. There is no wrath but the wrath of love. There is no justice but the justice that works out the ends of mercy. It is the nature of God, and the nature of God's government, and the nature of God's punishments, to achieve cure, healing, health, for humanity. And he who has learned this lesson, he from whom the sinful passion has been eradicated, who has come into a divine manhood, is discharged, not into the liberty of an individual and separate existence, but into the bosom and heart and love of the Eternal Father.

We set in these two articles before our readers what is miscalled the Old Theology, for in its present form it is hardly more than a century old, and what is miscalled the New Theology, for in its essential features it antedates the so-called governmental theology. We do not argue here for the one or the other. We put them side by side and so leave them. Their bearing on the question of future punishment and future probation we may consider in a further article.

A WORD FOR THE INDIANS.

WE call the attention of our readers to the extracts on another page from the advance sheets of the forthcoming report of the Board of Indian Commissioners. This report justifies fully the accounts we gave at the time of the outrages perpetrated on the Apaches by the Colorado cowboy militia, and on Estermizin and his peaceful community by cowboys who were not militia. This report is founded on official reports, and makes it unnecessary to retract a word which we said at the time in depicting these outrages and in expression of indignation at them. It is the duty of Congress to afford what little reparation it can, and to make some provision against their recurrence.

The table presented in this report gives encouraging evidence of Indian progress in education and civilization. But it also confirms what we have heretofore said as to the bad faith of our National Government toward the Indians. The money which we promised in solemn treaty to furnish in educational facilities for the Indians we have refused, or at least neglected, to furnish. The United States Government cannot be sued; so the wronged and cheated Indian is without remedy. He has a *legal* right to this money, but no means of enforcing his legal rights. The poor excuse heretofore afforded, that the Indians would not come to schools, even if we built them schoolhouses, is now taken away. For it seems that more children are enrolled than there is room for in the schoolhouses which we have provided; while we have contracted to furnish all the school room they need, and have been paid in advance for doing so. In plain Anglo Saxon, we are convicted by this report of being a great National liar to the Indians. Whether we continue to be so depends upon the question whether there is enough sense of honor in the present Congress to redeem us from this disgrace by providing, even tardily, for the fulfillment of our promise to a people who have only our National honor to appeal to in enforcement of our promise.

In the main we agree with what the Board say on the subject of teaching the vernacular to the Indians. The Board, however, has gone just as far as a strict regard to the facts would allow it to go in endeavoring to act as a peacemaker in its interpretation of the orders of the Department. Whatever constitutional authority the Bureau may have, it has no moral right to determine what a school which asks no aid from the Government may or may not do. Such a school may teach the Volapük if it chooses. The Government has a right to prohibit all teaching of the vernacular in schools supported in whole or in part by the Government, and in our judgment it does well to do so. All our missionary societies would also do well similarly to prohibit all teaching of the Indian language to children in schools supported wholly by themselves. This would sacrifice some Indian school-books, no doubt; but books were made for children, not children for books. If, however, any philanthropic or missionary society is so behind the age as to continue to rely upon the methods of John Eliot in the latter decade of the nineteenth century, it should be permitted to throw away its money if it chooses to do so. Sooner or later the men whose money is being thus thrown away will discover the misappropriation and put a stop to it. To expend in teaching the Indian vernacular such funds is to expend money contributed for education in methods which perpetuate ignorance. But this is an offense which it is not the business of the United States Government to correct, by an imperial edict, issued by a subordinate of the third rank, in a subordinate department. This is not the way we right wrongs in the United States of America.

The recommendations of the Bureau should have the heartiest indorsement of all lovers of justice, fair play, and equal rights. They will certainly have such indorsement from all who care for the Indians.

HOMELY TALKS ON HOMELY TOPICS.

VI.—THRIFT.

THE ambition to have and to make money is an entirely legitimate ambition. It is illegitimate only when it overmasters the moral sense, and becomes a resolute purpose to be rich at every cost. Wealth is power, and it is right to be ambitious to have power. It is just as worthy for a man of executive ability to be ambitious of wealth as it is for

a man of teaching ability to be ambitious of oratory or of literary skill. The essential moral condition is the same in both cases. The man of wealth must regard money simply as a means, just as the man of teaching regards oratory or literary skill as a means. The pulpit exhorts men to generosity. That is very well. Yet I am persuaded that more men are ruined by a lack of ability to earn and to keep money than are ruined by too great covetousness and avarice. In America the miser is rare, and the spendthrift is common. This is all the introduction which I think it necessary to give by way of preface to four rules for making and using money.

1. There is only one legitimate way of making money—by honest industry. He who makes money by taking it out of his neighbor's pocket, without giving his neighbor an equivalent, does not make money at all; he simply steals it. He may do this pocket-picking by reputable methods or by methods that are disreputable; but pocket-picking, whatever the method, is always dishonest. Any transaction the object of which is to make A richer by making B poorer is in the nature of theft. Naked we came into this world, naked we shall go out of it. No skeptic is so skeptical as to deny this proposition. If, then, after living twenty years, we possess anything, we must have gotten it either by receiving it as a gift, by producing it by our industry, or by stealing from our neighbor. There is, perhaps, a fourth way: we may share in a general increase of wealth which we have done nothing to produce. This can hardly be called theft, but it can hardly be called honorable industry. I meet young men continually whose ambition seems to me to be upside down; they are ambitious to get all that they can instead of being ambitious to do all that they can. Mr. Fletcher Harper once said to me, "There is more pleasure in earning money than in either having it or spending it." This pleasure in earning money is the solid satisfaction which comes to a man who is conscious that he is doing the world good service; the money that is paid him therefor is incidental and secondary. Money is only a convenient medium for exchange of services. For my own part I would a great deal rather give more service and get less than give less service and get more. The discomfort of receiving more than I deserve would be immeasurably greater than the discomfort of deserving more than I get. Indeed, in the latter feeling there is no discomfort at all, but rather a pardonable and honorable pleasure.

Loafing does not earn money, and it is the loafers who are generally the grumblers. It is astonishing how many men will gather in a great city to see one man dig in a cellar. Chance does not earn money, whether the chance be by the throw of the dice or by the rise and fall of stocks. The loafer lives on other people's money, and the gambler takes money out of other people's pocket and puts nothing back in return. The first ambition of every man should be to give a value equivalent for every dollar received, and according to the New Testament measure of economy—"Good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over." He who gives in life's market in that way will in the long run find it given to him on the same basis.

2. Spend less than you earn. Self-denial is at the foundation of all secular success. My father told me, when I was a boy, "I am resolved always to have plenty of money." "Easier said than done," I replied. "Not at all," he answered; "perfectly easily done: spend less than you earn." I once said to a very successful business man, "I do not pretend myself to be a business man." He replied in almost my father's words, "There is only one rule for success in business: spend less than you earn." The poor man imagines if he were richer he would have plenty of money, but he is mistaken; no one has plenty of money; our wants increase faster than the supply. It is as much a disappointment to a railroad magnate not to buy a new railroad as it is to a boy not to buy a new goat-cart. Grade your income to your expenses; that is, spend what you want and set yourself to earn the money, and you will always be pushed, harried, perplexed, worried, and will live on the edge of bankruptcy. Grade your expenses to your income; that is, determine what you will spend, not by your wants, but by your possessions, and you will always be easy and comfortable with a quiet mind.

3. Spend your money after you have earned it, not before. Buy with your wages in your pocket, not with the prospective wages which you expect to have in your pocket when Saturday night comes. So keep out of debt. Hope inspires the man who is earning for future expenditure; debt drives the man who is earning for past expenditure; and it makes an immeasurable difference in life whether one is inspired by hope or driven by debt. Money earned is money valued. You recognize the worth of the dollar by what you have put into it; but a dollar unearned is a dollar unmeasured. We always underestimate the cost of work which is to be done in the future. I am almost inclined to favor the abolition of all laws for the collection of debts, except those involving liens, like mortgages, or those founded on fraud and false pretense. It would break up the credit system and help to compel men to pay as they go. Debt is second cousin to dishonesty. When one incurs a debt without reasonable assurance of his ability to pay it, the relationship of the transaction to dishonesty is much closer. I would rather wear a threadbare overcoat which belongs to me than a new one which belongs to my tailor, and if I have not paid for my coat it belongs to my tailor. Owe no man anything, but to love one another, is the eleventh commandment.

4. Maintain a moral perspective in expenditure; adjust expenditure to real needs, not to temporary inclinations. The young man who spends ten cents for a cigar but cannot afford to subscribe for a newspaper, the workingman who drinks two or three glasses of beer a day but cannot afford to send his boy to school, disregards moral perspective. It is well for us to remember that whatever we do not spend for one thing we have in hand to spend for another. Every expenditure debars from some other expenditure. In buying an article it is not enough to say the article is cheap for the money. Is it the very best thing that this money can get for me and for mine? A wise moral perspective will put home first in all expenditures, and in the home the intellectual and moral well-being of the children before temporary and sensuous gratification.

These four rules are very simple. I do not say that obedience to them will make the reader wealthy, but it will certainly make him comfortable. Earn your money by honest industry; earn more than you spend; earn it before you spend it; and spend it for the best things.

LAICUS.

We have received $4 from Mr. S. E. Eastman for the Burnham Industrial School, and have forwarded it to the Secretary, Mr. W. F. M. Round, Bible House.

IN AND ABOUT BOSTON.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

IN Boston the past week the great effort has been to find New York, for several days the feeling being that only a Schliemann who could find the site of ancient Troy would be equal to the task. We felt throbs of the snow-embargoed city by submarine cable. The only way to New York was *via* England and France. At the Hub all was right—no blockade, no blizzard; but a few miles away, at Farmingham, the storm monarch quarantined all east-bound trains; traffic was suspended, no shipments, no invoice, mails among the things that were, but horse-cars and local trains doing service as usual. At the post-office it was loafing time for the employees. The sea was rough, but several fishing vessels came in from the Georges, ice-shrouded, one of them narrowly escaping a "capsize" in passing Minot Light. The Raymond excursionists who left Boston for California Monday night were detained two days at Fitchburg. We had an object lesson in being cut off from trade outside of our own limits, seeing what a pitiable plight our manufacturers and dealers would be in without foreign markets—foreign to our municipality. Home protection of this sort would be speedy self-destruction. Expresses, railroads, would receive no freights; business men, clerks, all were at their places, but there was only local trade. The courts went on with their jural affairs, deciding an important and hotly contested suit for commercial libel, a merchant who has seen financial trouble claiming $75,000 damage of a commercial agency for its rating of his standing; but the jury could find no redress. At the State House important matters were discussed and acted upon in supreme indifference to the snow-buried communities, one bill getting its deserved quietus after lengthy debate—the town of Beverly escaping division for the second time, last year by the Governor's veto, this year by a square negative in the House, Boston people who summer at Beverly Farms not being allowed to escape taxes and organize an aristocratic municipality for their own sweet convenience. In Music Hall a fair ran through the week for the benefit of the Home for Intemperate Women, with concerts each evening by musicians and choirs giving their services.

It was not till Saturday morning that we became conscious that New York was still a reality and not a buried myth. Long delayed and largely accumulated mail pouches began to give up their contents, freight was moving, the telegraph doing moderate service, and the wheels of traffic once more rolled on in their wonted tracks. The object lesson of the storm has vividly illustrated the dependence of our boasted modern civilization, its Titan arms and nervous energy, upon the skies; a little change in the temperature, sun and air and cloud in league to send special currents along isothermal lines, and man, with all his energy, is weak as a child.

Ten years ago Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw set in motion private kindergarten schools, paying all the bills and supervising them herself. They have proved to be a decided success, their utility being recognized by educators who think they should be incorporated into the system of public education. Mrs. Shaw, having accomplished her purpose in demonstrating the feasibility of the system, requests the city to take and operate them, and an order has passed the Common Council, which it is expected the Aldermanic Board will sustain, asking the School Committee to appropriate $20,000 for this purpose. Thus again private enterprise has had to furnish visible demonstration of the utility of a system of education before public educators would take to it.

Of forty-seven church services advertised in an evening paper last Saturday, for the pulpits of Boston on the following Sunday, eighteen gave topics of discourse, some of them quite sensational: "Going Nowhere—a Lesson from the Great Storm;" "The Evil Eye;" "Am I a Sea or a Whale?" "No Passing Here—the Signal on the Highway." These forty-seven announcements were for Protestant pulpits, and some of the announced topics were for the churches that are not generally regarded as sensational. Among the pulpits that do not publish topics, except special notices of unusual meetings and extraordinary occasions, are the Old South, Central, Trinity, Mount Vernon, Wilmot Avenue, and St. Paul's. There is no escaping the conclusion that special exertions are needed in many of the Boston churches to keep the sittings filled. In the count I have made for this week, several of the pulpits which are accustomed to advertise attractive subjects took a conservative fit and only gave place and time of service.

The "Evening Transcript" brought out last week the report by a student from his note-book of what Professor E. A. Park said in 1880, in answer to the question, "Is eternal punishment an essential doctrine in order to salvation?" Professor Park made the emphatic statement, "I do not believe it is essential in order to be saved for a man to believe in a heaven or a hell, or that Christ is God, or that there is an atonement, or that there is a Bible, or even a God at all," etc. Quoting the paragraph, the Springfield "Republican" took occasion to point a theological moral, declaring that this same Dr. Park "has been at the bottom of the bitter, incessant persecution of his successor at Andover, who holds the hypothesis of a most limited salvation in a slightly different form from that in which Dr. Park himself has always preached it." I remember that some four years ago The Christian Union gave its readers in full, word for word, this paragraph from the student's note-book, and editorially commented upon it! Does it take four years for information to get from New York to Springfield *via* Boston?

Passing along Washington Street last week I observed a street vender of pictures offering cabinet size photographs of the pugilist, John L. Sullivan, for five cents each, observing that three weeks ago these pictures sold for fifty cents! As the great pounder failed to "knock out" the Englishman in his refined art of face-bruising, the disgrace "knocked" his pictures "down" to five cents in Boston! The hero-worshipers who crowded the streets in the vicinity of the bulletins on the day of the fight were disgusted by the reports, and if their John had won there would be a corner on photographs of him.

OBSERVER.

IN AND ABOUT CHICAGO.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

SO far as one can judge from reports given by its officers, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad seems to have secured nearly all the engineers that it needs, and to be running all of its passenger trains but two, and a large number of its freight trains, as usual. The General Passenger Agent reports earnings in his department to be within $1,200 per day of what they were last year, and that the company now has 1,053 engineers, and requires only 146 more. The receiver of the Wabash road had already rescinded his order not to receive freight from the C., B. & Q., before the question could be submitted to Judge Gresham under the Inter-State Commerce Act. It is not probable that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers will attempt a conspiracy to prevent other roads from performing their duties under the United States law.

The impression is very general that the Brotherhood deviated greatly from the wise policy which has char-

acterized them for the last few years in making this strike, and that, while they have seriously inconvenienced a great many people, they themselves must be the chief sufferers. The strike has certainly thus far been conducted in a fair and manly way, and is what every person who is dissatisfied with his employer has a right to do, and often does do. But it has also made the fact very evident that when a company of men voluntarily leave an employer, and have received their wages, they cease to have any claim on him, and have no more right to demand employment of him than other people have. The public perceives, if the strikers do not, that there is no difficulty at present between the C., B. & Q. railroad and its engineers, but entire harmony. What is apparent is that certain men who for three weeks have not been its engineers, and probably never will be, are trying to force the road, not only to employ them on their own terms, and so dictate to it how it shall conduct its business, but also to discharge men who are able and willing to do the work. The strike is not wholly an evil if by means of it men get clearer ideas of what they are doing when they leave steady employment. A grievance between an employer and an employee may be submitted to arbitration, but it is hard to see how men who are not employees can demand arbitration between themselves and somebody who does not want to employ them, and by whom they choose not to be employed excepting on their own terms. Whatever claims the former engineers had have been transferred to the present engineers. To discharge the latter for the sake of giving their places to men who tried to injure the road, even if it were a good piece of business, would be to do a real grievance. It would be loving one's enemies at the expense of one's friends.

The Rev. Dr. Fulton, whose anti-Catholic crusade began in the First Methodist Church, and who, when that building was no longer at his service, found a temporary platform in two Baptist churches, made an arrangement with the managers of Battery D to hold a meeting in that building on the 5th, and lecture on the topic, "Is Popery in the Way?" But when an audience of some 500 had waited until they were thoroughly chilled, it was announced that the city authorities, fearing a riot, had refused to allow such a meeting to take place, and the orator of the evening was obliged to do his talking with one arm embracing a lamp-post and his feet on the railing below. If, as is currently reported, Dr. Fulton came here for the purpose of advertising his book, it is quite probable that he was more successful because the desired building was closed than he would have been if he had met with no obstacles. A great many people, however, who heartily disapprove of his attacks on the Catholics, are quite indignant that he should have been denied a hearing by any action of the Chief of Police. Perhaps nothing would aid Dr. Fulton in this work which he has undertaken more than to acquire something of the character of a martyr; and it surely is a dishonor to the Catholic Church if it is supposed that bloodshed would result if ever so violent addresses were made against it. It is now stated that Dr. Fulton will visit Chicago again in a few weeks, when doubtless arrangements will be made so that all who wish may hear him.

The Chicago Symphony Society which has been recently formed to revive the musical prestige that the city at one time acquired through its orchestral concerts, and to meet a present demand, gave its initial concert on the 9th under the directorship of Hans Balatka. The intention of the Society is to render instrumental music of a high order, and this concert was simply the beginning of what promises much greater things for next year. The new movement has the support of many of the most cultured and wealthy citizens, and the audience that assembled, in spite of the weather, was liberal in its expressions of approval of the work that is being done. The week previous the Apollo Club rendered, for its third concert this season, the choruses of the "Œdipus Tyrannus" according to Professor Paine's music. The reading was done by Mr. George Riddle in a very excellent manner. The concert ended with Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," rendered in a grand way by the entire club, under the leadership of Professor Tomlins.

Another pleasant event in the Congregational family was the dedication, on the 4th instant, of the new house of worship of the Leavitt Street Church, of which the Rev. Theodore P. Prudden is pastor. The dedicatory services were conducted by the church alone in the morning, the pastor preaching the sermon. In the afternoon a meeting for fellowship and fraternal greetings was held, to which not only the Congregational churches but those of all denominations in the neighborhood were invited. In this meeting, which was very enjoyable, part was taken by Drs. Goodwin, Little, Noble, and Gunsaulus, Dr. Perrin, of the Baptist Church, Dr. Faucett, of the Methodist Church, Bishop Fallowes, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and the pastor.

AN ARTIST-NATURALIST'S WORK.

THOSE who have followed the work of Mr. William Hamilton Gibson in "Harper's Magazine" have gained some idea of his remarkable industry and faithful study of nature, but the exhibition of his water-colors and drawings at the American Art Galleries has surprised even his friends. This is the first opportunity which the public has had to see a complete collection of Mr. Gibson's work. The dainty catalogue contains 864 numbers. The first eighty-four are illustrations from the "Highways and Byways," and consist for the most part of proof-engravings. The original designs were drawn on the boxwood block, as was necessary before the introduction of photographing on the block, and were therefore destroyed in the process of engraving. These are followed by 185 drawings and proof-engravings illustrating Mr. Roe's "Nature's Serial Story. No less than 222 drawings and proofs bring before us the artist's "Happy Hunting Grounds." Then comes a change to summer skies in the Southern series of drawings and proofs illustrating the articles by Rebecca Harding Davis and Charles Dudley Warner entitled "New Orleans," "The Acadian Land," and "Here and There in the South." Mr. Gibson's beautiful tribute to the memory of the master of the Gunnery School is presented in fifty-six drawings and proofs. The designs for "Pastoral Days," as Mr. Gibson informs us, were drawn on the block before photography on wood came into general use, and, like those for the "Highways and Byways," were obliterated by the engraver. There are ninety-one proof engravings and duplicates, followed by thirty-one illustrating the "Heart of the White Mountains." A few miscellaneous studies of flowers and pigeons precede a series of reproductive drawings executed some ten years since, and a small group of decorative and educational designs. The next division of the collection includes drawings in black and white and monotint, which show an active spirit of inquiry into means, and a constant effort to find out the means best adapted to special ends. There are studies in gouache, pencil, crayon, pen and ink, sepia, lampblack, charcoal, oil, pastel, and smoke. Last of all, if we follow the order of the catalogue, are 150 sketches, studies, and finished pictures in water-colors, "covering a period of ten years."

This *résumé* of Mr. Gibson's work shows the impossibility of any detailed description of these evidences of a study of nature which has been characterized by remarkable industry as well as thorough sympathy and truthfulness. The largest of the galleries is made bright and cheerful by the water-colors which occupy the greater part of the wall space. Nearly all the subjects have been found in rural New England, many of them in and about Washington and Judea, Connecticut, others in the Berkshire Hills, and a few in the White Mountains. In one of the "centers" hangs a large study of a brown New England pasture, with gray rocks half covered with vines which have felt the touch of an autumn frost, like the irregular groups of trees. This might almost be a glade in the famous forest of Fontainebleau, and yet it is only a bit of a homely New England farm. The title might be "Penseroso;" and near by is "Allegro," a study of an apple orchard daintily robed in pink and white. The walls offer an illuminated record of the seasons. There are fields dotted with the flowers of May and June, meadows where brooks are nearly hidden beneath the lush luxuriance of July grasses, roadsides in August with the golden-rod lighting tangles of vines, September thickets where sumach glows, landscapes splendid with the hues of a New England October, stretches of fields and woods vested with November's melancholy, and here and there a glimpse of woods in winter. There are shadowy swamps and fat intervales where the sunlight gilds the middle distance, studies of rocky slopes, moorlands, oaks in autumn, approaching showers, and the mist rising from the lakes. Mr. Gibson rarely introduces figures into his landscapes. A favorite plan seems to be to elaborate the flowers, trees, grasses, and what not of the foreground and to strengthen the middle distance with light and color. Perhaps the illustrator's habit has caused an excess of detail, but these fresh, bright water-colors form a gallery of charming pictures of rural New England.

In the same gallery are the "smoke pictures," cleverly made with the smoke from a gas jet attached to a rubber tube, "manipulated," as the catalogue says, "with creative skill and judgment." The illustrative drawings and engravings can be but hastily touched upon, but it would be pleasant to linger over the artist's sympathetic studies in our woods and fields. Here are glimpses of dark mountains and broad, silvery stretches from the beautiful panorama of the Hudson, and near at hand are minute studies of *cicadæ*, crickets, and others of "the singing wings" of our fields. Mr. Gibson takes us into the woods, and tells us of the strategy of the chewink and the pranks of the catbird, of the tragedy of a winter midnight when the owl swoops down upon an unwary mouse, of Reynard's exultation over the partridge caught half buried in the snow; and these shadows of woodland life are relieved by pictures of lissome squirrels gamboling or searching for food beneath the trees, and birds at play among the boughs. Here and there the human element enters into the landscape, and we see merry sleighing parties underneath arches of evergreens weighed down with snow, hunters in quest of rabbits, homestead lights shining through the trees, the search for water with a "divining rod" of witch-hazel, shad-fishing on the Hudson, and sketches of Creole life and the Acadian land. Nothing in nature has been too humble to be studied. In his own back yard the artist has found more than others might be able to discover in a county. A list of the flowers, grasses, and even fungi, exhibited in these drawings would seem like a wholesale citation from the botanies. As I have hinted, the artist shows us flora and fauna as they are in real life, and describes their physiology, never contenting himself with "dead nature," with the accumulation of mere studies of still life. He tells us how the witch-hazel grows, how plants are propagated, how the sap moves in the trees, and he paints for us the humors and the tragedy, the work and play, of bird and animal life. Take some of his titles at random, and the reality as well as the variety of his work is clearly seen. "Returning Spirits," a cloud of swallows flitting about an old chimney, the only relic of a home; "Catbird Antics," "Fuss and Feathers," "The Squirrel's Highway," and "The Haunt of the Heron," are a few of the sketches which come to mind, a few of hundreds of studies which range from high to low, from the eagle to the chickadee, from the peaks of the White Mountains to tiny mosses and grasses and the structure of seeds. The new field opened to the artist in the South was diligently gleaned, as we may know from the harvest garnered here, although these drawings must represent only a fraction of his work. There are studies of quaint houses in New Orleans, views on Louisiana bayous, views of gloomy swamps, and swamp cypresses relieved by glimpses of the roses and sunshine of the South.

It is possible only to hint at the results which the artist has accomplished. Of his manner of working and of the helpful influence of his work something has been said before, but it will seem too little to the admirers of the illustrator who have the good fortune to see this exhibition.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

PROGRESS AND EDUCATION.

[*From advance sheets of the forthcoming Annual Report of the Board of Indian Commissioners for the year* 1887.]

THE great body of the Indians have continued peaceable and have made commendable progress toward self-support. They have more land under cultivation than heretofore, twenty-three thousand acres of new land having been broken the last year. They have more and better dwellings, twelve hundred new houses having been erected by themselves. They have more agricultural tools and machines, some of them purchased with the proceeds of their farm products. Their stock has increased in number and improved in quality, and is better protected and cared for. For illustration of these general statements we refer to the report of Commissioner Waldby. Of the Crow Creek Indians he says: "As farmers they appear happy and contented, comparing in most respects favorably with the whites. . . . The lands are good, and the Indians are proud of their farms, houses, and cattle. . . . They understand that they must eventually become self-supporting. Estimates for flour have been reduced from 130,000 pounds last year to 50,000 pounds this year." Of the Santees Mr. Waldby says: "They are mostly farmers, living on their own lands obtained under allotments and patents, and are reasonably successful. The lands are good, well adapted to crop-raising, and the results this year an improvement on those of former years. . . . Fifteen years ago, only these Indians were in village or camp near the Agency, supported wholly by Government rations and supplies. Now rations are furnished only to the aged and infirm. What a change!—when we consider, furthermore, that formerly the presence of these Indians was a constant menace to the white settlers, and that while some of the older of these farmers were on the war-path and engaged in the Minnesota massacre of 1862, they are now employed in the peaceable pursuits of agriculture, happy and contented, and in very large measure adopting the social and business habits of their white brethren." Similar contrasts and proofs of progress may be found on many other reservations. To the impatient reformer the advance seems slow, but when we compare the present condition with that of fifteen or ten years ago we can see how real and great has been the change.

In the following table we present some facts collected

from the reports of 1877 and 1887, showing the progress made during a period of ten years:

	1877.	1887.
Indians who wear citizens' dress.	56 188	91,097
Houses occupied	9,669	17,046
Built last year	1,103	1,674
Schools	150	227
Scholars (five civilized tribes excepted)	6,019	14 333
Average attendance (five civilized tribes excepted)	3,598	10,520
Money expended for education by Government	$909,837	$1,166,025 57
Money expended by religious societies	$70,114	
Indians who can read	9,397	19,816
Church buildings	105	159
Land cultivated by Indians, acres	110,550	237 265
Wheat raised, bushels	211,878	724,938
Corn " "	856,952	984 972
Oats and barley raised, bushels	163 247	512,137
Vegetables " " "	318,975	524,910
Tons of hay " " "	31,973	101 828
Horses and mules owned	177,361	358,394
Cattle owned	49,883	111,497
Swine "	26,358	40 471
Sheep "	537,444	1,117,273

These are some of the good results of the peace policy. We wish they were greater, especially in the line of

EDUCATION.

For until an entire generation shall have some mental and industrial training, we cannot hope to see the whole Indian race redeemed from barbarism and transformed into a self-supporting, thriving people. To accomplish this, much more liberal appropriations must be made for education. The treaties of 1868 negotiated by the Peace Commission promised liberal things; but the fulfillment has been meager. The excuse has been that the Indians would not send their children to school, and therefore it was useless to build the schoolhouses and supply the teachers promised. That excuse is not valid now. Parents are anxious for the education of their children. The schools are everywhere overcrowded. During the last year the 237 schools supported wholly or in part by the Government furnished accommodation for 13,766 pupils, and had an enrollment of 14,333. It is manifest that the capacity of existing schools must be increased; and facilities for the education of all children of school age should be furnished without delay.

ENGLISH VERSUS VERNACULAR.

On the question of teaching the English language exclusively in Indian schools, this Board is already on record, substantially indorsing the recent orders of the Indian Bureau which have been subjected to much discussion and criticism. Ten years ago, in our report for 1877, we said: "Another measure essential to any good results is a common school *English* education. We would emphasize the importance of teaching Indian youth to speak and read the English language. If they are ever to be enfranchised as American citizens, they must have some knowledge of the common language of the country. We recommend, therefore, that funds appropriated for education shall not be expended for the support of schools in which Indian languages are the exclusive medium of instruction." Again, in 1881, alluding to the orders of Commissioner Price, we said: "The policy adopted of teaching only English in the Government schools is eminently wise. To live in friendly relations with his neighbors, and to transact the ordinary business of life, to become a useful American citizen, the Indian must know the common language of the country. Many keen-witted Indians see this. Said an old chief in Oregon, 'My father left me fourteen hundred ponies; if he had sold the ponies and sent me to school to learn white man's talk, I should be better off now.' We have visited reservations where schools have been in operation sixty years, and yet we were obliged to address the people through an interpreter. 'We cannot afford,' it has been said, 'to raise any more Indians in this country.' And yet, accepting the old fiction that Indians are foreigners, we have already raised two generations of Indians by unwise theories of education, and have kept them in isolation, shut up from intercourse with civilized communities about them by the strongest and highest possible wall of partition. A better system is now in use, and we trust the time is not far distant when English books and the English language will be exclusively taught in Indian schools."

We see no reason to revoke or to modify these words. The new life upon which the Indian is now entering makes an *English* education more important to him than ever before. The recent orders may seem somewhat sweeping and arbitrary, especially in their application to those schools which are supported by Mission Boards or by Indians, without expense to the Government. But they have been greatly misunderstood. They have been interpreted to forbid the preaching of the Gospel and all religious exercises in the vernacular. Some of the officers of the Department appear to have given them this construction. It is reported that United States Inspector Bannister in October last directed the Rev. Thomas L. Riggs, Missionary in Dakota, to close the mission day schools on the Cheyenne River, with the further injunction that, even if no school is kept, daily religious services (in Dakota) will not be allowed. Some other instances of this kind are reported. We do not believe that such extreme action was intended or is justified by the orders of the Indian Office. We are sure that there is no wish to restrict in any way religious liberty or to interfere with religious exercises. The orders, as we read them, refer to schools attended by children, and they forbid the teaching of such children to read and write the Indian languages; they forbid the teaching of grammar, geography, arithmetic, and other branches of common school education in the vernacular, and of course the use of school books printed in the vernacular. They require that English shall be the language of conversation in the schools, but it would be an extreme construction to say that the teacher must never explain the meaning of an English word by the use of the vernacular if he is able to use it.

With regard to the few small mission schools on reservations which have no Government support, we are inclined to think that the orders might be wisely modified or suspended until those who support such schools can make arrangements to employ English teachers. The school facilities being now sufficient for only about one-third of the Indian children of school age, every effort for their education should be welcomed. A little teaching even in the vernacular is better than no instruction. At the same time we would urge the Mission Boards to conform as soon as possible to the wishes of the Indian Commissioner. All admit that the English language must be brought to the front at the earliest possible moment. All admit the wisdom of requiring its exclusive use in the Government schools. If an English education is best for the 14,000 pupils enrolled in Government, why is it not best for the 400 pupils enrolled in the mission, schools?

RECOMMENDATIONS.

1. The early passage of the Round Valley and Mission Indian bills.

2. The establishment of courts at points accessible to all Indians.

3. Provision for the expenses of courts and public improvements, so long as Indian lands are exempt from taxation.

4. Provision for assisting graduates of training schools and other deserving Indians in building homes.

5. The application of civil service principles to all appointments in the Indian service.

THE WARMTH OF A WORD.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.

By Margaret J. Preston.

'TWAS a day in the dead of winter,
And the echo of hurried feet
Struck sharp from the icy pavement
Of the pitiless city street.

Each passer was loth to linger,
Though wrapped in a fur-clad fold;
For the air was a-tingle with frost-flakes,
And the sky was benumbed with cold.

The cimeter wind, in its fury,
Bore down like a sweeping foe;
The tempest was waiting the onset,
And abroad were its scouts of snow.

Yet midst of it all, with his tatters
A-flap in the whirling blast,
A child who seemed born of the winter—
A creature of penury—passed.

So tremulous were his accents,
As he shivered, and crouched, and sung,
That the names of the mumbled papers
Seemed frozen upon his tongue.

He paused for a bitter moment,
As a wondrously genial face
Arrested his voice, and held him
With a pity that warmed the place.

"*Have a paper?*" The kind eye glistened
As the stranger took the sheet,
And glanced at the stiffened fingers,
And thought of the icy feet;

Then dropped in his hand the value
Of his fifty papers sold:
"Ah, poor little friend!" he faltered,
"Don't you shiver and ache with cold?"

The boy, with a gulp of gladness,
Sobbed out, as he raised his eye
To the warmth of the face above him,
"I *did*, sir—till you passed by!"

HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EVOLUTION.

By Rossiter W. Raymond.

[Sunday, March 18, was observed as Memorial Day in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. A brief account of the observance we have already given our readers. Part of Mr. Abbott's address on the Boyhood of Mr. Beecher we shall give next week. We give here such portions of Mr. Rossiter W. Raymond's address in the evening as interpret Mr. Beecher's view of evolution and the relations of that philosophy to Mr. Beecher's spiritual experience and his later religious teaching.]

Jesus Christ was the inward power of this man's life. Christ was the center and source of his teaching. After much study of Scripture and much dismal experience of theological controversy, as he once said, "On one memorable day, whose almost every cloud I remember, whose high sun and glowing firmament and waving trees are vivid yet, there rose before me, as if an angel had descended, a revelation of Christ as being God, because he knew how to love a sinner; not that he would love me when I was true and perfect, but because I was so wicked that I should die if he did not give himself to me, and so inconstant that I never should be steadfast—as if he were saying to me, 'Because you are sinful, I am yours.' Before that thought of a God who sat in the center and seat of power, that he might bring glory and restoration to everything that needed them, I bowed down in my soul; and from that hour to this it has been my very life to love and to serve the all-helping and pitiful God." And in the same connection he adds: "My horizon grew larger and larger in the one idea of Christ. It seemed to me that first I saw Christ as the Star of Bethelem, but afterwards he seemed to expand and I saw about a quarter of the horizon filled with his light, and through years it came around so that I saw about one-half in that light, and it was not until after I had gone through two or three revivals of religion that when I looked around he was all and in all." Out of this revelation sprang not only his life but his teaching. First of all it produced in him a deep, abiding, pervading conviction of the divinity of the Lord Jesus. He came to a living faith of this just as the early Christians did. For during the life of Jesus upon earth he was not clearly declared to be God. On the contrary, he often sought by mystical disguises and phrases to postpone the time of his recognition and so to win a closer hold upon the human hearts that could nestle to a brother, but might shrink from a God. He was a sovereign walking incognito among his people, impressing them with a princely bearing and gracious sympathy and such an air of authority that they followed him with mingled love and awe, knowing that he was no ordinary man and wondering who he might be. And when they had given him all their hearts in obedience and worship, so that the ruler himself could ask no more, one day they saw the palace doors open to receive him, and he disappeared from their view amid salutes of royal welcome. Then, at last, looking in one another's face, they said, "It was the King!" Then it was easy to recall innumerable signs of royalty, to explain mysterious words, to understand the evidences of power. Mr. Beecher's method of proving the divinity of Christ was based on this kind of experience. Love first, recognition afterward. Walk with him, your heart burning within you; invite him to tarry with you, a beloved guest, and he will be revealed to you in the breaking of the bread which he shares with you. Let him stretch out toward your doubting soul the hands that were pierced for you, and you will cry with Thomas, "My Lord and my God!" Come, weary and heavy-laden, to find rest in him, obey him wholly, love him supremely, abide with him always, receive the peace—his peace; he giveth not as the world—and recognize in it the peace of God that passeth understanding; above all, realize to yourselves that no lineament for which we would yearn in the face of the Father is absent from the face of the Son, and that no feature found in him could be spared from God; that the Creator and the Saviour must needs be one, since thus alone we have an all-loving Creator and an almighty Saviour; nay, more: that the eternal self-sacrifice of love is the highest function of deity, and you will enter into the vision of him who, looking into the splendors of heaven, saw in the midst of the throne the Lamb that was slain. This was the path by which Mr. Beecher came to his view of Jesus Christ. It was the path by which he loved to invite others to come. It is the soul's true, straight way to God.

Mr. Beecher found in Christ a God who did not merely in a great exigency resolve upon a great sacrifice, but whose very nature and glory is to suffer with and for his creatures, whose pulses beat in sympathy with all life, who carries creation in his bosom as a mother carries her child. And so from Christ he looked back to the beginning and forward to the consummation of the world, and began to see in the history of the race a progress, an education, in the hands of a nursing, bearing, leading, training parent. The mediæval philosophy—Paul misunderstood, grafted on Aristotle

misunderstood—which is the stock of so many of our historic creeds, did not satisfy him. He must have a view of nature and time and man which, while it included all science and all progress, should present in all the immanent God, not revealed to one nation alone, not expressed on Calvary alone—though there supremely—but conducting from the beginning, without failures or afterthoughts, the sure progress of all things "toward that far-off, divine event to which the whole creation moves." He had no sympathy with that Greek conception of deity which Tennyson puts into the mouth of Lucretius, according to which the eternal gods dwell in

"A lucid interspace 'twixt world and world,

. . . . . .

Where never falls the least white flake of snow,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their secret, everlasting calm."

Seizing the grand conception of Paul, he looked upon creation as groaning in travail, with successive births, until now, and subject to vanity—that is, to evanescent, ceaseless change—not wantonly, but by the guidance of Him whose plan is its hope, and moving to a glorious consummation.

Consequently he hailed from afar the new philosophy of Evolution. He cared not whether the men who propounded it were agnostics or atheists. He hoped it would prove true long before he intellectually accepted it. For he saw in it the noblest vessel yet presented to hold the Gospel of Jesus Christ. As you know, that philosophy, in one or another form, now dominates modern thought. That part of it which deals with the origin of man has passed through the usual phases of theological opposition. It has been denounced as anti-Scriptural and anti-Christian; it has been recognized as possibly containing a germ of truth, yet, even so, not necessarily antagonistic to revelation or to faith. Here and there it is beginning to be considered by ministers, as it has long been considered by men of science, a good working hypothesis. You may find all these stages of clerical thought regarding it among us still. For just as the geologist, traveling across the outcrops of successive strata, can pass from the most recent to the most ancient rocks, as they present their edges at the surface, so you have only to move from one part of our present society to another in order to encounter Carboniferous bigotry, Silurian prejudice, Archæan ignorance. Nevertheless, the oldest rocks will be disintegrated in time, to yield a soil in which new growths will flourish over the fossils of the past.

The slowness with which a new truth finds acceptance among Christian teachers has often been lamented. The movement of the Church, it is said, has been a continual retreat from one untenable position to another, each sullenly surrendered in turn before the advancing hosts of knowledge, and each made in turn the source of a feeble bombardment from ineffectual batteries. There is some force in the accusation; but the fault has not been in the caution and reserve of Christian ministers. They are in the main as candid, courageous, and disinterested in their loyalty to truth as any teachers of science. All teachers are necessarily conservative; and few are so creative that they can at once, receiving light upon a single point, reconstruct a whole system to correspond with it. They must needs wait till the relations of the new truth have been studied out, its nomenclature determined, and its use demonstrated. The fault has been that, unwarned by immemorial experience, the Church declares each new change on its part to be the last. "No more retreats, no more defeats!" is its arrogant order of the day: and forthwith it retires upon Washington, and suffers a second Bull Run.

Mr. Beecher was not in haste to take up the theory of evolution. To the last he did not consider it complete or completely demonstrated. He pondered long over the changes which it might necessitate. But he was satisfied that the truth lay in that direction. He made up his mind that this was a mighty weapon for Christ's warfare, and at last he joyfully seized it by the handle, not the blade, and sprang into the battle, wielding it with the ardor of youth. "This," he cried, "this is what we were looking for, Paul and I!" It is worthy of note, therefore, that his preparation for this step, which seemed to many a departure from the teachings of Christ, was wrought in him by communion with Christ, and an intense belief that Jesus presents to us the immanent God. Not believe in the divinity of Christ! He shall answer that himself: "I do not believe in anything else. Let a man stand and look at the sun; then ask him what he sees beside. Nothing; it blinds him. There is nothing else to me when I am thinking of God. He fills the whole sphere, the heaven of heavens and the earth and all time. . . . He is to my thought what summer is when I see it marching on after the cold winter is over. I know where the light comes from and where the warmth comes from. When I see anything going on for good and the staying of evil, I know it is the Sun of righteousness, and the name to me is Jesus, every time, Jesus!"

Yes, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, was not only the heart of his life, but also the heart of his doctrine. And the one purpose with which he preached was to win men to Jesus Christ. I shall never forget the earnestness and pathos with which he once said to me as we sat alone together: "When I am gone, remember this: No man will have the key to my life and teaching who does not understand that I have been supremely concerned to bring the truth of Christ to men, and to make it credible to them. I have yearned especially for those souls which were just outside the line of conscious acceptance, kept away from the truth not by moral corruption or self-will so much as by the abstruse or repulsive forms in which it had been presented to them. For their sake, rather than for the sake of novelty, I have avoided technical phrases, and stated even those parts of the ancient doctrine which I held to be true in a way which subjected me to the imputation of departing from them. I was always striving to win for the truth, not for this or that form of words expressing an aspect of it, the rational assent of earnest, thinking men." Yes, it was to our generation that he spoke directly, to the young men and women, whom the narrowness of the ancient creeds and the bitterness of the ancient controversies were like to repel from the free, wide gospel of love in Jesus Christ. No doubt, godly, loyal, tender, and heroic men innumerable had found in those creeds and controversies the elements of spiritual life. But they had become for us a hindrance instead of a help.

The author of "Ecce Homo" has acutely observed that the test of a true prophet lies in this: That he presents the old, eternal truth in a new form, adapted to his time. If he bring not the ancient message of righteousness, of love, of the holy and helpful God, or if he bring it only in the ancient words which some earlier prophet found sufficient for the minds which he addressed, the marks of inspiration and authority are lacking. This test we may apply fearlessly to the teaching of Mr. Beecher. It was the old message—man's need, God's nearness; the noblest ideals of life, the divine immanence in the world that slowly moves toward them, and in every human soul that yearns and strives after them. And it was yet a new language—the language of our modern thought, not of scholastic antiquity or mediæval philosophy or dialectic subtlety, not incompatible with progress, not contradictory of that larger knowledge which science, born of Christianity, has brought into the world. And we, to whom he most directly spoke, we knew him best. Good men everywhere found a brother in him, but it was often with sorrowful shaking of the head over his departure from the "faith once delivered to the saints." Often they accepted him, in spite of his doctrine, believing that he meant well, and hoping that he might do much good and not too much harm. They did not understand that for hosts of ardent, aspiring souls, loyal to all truth, there must be such a new, old Gospel as this, or none. They could not appreciate the joy and gratitude with which we listened to this true prophet sent to us, and, obeying his call, put on the whole armor of God, to find that fetters formed no part of it.

Woe be to us if the gospel of love be not enough to redeem us and our race! For it is all we have. But we need not fear. The ages of superstition, persecution, priestcraft, dogmatism, and bigotry have passed or are passing away; the age of Christ is come! Sects remain, and haply will remain; but they sit peacefully in companies upon the grass, and Jesus feeds them all. Henry Ward Beecher founded no sect and constructed no system of philosophy to bear his name. Yet in all sects his influence was felt, and in the Gospel he preached will be found the elements of the Christian philosophy of the future. Let this be his proudest epitaph, that he brought to a thirsty world fresh water from the River of Life, and that he declared to living men the living Christ.

"Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself,
And, at the end of the day,
O faithful Shepherd, to come
Bearing thy sheep in thy hand.
And through thee I believe
In the noble and good who are gone.

. . . . . .

Order, courage, return.
Eyes rekindling and prayers
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march
On, to the bound of the waste;
On, to the City of God."

So worthily spake a loving son over the grave of Arnold of Rugby. So speaks my soul, and many a soul with mine, as, gazing after the flaming chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof, it cries, "My father! O my father!"

HOW SHALL WE REACH THE MASSES?

By the Rev. James H. Ecob

POOR, stale, defunct question! It is offensive. Bury it! Reach the masses? They have reached us, and surged up around our dwellings and churches, and swamped us out. Reach the masses? That is the last question which the church-respectables want to have answered. The pressing question seems to be, How shall we get away from the masses? The church is in a hot race to the "East End" and "West End," "up-town," out of town—anywhere to escape those same masses that she is groaning and praying about. Now, do not have the hardihood to deny my statement, or I shall be compelled to take down a map of any town or city in the land which you choose to name, and give you ocular demonstration of my words.

Here it is: Where are the masses? Why, here, of course; down town, or in old town. Where are the churches? They have folded their tents and stolen away after the respectables. Here they all are, where there is plenty of ground room and trees and fresh air and fine houses and well-dressed people, and pretty children on the street with their nurses. And the churches are just as fine as their surroundings. The churches used to be down where the masses now are; but business or poverty has knocked their steeples off, which has taken the sanctity out of them, and now they are turned into warehouses or breweries or great gaunt rookeries swarming with tenants. But Hold! you cry; aren't the *missions* there? Yes, two or three. But look at the word. *Mitto*, I send; Jesus said, "Go." The church replies, I have sent a man in my place. Why, have you forgotten that this word mission (*mittere*) has become a by-word on the street? "Send a man." So it is written on the map of every city in the land—the masses have reached the church and chased her out of town. I do not see how half a dozen rational men can look each other in the face and ask that question—"How shall we reach the masses?" No trouble about reaching the masses in a Presidential campaign, is there, gentlemen? It is commonly reported in a certain Senatorial district that the candidate drank a glass of beer with at least five thousand voters. He carried the masses in his vest pocket on election day. Easy enough to get at the masses when there is any work to be done; for those same toiling, unsavory masses do about all our drudgery. When we have any use for the masses they seem to be within easy reach. The simple truth is, good Christian friends, we haven't any use for the masses in our church. We don't want them. All our present evangelical efforts bear within themselves at least two fatal defects. The first is just this state of things which I have indicated. The church has moved off the ground to more congenial quarters, then turned and thrown a *mission* back to the less favored multitude who have poured in upon the old territory. If the masses should get a pious notion into their heads, some fine Sunday morning, and all turn out to church, not one in ten could get within rifle shot of a missionary voice; and if they should come tramping up town to find our churches, after the churches were all filled to the door the tens of thousands would still be in the street. Pick up any table of statistics at hand and it will corroborate this statement. How preposterous for the church to be groaning for the masses when, if they should suddenly be given into her hand, she would not know what to do with them, has made no provision for them, either in men or buildings! Another fatal defect is that all our evangelistic work at present in operation maintains strictly that blasphemous distinction between the rich and the poor. A mission church: what picture rises in your brain at those words? You know just how the building looks. You can see the congregation and the preacher. It differs from your church, my well-to-do saint, precisely as the shop-girl's ulster differs from your wife's sealskin. You know it, and they know it. One is poor, the other rich. That is the end of it. But do we not now and then have a spasm and "turn to" and fit up a skating-rink or build a tabernacle, and get Mr. Moody and go down—an army with banners—to "evangelize the masses"? Yes, we do; but, like the King of Spain, we first march up the hill and then march down again. The masses know it. And when "them pious fellers" have sung themselves hoarse, and all gone back to their upholstered churches, again the masses say grimly one to another, "They stuck to it well this time, didn't they?" This great gulf between rich and poor, that runs straight down through the church as well as the world, is one of the most threatening items in the present order, or disorder, of things. It behooves us as speedily as possible to fill up that gulf, or bridge it, or establish communication between these separated classes. The politicians will not do it. The Anarchists are hung. Social science does nothing but write books that nobody reads. The Church of Christ must solve this problem.

The Second Presbyterian Church of Albany is at present engaged in an effort at practical solution. We

have said to ourselves, We do not propose to "send a man," but "go." Accordingly, every Sunday night minister and choir and people go to our mission-house for the second service. It is a large building, plainly furnished, but well lighted, heated, and ventilated. It is made perfectly free to every soul that will enter. We all sit down together, high and low, rich and poor; and we are beginning to feel that the Lord is the Maker of us all. I have the joy of preaching to my washerwoman. And I assure you that when I see her and her little girl there, I say within myself, I have an audience. We have gone to our less fortunate brethren saying, "We propose to share equally with you. You shall have just as good preaching and singing and praying as we do. And not only so, but we join with you on perfectly equal terms in the service." So the Second Presbyterian Church has two preaching stations instead of one. It reaches two classes of men instead of one. The pastor and the choir are multiplied by two. The extra expense is next to nothing. We simply take from the rich that greatest superfluity on earth—a second service for people who are drugged with services, and give it to the people who, under the present *régime*, have no service whatever. If a church has no mission station, let it hire a hall on the McAll plan, and go there, minister, choir, and people, and say to the masses round about, "We have come, not for a revival crusade; we do not throw to you a theological student, or any chance man who will 'do for a mission;' we do not send you a few Moody and Sankey hymn books, but we ourselves are here—here to stay. You shall have precisely what we have ourselves, except that great costly church, which is our misfortune." Suppose the strip of churches that runs up through the center of New York City should thus branch out east and west. Let such men as Hall, Parkhurst, Taylor, Paxton, and others, be found every Sunday night, not in their gorgeous palaces of churches, but distributed in the mission stations and halls on the east and west sides of the city, their trained choirs to sustain them, and back of minister and choir a substantial body-guard of their people, "whose hearts God had touched;" all there, not to try an experiment, or as a temporary device, but there to stay, on a settled principle of church administration—and the problem of city evangelization is well on its way toward solution. An imperative demand is for churches and ministers: by one stroke we multiply churches and ministers by two; not only so, but we multiply our best churches and our best ministers. Why should those small groups of wealthy families monopolize entirely the services of God's ministers? Where would be the greater part of the New Testament and church history if Paul had been *settled* over a great, rich church in Jerusalem, compelled to give them two eloquent sermons on Sunday and a mid-week lecture? Why should not such great and wealthy institutions as Trinity and the Old South in Boston, Plymouth in Brooklyn, and three or four others in New York be groups of churches in which the pastor should have perfect freedom according to the necessity? The simple truth is that the present policy of the church is dictated by the spirit of riches and downright earthly selfishness. The rich have the best religious services, precisely as they have the best houses, the best food, the best clothing. They get them in the same way—give money for them. There was a time when all this was different. The streets and by-ways and mountain sides of old Judea, with their multitudes of poor and halt and blind and ignorant, had the best religious services this world has known. I wonder if that Preacher has left the world!

THE YEARLY ISSUE.

By Elaine Goodale.

"I HAVE seen thirteen issues, and I have never known 'Wakpamni' week to pass without a cold snap or a snow-storm," remarked the missionary's wife on the morning of the 2d of December. There was a stinging air outside, and the snow was beginning to fall. "The earliest issue was in October, and the latest in January; but the rule has never been broken." Nor was it broken this year.

"Wakpamni" is the annual distribution of clothing to the Indians, and no one on the Agency thinks of calling it anything else. The word means a "division of goods," and is among the convenient Indian terms which are invariably adapted into the vocabulary of those who live among them. This is perhaps the busiest week in the official year. Invoices are taken of all the goods, and a careful distribution made, *pro rata*, on paper, to each head of a family, under whose name in the roll-book is set down the number or quantity of each article to which he is entitled. Agent Anderson, his sub-agent and clerks at Lower Brulé, and the Inspector, Captain Bean, of Fort Randall, whose duty it is to superintend the issue and certify to its correctness, have burned the midnight oil over complicated columns of figures, and on Wednesday evening—or rather Thursday morning, at three o'clock A.M.—completed their onerous task. Then comes the actual distribution of goods, which is almost equally laborious, and demands the services of every available person on the place, from the blacksmith to the lady missionary!

In the meantime the Indians are assembling from all parts of the Reservation—whole families of them—men, women, ponies, dogs, and children! Some come a two-days' journey and some a two-hours'. There is a picturesque intermitted procession of laden wagons, with their advance guard of graceful equestrians, and the usually quiet Agency, with its sudden influx of population, is the scene of unwonted color and activity. The people are camping down in the timber—whole villages of tepees—and yet so cunningly hidden in the underbrush that we hunt vainly about, and come upon them unawares at last. Children, with their dogs, are frolicking up and down the icy ravines; we stop and try to talk to them, and cannot help admiring one little painted belle of ten or eleven years, her gown of blue flannel sewn all over the sleeves and bosom with elk's teeth, her leggings decorated with colored ribbons, and her arms and neck and little ears loaded down with strings of pinkish-white wampum. A pair of parti colored ponies are pulling locks of hay from a bright-green wagon-box outside the artistically smoke-colored cone of the Dakota lodge. An old crone bends over a newly slain dog, preparing him for the evening meal. We manage to slip through the buttonhole which serves for a tent door, and exchange greetings with the inmates, who are seated comfortably in a circle on their piles of blankets and bedding around the central blaze, with their tin cups and plates and other household gods scattered about them. Men are smoking; women tending their babies, or watching the soup-kettle, or weaving the brilliantly colored porcupine quills back and forth in their quaintly designed moccasins. The Indians at home are a social, kindly, hospitable, unsuspicious people. I am struck by the friendly way in which they welcome us, their willingness to answer questions, their polite encouragement of our struggles with their language, and the general ease and cheerfulness of their demeanor.

This is late afternoon. The next morning finds us, at about eleven o'clock, in the issue-house—a big, bare structure, "cold as a barn," with a wood stove in the middle doing its little utmost. Up and down the white-washed walls are ranged in orderly piles the dark-blue blankets, the gay calico quilts, the bolts of flannel, linsey, gingham, sheeting, the shirts and suits, the hats and shoes, the stockings and shawls which are each year doled out to the "wards of the nation." Men of almost every shade of complexion and degree of civilization, in buffalo coats, enormous mufflers, and felt boots, are sitting and standing in free-and-easy positions about the red-hot stove. A high counter shuts off at one side of the long room a narrow space, with two doors guarded by tall Indian police, where six or eight at a time of Uncle Sam's pensioners are corraled to receive his bounty. The "issue clerk" bends over the counter, with his big book open before him, and the heavy ruler glides slowly down its crowded columns as he commences to call off the names in stentorian tones, while his assistants take their places beside their respective piles, and, in silence more or less strictly observed, the business of the day proceeds after this wise.

"Iron Nation," the head chief, so called, is named by the clerk and Indian-named by the agency interpreter, who stands beside him. The captain of police unbolts the entrance door and sends out a ringing call for the chief and his band, who emerge one by one from the semicircle of wagons and the waiting crowd. The old man comes forward with what dignity he can muster under the circumstances, and touches the pencil which signs a receipt. Each article is called off in turn, and the person who may have it in charge repeats the call. So it goes in a measured and not unmusical sing-song: "One and a half blankets"—*One and a half blankets*"—faintly echoed from the far end of the room. "One flannel shirt, men's—*one flannel shirt, men's;* one boy duck—*one boy duck;* fourteen sheeting—*fourteen sheeting;* twenty-five buttons—*twenty five buttons*" and so on and on. Boys are running to and fro with the articles named, and by the time the end of the list is reached a huge bundle is made up on the counter, the blank t, upon which everything else is deposited, gathered up by the four corners, and lifted or dragged bodily out of the little door by a couple of men, or, at least as often, of women! After which exit Iron Nation and enter the second man upon the roll, to go through with the same curious ceremony.

We, the lady missionary and the day-school teacher, enthroned upon high stools to the left of the counter, preside over the pins and buttons, and command the best view in the room of the procession of odd, dignified, grotesque, pretty, or pathetic figures which file slowly before us. Old men, young maidens, women, and children come for their shares, and now and then a little child draws for the whole family. One such instance creates a laugh, as "Old-Man-Bear" is announced, and a handsome boy of eight or ten years, whose uncombed head can just be seen above the counter, leans a-tiptoe to touch the pencil, with a half-scared, half-pleased expression. Occasionally some one is reported sick or absent, or (in one case) *asleep*, and an uncle or a son-in-law or some relation comes to draw his annuity for him, which, after he has been questioned and identified, he is usually permitted to do. After a time the recipients of this somewhat indiscriminate bounty not infrequently return to request, with emphatic gestures, a larger coat or a number nine shoe. A good deal of trouble is taken to fit them as nearly as may be, and the number of the suit worn, or the age of a boy, is often asked before giving out clothing. Yet it is inseparable from the system that misfits should often occur, and that a great many should get things which they do not particularly want.

"About how much do these Indians receive, on the average?" It looks like a good deal when the allotted portion of a large family is heaped up before your eyes. The men get a blanket apiece, the women a quilt; each man gets a full suit of clothes, a pair of boots, a hat; each woman, six or eight yards of plaid linsey for a dress, a little less of flannel, more of gingham, unbleached cotton, bed-ticking, a shawl, and a good many sundries. Yet the cost *per capita* to the Government is only about ten dollars, according to Major Anderson's estimate.

All these things are issued yearly, in accordance with treaty stipulations, in part payment for lands bought long ago of the Indians. Yet the tendency of such a general indiscriminate giving is demoralising, like almost everything else about the Agency system. It has been asked more than once by thoughtful people, acquainted with the Indian, "Why not make, instead, small annual or even monthly payments of *money* to heads of families, thus helping to increase their self-respect and teach them the value of money?" Most of the men here approve this plan, and believe that the Indians, who are naturally shrewd and sharp at a bargain, would soon learn by experience to use their stipend wisely. As it is, they often exchange or sell far below their real value articles given them which they do not need, or perhaps do not happen to fancy. I think nearly all the educated Indians would be glad of such a change in the policy of the Government. The plan is, however, opposed by some, who argue that the Indians would waste or gamble away their money annuities; and also that they could not buy useful articles as cheaply as Government can buy for them at wholesale—forgetting perhaps, that the whole cost of purchasing, transporting, and issuing these bulky supplies ought properly to be added to the fund which should be divided among the Indians. I should be very glad, at any rate, to see the experiment tried. This is to men an interesting, a picturesque, but, deeper than all, a painful and humiliating, spectacle. The attitude of these fellow-beings is too suggestive of wild beasts in a pen, as they file in to seize and carry off their booty. To see the manly youth, educated at Hampton, touch a pencil with shamefaced air instead of signing his name like a man, is to me an ugly relic of barbarism; and dreariest of all is the picture framed for us at intervals in the open doorway—a semicircle of women, with babies in their arms, and vari-colored shawls, blankets, and counterpanes over their heads, sitting on the cold, frozen ground, in a whirl of falling snow-flakes, and waiting, motionless, for their turn.

The bell rings, the work stops, and, after an hour's recess, goes on again. It is diversified by many incidents, and does not cease to be curious, pathetic, or amusing. A man and his wife have quarreled over night, and their goods are divided, and issued to them separately. A pair have put their heads together over the spools of cotton, and cause much merriment by failing to respond promptly to the call for "one hickory boy" or "two combs fine." A mischief-making Indian has observed one of the ladies carrying off a quantity of papers of needles in her coat-pocket (to assort them properly during the evening); he diligently spreads the tale, and is publicly undeceived and abashed the next morning, when the lady is requested by the Agent to empty the offending pocket. There are over two hundred names, and toward the close of the second day the end is reached. When they turn the last sheet, however, a diligent counting begins, to insure everything's "coming out right," and the deal is certainly a remarkably even and fair one. Captain Bean, who has superintended several issues, says it is the best he has seen. The blankets and remnants left over, when all is done, are placed in fourteen piles and given to the "chief," according to a time-honored custom, which, in my judgment, had better be abolished and the few remaining articles given to the day-schools instead. It is, however, a singular and picturesque crowd of men, mostly armed, who gather around the doors to receive this final informal distribution; and the next morning early they call a council in the office to express their satisfaction with "Wakpamni."

Lower Brulé Agency, Dakota.

THE ELECT LADY.

By George Macdonald,

Author of "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," "Alec Forbes," "Robert Falconer," etc.

CHAPTER X.—ANDREW INGRAM.

OF the persons in my narrative, Andrew Ingram is the simplest, therefore the hardest to be understood by an ordinary reader. I must take up his history from a certain point in his childhood.

One summer evening, he and his brother Sandy were playing together on a knoll in one of their father's fields. Andrew was ten years old, and Sandy a year younger. The two quarreled, and, the spirit of ancestral borderers waking in them, they fell to blows. The younger was the stronger for his years, and they were punching each other with relentless vigor, when suddenly they heard a voice, and, stopping their fight, saw before them a humble-looking man with a pack on his back. He was a peddler known in the neighborhood, and noted for his honesty and his silence, but the boys had never seen him. They stood abashed before him, dazed with the blows they had received, and not a little ashamed; for they were well brought up, their mother being an honest disciplinarian, and their father never interfering with what she judged right. The sun was near the setting, and shone with level rays full on the peddler; but when they thought of him afterwards, they seemed to remember more light in his face than that of the sun. Their conscience bore him witness, and his look awed them. Involuntarily they turned from him, seeking refuge with each other: his eyes shone so! they said; but immediately they turned to him again.

Sandy knew the pictures in the "Pilgrim's Progress," and Andrew had read it through more than once: when they saw the man had a book in his hand, open, and heard him, standing there in the sun, begin to read from it, they thought it must be Christian, waiting for Evangelist to come to him. It is impossible to say how much is fact and how much imagination in what children recollect; the one must almost always supplement the other; but they were quite sure that the words he read were these: "And, lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world!" The next thing they remembered was their walking slowly down the hill in the red light, and all at once waking up to the fact that the man was gone, they did not know when or where. But their arms were round each other's necks, and they were full of a strange awe. Then Andrew saw something red on Sandy's face.

"Eh, Sandy!" he cried, "it's bluid!" and burst into tears.

It was his own blood, not Sandy's!—the discovery of which fact relieved Andrew, and did not so greatly discompose Sandy, who was less sensitive.

They began at length to speculate on what had happened. One thing was clear: it was because they were fighting that the man had come; but it was not so clear who the man was. He could not be Christian, because Christian went over the river! Andrew suggested it might have been Evangelist, for he seemed to be always about. Sandy added, as his contribution to the idea, that he might have picked up Christian's bundle, and been carrying it home to his wife. They came, however, to the conclusion, by no ratiocination, I think, but by a conviction which the idea itself brought with it, that the stranger was the Lord himself, and that the pack on his back was their sins, which he was carrying away to throw out of the world.

"Eh, wasna it fearfu' he should come by jist when we was fechtin'!" said Sandy.

"Eh, na! it was a fine thing that. We micht hae been at it yet. But we winna noo—will we ever, Sandy?"

"Na, that we winna."

"For," continued Andrew, "he said, 'Lo, I am with you always.' And suppose he werena, we daurna be that ahint his back, we wou'd na be afore his face."

"Do you railly think it was him, Andrew?"

"Weel," replied Andrew, "gien the deevil be goin' aboot like a roarin' lion seekin' whom he may devoor, as father says, it's no likly *He* would na be goin' aboot as weel, seekin' to haud him aff o' 's."

"Ay!" said Sandy.

"And noo," said the elder, "what are we to do?"

For Andrew, whom both father and mother judged the dreamiest of mortals, was in reality the most practical being in the whole parish—so practical that by and by people mocked him for a poet and a heretic, because he did the things which they said they believed. Most unpractical must every man appear who genuinely believes in the things that are unseen. The man called practical by the men of this world is he who busies himself building his house on the sand, while he does not even bespeak a lodging in the inevitable beyond.

"What are we to do!" said Andrew. "If the Lord is going about like that, looking after us, we've surely got something to do looking after *him!*"

There was no help in Sandy; and it was well that, with the reticence of children, neither thought of laying the case before their parents; the traditions of the elders would have ill agreed with the doctrine they were now under! Suddenly it came into Andrew's mind that the book they read at *worship*, to which he had never listened, told all about Jesus.

He began at the beginning, and grew so interested in the stories that he forgot why he had begun to read it. One day, however, as he was telling Sandy about Jacob—"What a shame!" said Sandy; and Andrew's mind suddenly opened to the fact that he had got nothing yet out of the book. He threw it from him, echoing Sandy's words, "What a shame!"—not of Jacob's behavior, but of the Bible's, which had all this time told them nothing about the man that was going up and down the world, gathering up their sins, and carrying them away in his pack! But it dawned upon him that it was the New Testament that told about Jesus Christ, and they turned to that. Here also I say it was well they asked no advice, for they would probably have been directed to the Epistle to the Romans, there to learn what never entered into the heart of Paul, or left his pen. They began to read the story of Jesus as told by his friend Matthew, and, when they had ended it, went on to the Gospel according to Mark. But they had not read far when Sandy cried out,

"Eh, Andrew, it's a' the same thing ower again!"

"No a'thegither," answered Andrew. "We'll gang on, and see!"

Andrew came to the conclusion that it was so far the same that he would rather go back and read the other again, for the sake of some particular things he wanted to make sure about. So the second time they read St. Matthew, and came to these words:

"If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

"There's twa o' 's here!" cried Andrew, laying down the book. "Let's try 't!"

"Try what?" said Sandy.

His brother read the passage again.

"Let the twa o' 'us speir him for something!" concluded Andrew. "What wull't be?"

"I won'er if it means only ance, or maybe three times, like the three wishes!" suggested Sandy, who, like most Christians, would rather have a talk about it than do what he was told.

"We *might* ask for what would not be good for us," returned Andrew.

"And make fools of ourselves!" assented Sandy, with "The Three Wishes" in his mind.

"Do you think he would give it us then?"

"I don't know."

"But," pursued Andrew, "if we were so foolish as that old man and woman, it would be better to find it out, and begin to grow wise. I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll make it our first wish to know what's best to ask for; and then we can go on asking."

"Yes, yes; let us!"

"I fancy we'll have as many wishes as we like. Doon upo' yer knees, Sandy."

They kneeled together.

I fear there are not a few to say, "How ill-instructed the poor children were! actually mingling the Gospel and the fairy tales!" "Happy children," say I, "who could blunder into the very heart of the will of God concerning them, and *do* the thing at once that the Lord taught them, using the common sense which God had given and the fairy tale nourished!" The Lord of the promise is the Lord of all true parables and all good fairy tales.

Andrew prayed:

"O Lord, tell Sandy and me what to ask for. We're unanimous."

They got up from their knees. They had said what they had to say; why say more!

They felt rather dull. Nothing came to them. The prayer was prayed, and they could not make the answer. There was no use in reading more. They put the Bible away in a rough box where they kept it among rose leaves—ignorant priests of the lovely mystery of Him who was with them always—and without a word went each his own way, not happy, for were they not leaving Him under the elder tree, lonely and shadowy, where it was their custom to meet! Alas for those who must go to church to find Him, or who cannot pray unless in their closet!

They wandered about disconsolate, at school and at home, the rest of the day—at least Andrew did; Sandy had Andrew to lean upon. Andrew had Him who was with them always, but he seemed at the other end of the world. They had prayed, and there was no more of it.

In the evening, while yet it was light, Andrew went alone to the elder tree, took the Bible from its humble shrine, and began turning over its leaves

"And why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

He read, and sank deep in thought.

This is the way his thoughts went:

"What things? What had He been saying? Let me look and see what He says, that I may begin to do it."

He read all the chapter, and found it full of *tellings*. When he read it before, he had not thought of doing one of the things He said, for as plainly as He told him, He had not once thought he had any concern in the matter.

"I see," he said; "we must begin at once to do what He tells us."

He ran to find his brother.

"I've got it!" he cried, "I've got it!"

"What?"

"What we've got to do."

"And what is it?"

"Just what He tells us."

"We were doing that," said Sandy, "when we prayed Him to tell us what to pray for?"

"So we were. That's grand!"

"Then haven't we got to pray for anything more?"

"We'll soon find out; but first we must look for something to do."

They began at once to search for things the Lord told them to do. And of all they found, the plainest and easiest was: "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." This needed no explanation; it was as clear as the day to both of them.

The very next morning the schoolmaster, who, though of a gentle disposition, was irritable, taking Andrew for the offender in a certain breach of discipline, gave him a smart box on the ear. Andrew, as readily as if it had been instinctively, turned to him the other cheek.

An angry man is an evil interpreter of holy things, and Mr. Fordyce took the action for one of rudest mockery, nor thought of the higher Master therein mocked if it were mockery; he struck the offender a yet smarter blow. Andrew stood for a moment like one dazed; but the red on his face was not that of anger; he was perplexed as to whether he ought now to turn the former cheek again to the striker. Uncertain, he turned away, and went to his work.

Stops a reader here to say, "But do you really mean to tell us we ought to take the words literally as Andrew did?"—I answer, "When you have earned the right to understand, you will not need to ask me. To explain what the Lord means to one who is not obedident is the work of no man who knows his work."

It is but fair to say for the schoolmaster, that when he found he had mistaken, he tried to make up to the boy for it—not by confessing himself wrong—who could expect that of only a schoolmaster? but by being kinder to him than before. Through this he came to like him, and would teach him things out of the usual way—such as how to make different kinds of verse.

By and by Andrew and Sandy had a quarrel. Suddenly Andrew came to himself and cried,

"Sandy! Sandy! He says we're to agree!"

"Does he?"

"He says we're to love one another, and we canna do that if we dinna agree!"

There came a pause.

"Perhaps, after all, you were in the right, Sandy!" said Andrew.

"I was just going to say that, when I think about it, perhaps I wasn't so much in the right as I thought I was."

"It can't matter much which was in the right, when we were both in the wrong," said Andrew. "Let's ask Him to keep us from caring which is in the right, and make us both try to be in the right—we don't often differ about what we are to ask for, Sandy."

"No, we don't."

"It's me to take care of you, Sandy."

"And me to take care of you, Andrew."

Here was the nucleus of a church—two stones laid on the foundation stone.

"Luik here, Sandy," said Andrew; "we maun hae anither, an' syne there'll be four o' 's."

"How's that?" asked Sandy.

"I won'er 'at we never noticed it afore! Here's what He says: 'For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' In that way, wharever He micht be walkin' aboot, we could aye get him. He likes twa, an' his Father 'ill hear the 'greed prayer, but he likes three better—an' that stan's to rizzon, for three maun be better 'n twa. First ane maun lo'e him; an' syne twa can lo'e him better, because ilk ane is helpit by the ither, an' loe's him the mair that he loe's the ither ane. An' syne comes the third, and there's mair an' mair throwin' o' lichts, and there's the Lord himsel' i' the mids' o' them. Three make a better mids' than twa."

Sandy could not follow the reasoning quite, but he had his own way of understanding.

"It's jist like the story o' Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego," he said. "There was three o' them, an' sae He made four. Eh, jist think o' him bein' wi' 's his verra sel'."

Here now was a church indeed; the idea of a third was the very principle of growth! They would meet together and say: "O Father of Jesus Christ, help us to be good like Jesus;" and then Jesus himself would make one of them, and worship the Father with them!

The next thing, as a matter of course, was to look about for a third.

"Dawtie!" cried both at once.

Dawtie was the child of a cottar-pair, who had an acre or two of their father's farm, and helped him with it. Her real name has not reached me; *Dawtie* means *darling*, and is a common term of endearment—derived, Jamieson suggests, from the Gaelic *dalt*, signifying *a foster child*. Dawtie was a dark-haired, laughing little darling, with shy, merry manners, and the whitest teeth, full of fun, but solemn in an instant. Her small feet were bare and black—except on Saturday nights and Sunday mornings—but full of expression, and perhaps really cleaner, from their familiarity with the sweet, all-cleansing air, than such as hide the day-long in socks and shoes.

Dawtie's specialty was love of the creatures. She had an undoubting conviction that every one of them with which she came in contact understood and loved her. She was the champion of the oppressed, without knowing it. Every individual necessity stood on its own merits, and came to her fresh and sole, as if she had forgotten all that went before it. Like some boys, she had her pockets as well as her hands at the service of live things; but, unlike any boy, she had in her love no admixture of natural history; it was not interest in animals with her, but an individual love to the individual animal, whatever it might be, that presented itself to the love-power in her.

It may seem strange that there should be three such children together. But their fathers and mothers had for generations been poor—which was a great advantage, as may be seen in the world by him who has eyes to see, and heard in the parable of the rich man by him who has ears to hear. Also they were God-fearing, which was a far greater advantage, and made them honorable; for they would have scorned things that most Christians will do. Dawtie's father had a rarely keen instinct for what is mean, and that not in the way of abhorrence in others, but of avoidance in himself. To shades and *nuances* of selfishness, which men of high repute and comfortable conscience would neither be surprised to find in their neighbors nor annoyed to find in themselves, he would give no quarter. Along with Andrew's father, he had, in childhood and youth, been under the influence of a simple hearted pastor, whom the wise and prudent laughed at as one who could not take care of himself, incapable of seeing that, like his Master, he laid down his life that he might take it again. He left God to look after him, that he might be free to look after God.

Little Dawtie had learned her catechism, but, thank God, had never thought about it or attempted to understand it—good negative preparation for becoming, in a few years more, able to understand the New Testament with the heart of a babe.

The brothers had not long to search before they came upon her, where she sat on the ground at the door of the turf-built cottage, feeding a chicken with oatmeal paste.

"What are you doin', Dawtie?" they asked.

"I'm tryin'," she answered, without looking up, "to haud the life i' the chuckie."

"What's the matter wi' 't?"

"Naething but the want o' a mither."

"Is the mither o' 't deid?"

"Na, she's alive eneuch, but she has ower mony bairns to hap them a'; her wings winna cower them, and she drives this ane awa', and winna let it come near her."

"Sic a cruel mither!"

"Na, she's no cruel. She only wants to gar't come to me! She kenned I would tak it. Na, na; Flappy's a guid mither! I ken her weel; she's ane o' our ain! She kens me, or she would hae keepit the puir thing, and done her best wi' her."

"I ken somebody," said Andrew, "that would fain spread oot wings, like a great big hen, ower a' the bairns, you an' me an' a', Dawtie!"

"That's my mither!" cried Dawtie, looking up, and showing her white teeth.

"Na, it's a man," said Sandy.

"It's my father, than!"

"Na, it's no. Would ye like to see him?"

"Na, I'm no carin'."

"Sandy and me's gaein' to see him some day."

"I'll gang wi' ye. But I maun tak my chuckie!"

She looked down where she had set the little bird on the ground; it had hobbled away, and she could not see it!

"Eh," she cried, starting up, "ye made me forget my chuckie wi' yer questions! Its mither 'ill peck it!"

She darted off, and forsook the tale of the Son of man to look after his chicken. But presently she returned with it in her hands.

"Tell awa'," she said, resuming her seat. "What do they ca' him?"

"They ca' him the Father o' Jesus Christ."

"I'll gang wi' ye," she answered.

So the church was increased by a whole half, and the fraction of a chicken—type of the groaning creation, waiting for the sonship.

The three gathered to read and pray. And almost always there was some creature with them in the arms or hands of Dawtie. And if the Lord was not there too, then are we Christians most miserable, for we see a glory beyond all that man could dream, and it is but a dream! Whose dream?

They went on at other times with the usual employments and games of children. But there was this difference between them and most grown Christians, that when anything roused thought or question, they at once referred it to the word of Jesus, and, having discovered his will, made haste to do it. It naturally followed that, seeing he gives the spirit to them that obey him, they grew rapidly in the modes of their Master, learning to look at things as he looked at them, to think of them as he thought of them, to value what he valued, and despise what he despised—all in simplest order of divine development, in uttermost accord with highest reason, the whole turning on the primary and continuous effort to obey.

It was long before they came to have any regular time of meeting. Andrew always took the initiative in assembling the church. When he called, they came together. Then he would read from the story, and communicate any discovery he had made concerning what Jesus would have them do. Next, they would consult and settle what they should ask for, and one of them, generally Andrew, but sometimes Sandy, would pray. They made no formal utterance, but simply asked for what they needed. Here are some specimens of their petitions:

"O Lord, Sandy canna for the life o' 'im un'erstan' the rule o' three; please, Lord, help him."

"O Lord, I dinna ken onything I want the day: please gi'e us what we need, an' what ye want us to hae, wi'oot our askin' it."

"Lord, help us: we're ill-natur'd (*bad-tempered*) the day; an' ye wadna hae us that."

"Lord, Dawtie's mither has a sair heid (*headache*); mak her better, gien ye please."

When their prayers were ended, Andrew would say, "Sandy, have you found anything He says?" and thereupon, if he had, Sandy would speak. Dawtie never said a word, but sat and listened, with her big eyes, generally stroking some creature in her lap.

Surely the part of every superior is to help the life in the lower!

Once the question arose, in their assembly of three and a bird whose leg Dawtie had put in splints, what became of the creatures when they died. They concluded that the sparrow, that God cared for, must be worth caring for; and they could not believe he had made it to last only such a little while as its life in this world. Thereupon they agreed to ask the Lord that, when they died, they might have again a certain dog, an ugly little white mongrel, of which they had been very fond. All their days thereafter, they were, I believe, more or less consciously, looking forward to the fulfillment of this petition. For their hope strengthened with the growth of their ideal; and when they had to give up any belief, it was to take a better in its place.

They yielded at length the notion that the peddler was Jesus Christ, but they never ceased to believe that he was God's messenger, or that the Lord was with them alway. They would not insist that he was walking about on the earth, but to the end of their days they cherished the uncertain hope that they might, even without knowing it, look upon the face of the Lord in that of some stranger passing in the street, or mingling in a crowd, or seated in a church; for they knew that all the shapes of man belong to him, and that, after he rose from the dead, there were several occasions on which he did not at first look like himself to those to whom he appeared.

The childlike, the essential, the divine notion of serving, with their every-day will and being, the will of the Living One, who lived for them that they might live, as once he had died for them that they might die, ripened in them to a Christianity that saw God everywhere, saw that everything had to be done as God would have it done, and that nothing but injustice had to be forsaken to please him. They were under no influence of what had been so well called *other-worldliness*; for they saw this world as much God's as that, saw that its work has to be done divinely, that it is the beginning of the world to come. It was to them all one world, with God in it, all in all; therefore the best work for the other world was the work of this world.

Such was the boyhood of that Andrew Ingram whom Miss Fordyce now reproved for not setting the good example of going to church.

The common sense of the children rapidly developed, for there is no teacher like obedience, and no obstruction like its postponement. When in after years their mothers came at length to understand that obedience had been so long the foundation of their life, it explained to them many things that had seemed strange, and brought them to reproach themselves that they should have seemed strange.

It ought not to be overlooked that the whole thing was wrought in the children without directed influence of kindred or any neighbor. They imitated none. The galvanism of imitation is not the life of the spirit; the use of form where love is not is killing. And if any one is desirous of spreading the truth, let him apply himself, like these children, to the doing of it; not obeying the truth, he is doubly a liar pretending to teach it; if he obeys it already, let him obey it more. It is life that awakes life. All form of persuasion is empty except in vital association with regnant obedience. Talking and not doing is dry rot.

Cottage children are sometimes more fastidious about their food than children that have a greater variety; they have a more delicate perception and discrimination in the simple dishes on which they thrive; much choice, though little refusal. Andrew had a great dislike to lumps in his porridge; and one day, the mother having been less careful than usual in cooking it, he made a wry face at the first spoonful.

"Andrew," said Sandy, "take no thought for what ye eat."

It was a wrong interpretation, but a righteous use of the word. Happy the soul that mistakes the letter only to get at the spirit!

Andrew's face smoothed itself, began to clear up, and broke at last into a sunny smile. He said nothing, but ate his full share of the porridge without a frown. This was practical religion; and if any one judge it not worth telling, I count his philosophy worthless beside it. Such a doer knows more than such a reader will ever know, except he take precisely the same way to learn. The children of God do what he would have them do, and are taught of him.

A report at length reached the pastor, now an old man, of ripe heart and true insight, that certain children in his parish "played at the Lord's Supper." He was shocked, and went to their parents. They knew nothing of the matter. The three children were sought, and the pastor had a private interview with them. From it he reappeared with a solemn, pale face and silent tongue. They asked him the result of his inquiry. He answered that he was not prepared to interfere: as he was talking with them, the warning came that there were rocks and millstones. The next Sunday he preached a sermon from the text, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

The fathers and mothers made inquisition, and found no desire to conceal. Wisely or not, they forbade the observance. It cost Andrew much thought whether he was justified in obeying them; but he saw that right and wrong in itself was not concerned, and that the Lord would have them obey their parents.

It was necessary to tell so much of the previous history of Andrew lest what remains to be told should perhaps be unintelligible or seem incredible without it. A character like his cannot be formed in a day; it must early begin to grow.

The bond thus bound between the children, altering in form as they grew, was never severed; nor was the lower creation ever cut off from its share in the petitions of any one of them. When they ceased to assemble as a community, they continued to act on the same live principles.

Gladly as their parents would have sent them to college, Andrew and Sandy had to leave school only to work on the farm. But they carried their studies on from the point they had reached. When they could not get further without help, they sought and found it. For a year or two they went in the winter to an evening school; but it took so much time to go and come that they found they could make more progress by working at home. What help they sought went a long way, and what they learned they knew.

When the day's work was over, and the evening meal, they went to the room their own hands had made convenient for study as well as sleep, and there resumed the labor they had dropped before. Together they read Greek and mathematics, but Andrew worked mainly in literature. Sandy in mechanics. On Saturdays Sandy generally wrought at some model, while Andrew read to him. On Sundays they always, for an hour or two, read the Bible together.

The brothers were not a little amused with Miss Fordyce's patronage of Andrew; but they had now been too long endeavoring to bring into subjection the sense of personal importance to take offense at it.

Dawtie had gone into service, and they seldom saw her except when she came home for a day at the term. She was a grown woman now, but the same loving child as before. She counted the brothers her superiors just as they counted the laird and his daughter their superiors. But whereas Alexa claimed the homage, Dawtie yielded where was no thought of claiming it. The brothers regarded her as their sister. That she was poorer than they only made them the more watchful over her, and, if possible, the more respectful to her. So she had a rich return for her care of the chickens and kittens and puppies.

The Home.

JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT.

I.

By Christine Terhune Herrick.

THE training of young children has of late leaped into prominence. Volumes are written upon the different processes by which the best mental and physical effects are to be achieved in the tender minds and bodies. Magazines devote special columns to the nursery department, while one periodical, at least, is conducted entirely in the interests of the little ones. Learned physicians bestow close study upon infantile complaints, and feel they have attained a worthy position when they are ranked as specialists in children's diseases.

Nor does scientific research consider the workings of baby minds beneath careful examination. Instances of precocious development are narrowly scrutinized and chronicled to serve as data for psychological theories. From the moment the wailing atom of humanity enters the world it is put under a magnifying glass. Its physical condition, the dawnings of its mental comprehension, the awakening of its moral faculties, are watched, noted down, and docketed for future reference.

With all this, it is not to be expected that old landmarks will remain undisturbed. Many of the most fondly cherished faiths of mothers and nurses have suffered a violent death A spirit of inquiry has been aroused that has shaken theories hitherto deemed well-nigh indisputable. Among these, none are more interesting than those dealing with the early spiritual education of children.

In the old time, every child living in families where there were any pretensions made to religious life was taught to say his prayers. It was not thought necessary that he should wait until he had acquired a theological grasp of the doctrine of the Trinity and of the nature of prayer. He was taught to ask his heavenly Father for what he wanted as naturally and simply as he would address his earthly parents In the same manner he was instructed in certain fundamental truths of religion. He learned the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer. He committed to memory Bible verses and stanzas of hymns. In the old-fashioned orthodox Presbyterian homes he was drilled in the Westminster Catechism until the words, barely comprehended at first, became a part of himself, to linger in his mind twenty, thirty, forty years later and to furnish him with ready phrases to express his beliefs of spiritual matters in this world and the next.

There are families lingering in country neighborhoods and retired village homes, unattained yet by the march of modern religious civilization, where such courses are still followed. But in the great majority of the homes of to-day, and of the past ten years, indeed, we have changed all that. The plan advocated now is that of allowing children to "follow their natural bent," and many arguments are advanced in favor of this method. It is said that children cannot understand what prayer really is, that familiarity with sacred things tends to produce irreverence, and that strictness in early youth causes laxity in late life. For all these reasons the advocates of the let-alone system say that children should be brought up like healthy young animals, and their spiritual life left to develop itself as best it may when they arrive at years of discretion.

Careful examination of the results of the two courses does not impress one in favor of the latter. Judging according to the rule laid down both for Scripture and common sense, "By their fruits ye shall know them," the products of the old-fashioned training are preferable. True, we have not yet had a chance to ascertain whether devout, God-fearing, God-serving men and women will spring from the prayerless, go-as-you-please juveniles of the present time. But we know what the old system brought forth, and the exceptions to those who had early religious training are not always such shining examples of moral and spiritual perfection that we should select them as models.

Let the same common sense prevail in the matter of early religious instruction that would be brought to bear upon other kinds of training. The father who desires his boy to grow up to a vigorous boyhood and manhood does not let him follow the inclination that often leads a rapidly growing child to become heavy and inert. He sees that the boy spends much time in the open air, that he engages in active sports, that he strengthens flaccid muscles in a gymnasium and develops his physique in every practicable way.

It is a wickedly injudicious parent who permits his child's mental laziness to prevent his learning to read and write, in the hope that when the boy is further advanced in years he may manifest a desire to possess himself of those useful accomplishments. The fact that compulsory education is advised by the best thinkers is in itself an argument against allowing children to "follow their natural bent."

The plea that children cannot comprehend the nature of prayer seems an empty excuse. How much that young children are taught do they thoroughly understand? When a little one of two or three years old is told to prepare her requests with "Please" and to say "Thank you" for anything that is given her, does she have a clear apprehension of the meaning of the words? Are not the very letters of the alphabet arbitrary signs, of whose real use and sense she has slight idea? The parents who wish to familiarize their children with a foreign tongue know that it will be acquired far more readily in infancy than in maturer years. In view of this, they provide German or French nurses, that the little one's first thoughts may be expressed in the language she is to speak fluently as she grows older. On the same principle, should not a child learn the speech of the Celestial Country in early years, that it may not be an unknown tongue as she advances in years?

The teaching a baby to pray should be a simple matter. The mother who herself feels the sacredness and comfort of prayer should hardly fail in imparting some of her own reverence to her little one. The child should be told of her loving heavenly Father, who gives her everything she has, of the dear Saviour who was once a little child on earth, but who is now in heaven, and yet watches over his dear children. She should learn to feel that the Saviour is always near her, to help her to be good; that he is happy when she is glad, sorry when she is sad or naughty. It should be natural for the child to ask for help in the vexations and disappointments that are so much to her and so little to any one else. It will follow as a matter of course that she should kneel at night, and pray that she may be guarded while she is asleep, and that the same care may be taken of those dear to her. If the mother is always ready at night to hear the child "say her prayers," there is not much danger that the formula will degenerate into the hasty, meaningless gabble it sometimes becomes, and that lends color to the objection against teaching children to pray.

To a thoughtful observer it seems that something must be very far wrong in a child's ordinary training when she has to be whipped into saying her prayers. The harm gained when this is done exceeds any possible benefit That a child should be so spoiled that she flatly refuses to obey a command or request of her parents argues woeful lack of discretion on their part If matters have come to such a pass, however, the issue should not be raised upon the prayer question. That should be too sacred to serve as the basis of a squabble.

The age at which children should be taught to pray cannot be fixed definitely. Children vary so much in development that the mother's own good sense has to be called in to her help. In general terms one may say that where a child can understand a story told her, and has sufficient command of language to prefer an intelligent request, she is advanced enough to learn to pray. It does not require a matured intellect to catch the idea of a Higher Power who hears and answers petitions. That is all she need know at the outset. The rest will come in due time.

A sanctity should surround the time of prayer. There should be no talking going on in the nursery while the child kneels at her mother's lap. If possible, the two should be alone together, that there may be opportunity for the little one to make confession of her childish naughtinesses during the day, and to ask forgiveness for them. The bond thus established between mother and child is very close and dear. With such watchfulness as this there is no danger that the habit of prayer will breed irreverence As to its causing laxity in later life, there is room for doubt if this is ever the case with a judiciously trained child. If religious practices of any kind are made stern duties, punishments rather than privileges, the child will naturally revolt from them when she becomes old enough to choose for herself. It may safely be said, however, that there have been more men and women to whom the remembrance of early prayers has been a safeguard than there are those whom it has driven into the paths of recklessness.

A ROYAL MOTHER

THE thoughts of all the world are turned to Germany, for one of the grandest men of the century has passed away. Reading the life of the Emperor, there stands revealed the grand mother whose teachings and example were constant incentives to true nobility. Queen Louise, his mother, would have been a queen in any station of life, and her training and aspirations for her children must have resulted in making them royal men and women independent of their station. While her children were yet young, she wrote to her father, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz: "Though after generations may not include my name amongst those of really eminent women, still they will say of me, when they learn the woes of these times, and all that I have suffered, 'she endured much, was patient under tribulation;' my only wish is that they will say, too, 'But she brought forth children who were worthy of better times, who struggled honestly and manfully to bring them about.'"[1] The history of her children proved her mother-faith well founded, and the world to-day, in gratitude for the son she gave it, gives her the crown to which she aspired.

That her desires for her children were not mere ambition for worldly position is proven by the very natural way she writes of the late German Emperor to her father, when he was a child. The satisfaction she derives from the traits of character the young prince displays shows that her aim for her children was for more than earthly place and power: "Our son William will prove, unless I am greatly deceived, as simple, as honest and intelligent as his father." Not the Queen of Prussia, but the uncrowned queen, the righteous mother, speaks there, who hailed with joy the evidence that proved her child possessed the graces that promised fruition in character that commanded her respect and love. Not the military instincts that early proved the child's right to his royal inheritance, but the qualities that would prove him a man, that would grace any position, were those of which she wrote. In a crisis of the history of the royal family of Prussia, Queen Louise again proves her wisdom in training her children. Writing to her father from Memel during the darkest period of the war with France, when the royal family were so poor that the late Emperor used to tell his recollections of the period to his children, of the shabby apartments, the poor food, the economies, that the King was so poor he could afford but a few thalers to his oldest daughter as a birthday present—the mother says: "It may be well for our children to learn in their youth the serious side of life. Had they grown up in the lap of luxury they would have thought it impossible that it could have been otherwise. Now they know that the state of things may be different, for they see the troubled countenance of their father, the woe and frequent tears of their mother." The royal mother valued for her children those things which would train them to meet emergencies, not weakly anxious that her children should only know the sunshine of life, but grateful for the discipline that is inseparable from knowing the shadows A royal mother as well as queen, who teaches a lesson by her wisdom and discretion in the training she gave her children. She needed no crown to prove her royalty.

WELL OR CISTERN—WHICH?

MRS. BELLAMY, in her two articles on "Our Duty to Our Mother Tongue," has said some very good things. Doubtless we ought to have a sensitive intellectual conscience, and, as a part of that, a sensitive conscience as to purity and precision of speech. Doubtless, too, an Academy after the manner of France might do a good deal for this But she begins by quoting from Sainte-Beuve a principle which admirably suits the French and their language, but which is utterly opposite to the fundamental instinct of our language, because utterly opposite to the instinct of the race which speaks it.

The first word of the Gallic race is "form," and into that form as much substance as you can pack. The first word of the English race is Substance, and upon that substance as perfect a form as you can superinduce. The attempt to bring either race to the pole of the other will probably fare like the attempts to bring one sex to the pole of the other—cause it to forfeit its own excellence without attaining that of its counterpart. Our race will have come very near to its breaking up when it asks, How does this work of art conform to conventionality? rather, than, Out of what depths of the spirit has it come forth? And a race which insists on putting the second question before the first as to its works of individual intellect will certainly put it first as to that mighty work of its collective and spontaneous intellect, its language. As Greek was greater than the "Iliad," so English is greater than "Macbeth," or "Hamlet," or "Othello," and is still less amenable to the judgment of a Voltaire or even a Sainte-Beuve than they.

De Quincey, if any man of our age, knew English, and how to use it, and how to distinguish the slovenliness of incompetence from the negligence of strength in the use of it. And what he says, in good-humored raillery, of Noah Webster's attempt to respell the language, I imagine he would have said of all the attempts to substitute "schoolmasters' English" for that free, broad stream of ascertained use into which the genius of the race has poured itself. He would say that, as our good mother tongue can do her own spelling, so she can fashion her own forms and ascertain her own meaning in them. For instance, all the Teachers' Conventions from Machias to San Francisco will never make "would better do it" good English, or unmake "had better do it" out of being good English. And what of the proposal to substitute for "I don't feel like doing it" the stilted phrase, "I don't feel inclined to do it"? Certainly French has not been

[1] *Life of William I., Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia.* (Harper & Brothers; Franklin Square Library.)

studied for nothing there. The glory of our free and strong tongue, welling up from an antiquity all its own, while open to all the magnificence of Rome and to the elegance of Paris, is that it can say homely things in a homely way, and can rise to oratorical amplification when it has occasion for it. When Americans no longer know how to say, "I don't feel like doing it," using a phrase in which the correspondence of the figure is perfect, and in which every word is our own, it will indeed be time for them all to "die and go to Paris."

Mrs. Bellamy gives admirable advice as to becoming familiar with great passages of English prose and verse. Only I should go much further than she. She is content to have them "committed to memory." I should urge their being "learned by heart," according to that far deeper and really vernacular idiom by which our race has expressed and vindicated from of old its claim to apprehend and appropriate from and to a greater depth of the being than is usual with that race whose speech is so clear, formulable, and yet, after all, as they themselves complain, "dead." Pray don't let us use it to kill ours!

Mrs Bellamy is greatly troubled because rustic Anglo-Saxons talk rustically. In excess, no doubt, it is a pity. But shall we accomplish much by forcing an urban coat on forms that have not the instinct to wear it urbanely? And language is rather the skin than the coat. When the nature is cultivated, it soon appropriates the speech of the cultivated. Till then unpretending rusticity is best, all of one piece, and not a commixture of homely strength and awkward finery. Compare Burns's English with his Scotch!

Mrs. Bellamy's main illustration here is hardly happy. "Fancy," says she, "Aspasia speaking rustic Greek." But why should not, therefore, a rustic American or Englishwoman speak rustic English? Are our country ladies bound to be Aspasias? I hope not. Only I think we may be certain of one thing as to this great woman, that she, not being an Athenian, had too fine a taste to incur the criticism which the marketwoman passed upon Theophrastus, that she knew him to be a foreigner because he "spoke too Attically."

By the way, I should like to know exactly what would have been meant by "rustic Greek" in Aspasia's time. Mrs Bellamy seems to think that it bore about the same relation to the language of Athens as "provincial French" to that of Paris. The only objection to this conjunction is that Greek in its glory, in Aspasia's time, while more subtle and exact than French, was broader and freer than English. Not only did it flow, equally authenticated, though not equally illustrated, in its four great channels of form, but in almost every canton it specificated itself yet more distinctly, but still authentically. And doubtless the Ionian Aspasia knew just how to give her language that tincture of the Asiatic honey which, without impairing her Attic, should signify that she knew herself to be at the head of Pericles's table by favor of Athens, not by right. And it is to be hoped that the English race, as it gradually distinguishes itself into its British, American, South African, Australian, and New Zealand branches, will neither—to quote the Blackbird of "Wide Awake"—give itself over to the influence of those criticasters who are doing their best to deprive our tongue of its freedom and variety, and who seem even to have influenced the writer a little to the worse, nor yet take the centralization of Paris as a pattern for maintaining a general unity of language, but, while yielding itself largely to the pulsations of "that mighty heart" of London, shall acknowledge as authentic English that which the great unconsciousness of the race, or, in time, of any one of its chief branches, shall have evolved and established in use, whether the shallowness of individual logic is able to fit it into its own stiff and superficial categories or not

Mrs. Bellamy's second paper, of course, is admirable throughout.

CHARLES C STARBUCK.

ANDOVER, Mass.

IN REPLY.

NOTHING gives so much life to a question as a frank discussion of its merits. I have, therefore, read with pleasure Mr. Starbuck's review of the late paper in The Christian Union upon "Our Duty to Our Mother Tongue" Some of his suggestions deserve respectful attention. Some of his misapprehensions should, however, be removed, lest, because he is instructive upon some points, he should be misleading upon others.

It is an old saying of Whately that there would be few arguments did people, before engaging in them, define their terms.

Now, almost at the outset of his paper, the critic tells us that he shares with De Quincey a contempt for Noah Webster's spelling. We fear this contempt has extended to his definitions At all events, these definitions, as accepted by the writer, are clearly not understood by the critic.

The first word thus apparently not well defined in his mind is "conscience."

This, the dictionaries say, is the faculty which decides upon the lawfulness or unlawfulness of an action.

A conscience, therefore, implies law, and a linguistic conscience implies a linguistic law. It is quite true that the English language has had a broader and more free development than the French. We have not and do not wish to have a duplicate of the French Academy. But there is all the more reason why a standard of purity and precision of speech should be sought and studied. We must be bound by "the perfect law of liberty" if we would not have that liberty become license.

Again, the critic speaks of the English language and the Anglo Saxon language as if they were identical. But this is far from being the case. The Anglo-Saxon is now sometimes called the *Old* English, though many scholars prefer to retain the earlier name. The English language as it now exists is the product of a green and growing tree, springing from Anglo-Saxon roots, but, by the great graft of Norman French, bearing fruit richer than any which the parent stock alone could have produced. It must be remembered that for three hundred years French was the medium, in England itself, of all moral, intellectual, and æsthetic culture. No one who studies the co-existence and partial coalescence of these two tongues in the early fourteenth century can fail to feel that there is a patent ingratitude in belittling and speaking slightingly of the language which has made such rich contributions to our own. English poetry would have fared badly had its father, Chaucer, held himself entirely bound by the limits of the Anglo-Saxon inheritance.

Almost the whole of the later criticism in Mr. Starbuck's paper turns upon the word "rustic." This has given offense evidently because its use is not understood.

Rustic, primarily "pertaining to the country," is in its derived and secondary meaning "rude, unpolished, awkward." Urbane, at first "pertaining to the city," is again "polished, refined, courteous." "May not rustic Anglo-Saxons speak rustically?" says the critic.

Doubtless they might and did when, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, their language, according to Marsh, "was scarcely more than a *lingua rustica*."

If we are asked, however, Shall Americans of the nineteenth century be satisfied with what is rustic—that is, "rude, unpolished, awkward"?—we say emphatically, "No. Let them seek eagerly the urbane—that which is "polished, refined, courteous." Perhaps the critic remembers the old story of the famous last words of Daniel Webster, "I still live." Do they seem to him to gain anything in their translation by the Yankee quoter into his own dialect as "I ain't dead yet"? All of these words, in both phrases, are derived from the Anglo-Saxon. Is it a mistake to consider the first or urbane version more forcible and elegant than the second or rustic one?

Again, the critic says, "I should like to know exactly what would have been meant by 'rustic Greek' in Aspasia's time"

I am happy to give the information which he seeks directly from the lips of one of our eminent Greek scholars. He says: "There was in the time of Pericles a pure and classic Greek. There were also several Greek dialects, as there is now a pure and classic German with many German dialects. Poets wrote at various times in the Greek as they do now in the German dialects, but Pericles in a conversation, Demosthenes in an oration, or Aspasia at the head of her brilliant table, would have blushed to use any of those inelegant and unclassic forms of expression, found only in such dialects, and very correctly designated as *rustic* Greek."

We may be sure that Aspasia recognized a standard of excellence in speech, and that that standard was the Attic and not the Asiatic prose. In this connection the critic is referred to the closing lines of Milton's "Lycidas:"

> "Thus spake the *uncouth* swain to the oaks and rills,
> While the still morn went out, with sandals gray.
> He touched the tender stops of various quills,
> With eager thought warbling his *Dorie* lay."

The application here is too obvious to need an explanatory word.

In fact, the illustration said by the critic to be not a happy one we are disposed to urge as precisely to the point. As Aspasia, judged by the standards not of the moral but of the linguistic conscience, is admirable and worthy of emulation; as Madame de Staël adorned her native tongue in the using of it, so may English-speaking women elevate and maintain a standard of pure and classic English. They may avoid the rustic and cultivate the urbane. At the same time they may avoid the slang and cultivate the idiom. They must go for authority to the "free stream of ascertained use," as the critic advises, though he gives, we think, poor advice as to where this stream can be found.

We should consult as authority, not "rustic Anglo-Saxons," but the works and words of English scholars, writers, and teachers. Such English as that of Goldsmith, who began life as a schoolmaster, of Arnold of Rugby, who spent life as a schoolmaster, or of Longfellow, whose first work was done while a schoolmaster, would be for us high authority. So when the head master of Wadminster School says that the expression, "I don't feel like it," is wholly unknown in England, and not to be found in any classic writer, we think it quite worth while to discuss its admission into our own vernacular. It is not safe to rely here upon the *ipse dixit* of the critic who says, in what is certainly not "schoolmasters' English," that we "cannot unmake it out of being good English."

In conclusion, let us call into court, as a witness to the value of the study of form, a sentence from the critic's own pen. He says:

"And it is to be hoped that the English race, as it gradually distinguishes itself into its British, American, South African, Australian, and New Zealand branches, will neither—to quote the Blackbird of "Wide Awake"—give itself over to the influence of those criticasters who are doing their best to deprive our tongue of its freedom and variety, and who seem even to have influenced the writer a little to the worse, nor yet take the centralization of Paris as a pattern for maintaining a general unity of language, but, while yielding itself largely to the pulsations of 'that mighty heart' of London, shall acknowledge as authentic English that which the great unconsciousness of the race, or, in time, of any of its chief branches, shall have evolved and established in use, whether the shallowness of individual logic is able to fit it into its own stiff and superficial categories or not."

Here is substance, certainly, but how can it be extricated from its entangling mesh of a hundred and fifty words, from its confused clauses and its puzzling auxiliaries?

We recommend applying to it certain formulæ of grammar and rhetoric to be found in "schoolmasters' English," or reconstructing it after those models of lucid and intelligent expression best studied in the French. Its value will then be understood.

Words are the clothing of ideas, and it is well to remember the sage admonition of Polonius to Laertes: "The apparel oft proclaims the man."

B. W. BELLAMY.

ROLLS.

BY M. J. MORGAN.

THE perfect bread "roll" differs from the perfect bread loaf only in size, shape, and name, except that, as a larger proportion of it is exposed to the air in baking, more crust is formed—a feature greatly to be desired in bread which is to be eaten hot The flour, salt, yeast, water, and, in short, the dough, is the same for both; and one ounce of this last requires precisely the same management in proportion to size as if its weight were a pound or a ton.

While the actual process of making each is the same, the roll is liable to somewhat greater risk of injury, because of the increased time required in manipulation. The loaf is quickly molded and disposed of, but for rolls the mass of dough must be divided into small pieces, each of which is to be handled separately. Special rapidity and skill are necessary to avoid the serious changes liable to occur in the condition of these while awaiting the work of molding and then of baking. Delay at this stage is dangerous, whether occurring by accident or, as is more common, by design.

An instance within almost every one's observation is that of what are supposed to be very fine "hot breakfast rolls." These are made, according to directions, by dividing the dough into pieces "the size of an egg," forming them into balls lightly greased or floured, and packed as closely as possible in the baking pan. They are then kept until the stage of proper and healthy fermentation has reached its limit; after a minute in the oven an acid is developed which is scarcely observed while hot, and is disguised by a liberal supply of butter, honey, or sirup.

When cold, however, these rolls are found to be damp, stringy, and ill-favored; and their narrow, top-heavy, crooked aspect agrees well with an odor of stale beer and alcohol which by this time is perceptible by any respectable nose. These are the hot rolls against which medical men are accustomed to direct their warnings. Gentlemen of that profession, whose acquaintance with them is usually limited to the moment when they come fresh from the oven, doubtless suppose that they are a fair representation of all hot bread; and when they find themselves as well as their patients stricken with the curse of indigestion after a dose of such spoiled dough, they are in a humor to make war against everything within three days of a bake oven.

In fact, it is not *hot* rolls, or hot bread at all, which cause the widely prevalent disorders of stomach and liver—the greatest, meanest, and least understood curse of civilized humanity.

It is *bad* bread—loaf, roll, or what not. It is dough over-fermented, soured, wrongly baked, doctored (after spoiling) with a "spoonful of lard," a "pinch of soda," a "handful of sugar," a "half-cup of milk," or any-

thing supposed to compensate for the original mistake or carelessness of the cook.

Good hot rolls are neither indigestible nor in any way injurious to health. They do not call for whisky, bitters, pepsin, or any of the patented or unpatented medicines advertised or prescribed as remedies for disordered stomachs.

Their flavor is correct and true, requiring no disguising to render them thoroughly palatable; and when cold they only become less stimulating to the appetite as roast beef or turkey or broiled steak becomes when cold.

In The Christian Union, July 7, 1887, the directions for making loaf bread were as follows: A sponge in proportion of two pounds of flour to three pints of water and one cake or cup of yeast is set and kept at an even temperature of 98 degrees, and protected from currents of air. In an hour another pound of flour is added. When raised properly, it is kneaded with about two pounds more flour and one ounce of salt. Much depends upon this kneading, and it should be very carefully done. The dough is allowed to rise again to about double its first bulk, which brings it to the time for molding either into loaves or rolls.

When the quantity is small, the most convenient plan is to cut pieces of the proper size from the mass of dough in the pan or trough, quickly work and shape each, and place them in the bake pan. After standing there, carefully protected against currents of air, for about twenty minutes, or until they have raised up well in the middle without cracking or spreading flat, they are to be baked promptly. The time in the oven depends on the size of the rolls, from ten to twenty minutes usually being sufficient.

When a considerable quantity is to be made, a large board and plenty of "table room" must be provided in a situation free from currents of air and at a temperature of about 98 degrees. The board, the hands, rolling pin, and cutters, are all to be warm, free from grease, damp, or flavor of soap, and must be well dusted with flour. The bake pans, also, are to be ready, smooth, dry, and evenly greased. Ordinary "dripping pans" of sheet iron or granite ironware serve well for every kind of rolls.

If the dough is in every respect good, it will not stick or adhere to the board, rolling pin, or hands. Whenever a portion is removed from the mass, the cut place should be immediately coated with a dust of flour.

Common "high rolls" are made by taking pieces of dough of two inches or a little less in diameter, working and shaping and setting them close together in the pan, so that all expansion is in an upward direction. The result is the production of the smallest proportion of crust, and therefore the poorest-flavored bread

Next to these the easiest form of rolls is the plain circular "sandwich." The dough is rolled out quickly, to about half an inch in thickness, and divided with a round cutter. The pieces are lifted carefully, in order not to disturb their shape, and placed in the pan, scarcely touching each other. After remaining, covered closely with another pan or oiled paper, for from ten to twenty minutes, they will rise to twice their original size. Fifteen minutes in an oven of proper heat will bake them. Just before leaving the oven the tops are brushed rapidly with cold water, which gives them a fine brown gloss like varnish. About eight of these rolls weigh a pound.

For "French" and "Vienna" rolls, and the fanciful "twists," "dinner rolls," etc., the dough is kneaded rather stiffer, with as little flour as practicable. Whenever the dough is lapped over, folded up, or twisted, a very little warm butter is spread between. A wash around the edges or over the top with milk, or milk and butter, gives a pale gloss when desired.

An old fashioned roll, which has no superior, is made thus: A small square of dough is held firmly between the thumb and finger of the left hand. With the right hand one corner after another is folded over and secured under the thumb, continuing with new corners as they form. These rolls are laid on the board or a floured cloth, covered until raised, then lifted carefully and set in the pan upside down, at least one inch apart, baked immediately. They will be round balls, and nearly all crust, of the finest possible flavor.

ANIMALS NOT NOURISHING.

THE current number of "Babyhood" contains a most suggestive article by Jerome Walker, M.D., on "The Appetite of Children: Its Use and Abuse."

Many adults can trace an abnormal appetite for food devoid of nourishment to the permitted indulgence of early life; to the neglect in educating to a knowledge of the values of food. Dr. Walker defines the difference between hunger and appetite as follows:

"Ordinarily hunger and appetite are confounded with each other in the popular mind. Hunger is the craving within us for food, and is in reality the cry of *all* parts of the body for nourishment, the stomach being the spokesman. Appetite is located in the mouth and parts adjacent, at the gateway to the stomach, and has been likened to a janitor or watchman, whose business it is to guard the entrance to the stomach and allow only those things to go into it which are good for its welfare and the welfare of the entire body. But watchmen are sometimes derelict, and appetite is no exception. It can lose its influence for good by dealing with too much food, too rich food, too little food, and from irregular feeding. Hunger, on the contrary, arises from the needs of the system, and asserts itself by a feeling of 'goneness' at the stomach, and seldom goes to extremes unless the stomach itself is really in a diseased condition."

The causes for a spoiled appetite Dr. Walker believes to be unsuitable food, irregularity in eating, and overeating. He says with truth that there is the same tendency in the child to become the slave of appetite that the adult possesses, and that indulgence prevents the hunger that would make nourishing food attractive. He speaks especially of one pernicious habit of many, even sensible, mothers—that of indulging a taste or appetite for some one article of food because it is "so simple." Dr. Walker goes on to say:

"Probably, at the present time, with the exception of candy, no article that is eaten is so much abused as the animal cracker. Before these crackers were introduced children were content with a few butter, soda, milk, or even ordinary sweet crackers at one time, but now the child is anxious to eat *a number of animals*. The cracker-maker, detecting this propensity in children, furnishes a wonderful assortment of animals, and the child is eager to eat one, at least, of each kind purchased. The mother thinks these animals are so nice for the children to play with that frequently she sends out for a half-pound or pound, or gives them to the child to keep him quiet as he is trundled along in his carriage. What is the consequence of the frequent use of so much sugar and starch? It perverts the appetite, teaches it to reject soups, broths, bread and butter, and milk, and prefer sweets and pastries, and also induces starchy dyspepsia.

"It is one of the duties of the saliva and of one or more of the digestive secretions to change most of the starch we take in our food into glucose, a form of sugar, in which shape it readily becomes a part of the blood. If it is not so changed the starch ferments and gives rise to pain, discomfort, diarrhœa, loss of appetite, and debility. It is not so changed when a number of starchy animal crackers or a large amount of other starchy food is eaten too freely. The fermenting starch in time tends to change healthy hunger into an unhealthy hunger, with all its dire consequences."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THROUGH THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

By Alice Wellington Rollins

CHAPTER II.

"YOU can just get into the Park, and that's all," wrote Tom to his father. "For so big a place after you get there, it has the smallest entrance I know. I shouldn't think the Government need spend much for fencing the Park in. Why, there's one place where the great Yellowstone River itself only has a place about a hundred feet wide to get out of, and I tell you it makes a fuss about it! It just screams, and howls, and declares it *won't* be made to go through such a little, insignificant place; but it has to. And we were just as determined to get in as the river was to get out; so we skirted the edge of the precipice, with the river roaring at us below that it wasn't at all worth so much trouble to climb into the Park; and the engine screamed back that it was going in to see, anyway; and then the river roared back again that *he* was going to *see*, too; and between us the river got out and the locomotive got in."

It was quite late in the afternoon when they left the cars; but Uncle Harry had written to Philip Johnson, a trusty guide whom he knew, to have everything in readiness, and there he was at the station with the wagon that would hold them all. People who were going to the hotels clambered into the waiting stages, but Uncle Harry did not mean to patronize the hotels at all, even the first night.

"The ponies and tents and the rest of the outfit are all ready up at Gardiner, sir," said Johnson. "Will you get into the Park to-night, or camp outside?"

"Oh, get into the Park!" shouted the boys.

"Can we get in?"

"Certainly, sir, we can get as far as the Hot Springs, if you like, and camp near the hotel; but there's a nice place not quite so far in, where I thought maybe the young gentlemen would like to camp the first night, 'cos they could catch some trout for supper in the Gardiner."

"Yes, of course," screamed the boys; "we'll camp on the Gardiner!"

"And then, you know, we sha'n't have to build no fire to cook him by; 'cos there's a boiling river flows into the Gardiner just handy, and you can catch your fish in the Gardiner and then swing round and drop him into the other river without unhooking him from the line, and in about three minutes he'll be done."

"It's true, boys," said Uncle Harry, seeing that the boys were gazing at Johnson, too much awed even to exclaim. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating. They will have to eat that fish to-night, Johnson."

Half an hour later they drove into the little settlement of wooden shanties, to find the team with their camp outfit and two saddled ponies all ready for the start. The boys were to take turns in riding, beginning with the youngest; and in less than another hour they had reached an enchanting spot just inside the Park, where Johnson said they would camp for the night.

"It *is* a boiling river, as sure as you're alive!" exclaimed Tom, as he saw unmistakable steam rising from the water. "What makes it boil, Uncle Harry?"

"Underground heat; that's all I know about it."

"But what I want to know," said the bad boy, "is why the other don't boil!"

"Good for you, Will!" exclaimed his uncle, who was always charmed with Will's intelligence. "That is the real wonder of it to me. Here are two rivers, one running into the other, and one stone cold while the other is boiling hot."

It was not many minutes before the five boys were ranged in a line along the edge of the cold river, fishing for the trout they were to cook in the hot one.

"Well," said Uncle Harry, with a sigh, as he helped Johnson with the fire and the tents, "I never expected to camp out with five boys and have them take no interest in starting the fire."

"They'll come quick enough, sir, when the bacon begins to sputter."

"Do you think they'll catch anything, Johnson? I really wish they might."

"Like as not, sir."

Five minutes later Uncle Harry looked up from his work to see that Will had quietly changed his position and had thrown his line into the hot river.

"You don't mean that you've caught one, Will?"

"No, sir; but, you see, I thought it would be more fun to fish over here, and catch him already cooked."

"Oh!" laughed the other boys in derision.

"Well, I don't see why not. The guide-book says these rivers are not hot all the way, but only where a hot spring bubbles up in them all of a sudden. There are some rivers that you can ford very nicely, if you're only careful to see when the horse begins to wince as if the water were getting warm. And so, though it's steaming hot here, I don't see why there mightn't be a good cool place up above; and a fish might be born up there where it is comfortable, and come swimming down all right, and then find himself in hot water before he knew it. I think it would be a great deal more fun to catch a fish that had cooked himself than even to catch one you could cook in a river."

"All that is very sensible; that is, sensible in the Yellowstone country, though it would be nonsense anywhere else. But what I don't quite understand is, how you expect your cooked fish to know enough to bite!"

There was a general shout at Will's expense, till Uncle Harry called out, "What's that Johnson's coming with?"

Sure enough, Johnson was coming toward them with a fine trout wriggling on his line. Uncle Harry had sent him off to see what he could do, with his wider experience, toward helping the boys out.

"Here he is! now which of yer's goin' to cook him?"

Oh dear! oh dear! Only one trout, and five boys, each feeling that all the joy of the excursion would be lost unless he were the particular boy who could say he had cooked that fish in a river!

"Don't you think, Uncle Harry," said Tom, insinuatingly, "that as the youngest boys had the first ride, the oldest boys ought to have the first fish?"

"Well, that sounds reasonable. But I shall leave you to settle it yourselves."

"I think you ought to let me cook him, because I'm company," said Jack Floyd, slyly.

"No," said Tom, "that's the very reason you can't; company never cook the dinner. I invited you to come, and it's proper for me to see that dinner is all ready for you."

"And, besides," said Horace Ladd, "you're going to have the first bear, Jack, because you know so much about bears; and I think we ought to have the fish."

"Well, if you'll promise me a bear, I'll give up the fish," said Jack, good-humoredly.

"Why don't yer ask the fish who he'd ruther have cook him?" suggested Johnson.

"I'll tell you, Johnson; we might make it a condition that the boy who cooks him will have to eat him; then they won't be so anxious."

"Why, won't he be good?" demanded the disappointed boys.

"Well, not very good. Perhaps, under the circumstances, you can stand him, but I should prefer my fish broiled over a fire."

"We might take turns cooking him," suggested Walter Ladd. But all felt that the boy who had the first fling would have the most fun.

"If there was only one other boy, of course I'd give up to him," said Will, magnanimously. "But it's awful to have to give up to four; and then it's just as hard to know which one to give up to. Let's all take hold together!"

And with a rush the five boys grasped the line.

"That's the way we used to run to fires in the country when I was a boy," said Uncle Harry.

"But I don't believe you ever had a river on fire to put out, Uncle Harry, like this one"

"No, I didn't; because I didn't have any good, kind Uncle Harry to take me to the Yellowstone, and because there wasn't any Yellowstone, that anybody knew about, in those days."

In another moment the boys were quite sure the fish must be done; so they jerked him out, and wonderful indeed did it seem to find him hot and actually cooked through. Of course everybody tasted, but no one wanted more than a taste; for even the excited boys thought Johnson's bacon and coffee and fried potatoes more enticing than the poor little trout.

After this their excitement calmed down to the point of enjoying the bright camp fire, and the novelty of making their beds on pine boughs in a tent.

Of course they slept splendidly on the pine boughs; and some trout that Johnson had caught for breakfast and cooked in his frying-pan were as delicious as trout ought to be. They broke camp as quickly as possible after breakfast, for Uncle Harry wanted a long day at the Mammoth Hot Springs.

It took them only half an hour to reach the Springs. Will and Jack were on the ponies this morning, and had ridden ahead, but they came tearing back in great excitement before the toiling wagons had climbed the last steep ascent.

"Uncle Harry, there's lots of snow up here, on the ground and all over the mountain! And it's awful hot up here in the sun, and why don't the snow melt?"

"Well, the principal reason that it doesn't melt is because it isn't snow."

"But it *is* snow, Uncle Harry! You haven't seen it. It *is* snow."

"I haven't seen it this summer, but I saw it last year; and it isn't snow; it's formation."

"Formation of what?

"Formation of the white deposit that drips from the water of the Hot Springs," said Uncle Harry, as the toiling horses pulled them at last up to a great level plateau, on all sides of which rose high mountains with beautiful vistas between them, while one mountain seemed made of terraces that, as the boys said, looked as if covered with ice and snow.

"But these are not springs, Uncle Harry; they're mounds, and hills, and terraces."

"So they are; but they are mounds that have been built up by the springs. You've heard that constant dropping wears away stone; but this is a place where constant dropping has made the stone. On the top of each of those terraces, when we get up there, we shall find an enormous spring of boiling hot water. While it was forcing its way up to the surface, it took in solution some of the material, chiefly lime, through which it was working. Then, once at the top, it spreads out in a great hot bubbling pool, and some of it trickles down over the edges, and the sun, that you thought ought to melt it, finds it melted instead and goes to work to harden it, by evaporating the water and leaving the white lime deposit to grow harder and harder and harder, till it is just a mass of strong white rock."

"But didn't it take years and years to make so much of it?"

"Centuries and centuries would be nearer to the truth. They have a way of calculating the time. You know Napoleon told his soldiers to remember that forty centuries were looking down upon them from the Pyramids; but you and I can say that forty centuries are looking up at us from these American pyramids; for they have built themselves up inch by inch, till some of these great extinct geyser cones that stand up singly like monuments on the terraces, forty or fifty feet high, are probably as old as that."

They would want one whole day for the springs and terraces, so Johnson guided ponies and wagons to just the right spot for a camp that night, and then, leaving Wilson, the cook, to get dinner and pitch the tents again, off went the boys with Uncle Harry and Johnson for a five-mile scramble on foot over this new kind of summer snow. None of them could believe, in spite of the hot August sun and the glare of the white rock in the heat, that made them thankful for the blue-glass spectacles they had all been told to buy in Livingston, that it wasn't an awful pity they had forgotten to bring their sleds and skates.

Still, as they climbed higher and higher, they began to realize that it was heat and not cold that had been at work in this queer country. They saw steam beginning to rise from the level spaces on the top of each terrace. They put their fingers into the little rills of water trickling so picturesquely over the great walls of white rock glistening in the sun, and thought they wouldn't do it again. When they reached the level of the first high terrace, and could look down into the great hot pools of water bubbling up from an unknown depth through caverns whose snow-white walls looked as if made of exquisite coral, they thought they had never seen anything so wonderful or so beautiful. The water was of strange colors, too, though always so clear that it seemed impossible it should be holding anything in solution; and yet they seemed to see the entire process of hardening in every stage. For near the edges of the pools, little soft, clinging filaments that looked like threads of silk, moving gently in the rippling water as if struggling not to be turned into stone, showed where the first evaporation was having the first effect, and then all down the sides of the great pillars of stone that seemed to hold up these basins, rough bits, added here and there to the surface from year to year or century to century, were of beautiful different colors according to the nature of what had been held in solution and then left to harden on the harder rock. This made the walls of the caverns from which the water bubbled up, and the walls of the gleaming terraces, look as if they had been most exquisitely carved into all sorts of fantastic and beautiful shapes.

But all that nature had done here seemed less wonderful to the boys than what they found art attempting to do with nature's help. For Johnson had told them that this process of dripping and evaporation went on so quickly that if you put something—anything—in a place where the hot water from a spring would fall over it, in three or four days the thing would all be coated over, evenly and perfectly, with a pure white layer of the solution, so hard that nothing would rub it off. There were men who made a business of coating all sorts of curious things to sell to the people at the hotels. You couldn't lay anything down in a shallow pool and have it happen; it must be put just under a ledge where the water would rush over it all the time, and then you must turn it, twice a day perhaps, to have it all evenly covered; but if you did that carefully you would have something very curious and very beautiful to carry home with you.

"Oh, Uncle Harry! don't let's go any further into the Park! Let's just stay here a whole week and coat things!"

"Could you coat a boy?" asked Uncle Harry, gravely, of Johnson.

"What, sir?"

"Could you coat a boy? We have one bad boy with us—Will Bent, over there—whose restlessness is a great annoyance to his mother. If we could put him under the shower-bath for a day or two and turn him into a marble statue that I could take back to his mother, I think she would be perfectly delighted."

"All right, sir; if he'd stay under the drippings I guess he'd be coated; but if he's as restless as you tell about, I'm afraid he'd be moving on before he was done."

"But, Uncle Harry, we must stay and coat some things; it would be better than a bear."

Johnson told them that they could pick up some things in the course of the afternoon that they would like to have coated, and leave them with a friend of his down at the hotel, who would see to it for them; so that when they came back that way they could stop for them and carry them home.

Uncle Harry doubted whether even dinner would tempt the boys down the terraces to the camp again. But the prospect of finding things to be left for coating enticed them finally away, with the promise that after dinner Uncle Harry would let them come back over the terraces with Johnson while he wrote his letters.

"While I write *your* letters, I suppose you mean," said Uncle Harry. "Every one of you knows he ought to write his mother this afternoon a long and beautiful account of what he has seen this morning; but I suppose none of you will," and Uncle Harry sighed.

"Well, it will be the first time my mother ever complained of my silence," remarked Will. "You can tell her when you write, Uncle Harry, that I'm beginning to practice being a marble statue of myself that you think she will like ever so much."

"Do you suppose, Johnson," asked Tom, as they sat round on the grass enjoying Wilson's dinner—"do you suppose your friend could coat a bunch of grapes?"

"I guess he could; he coated a thistle the other day."

"Then I'm going to leave a bunch of grapes with him."

"And I'll leave this buckle that came off my trunk strap at Livingston."

"And I'll leave a nail."

"And I'll leave this old bottle."

"And I'll leave a horseshoe."

"And you're all going to leave me, I see," said Uncle Harry, as a little later they appeared at his tent door and shouted gayly, "Give our love to mamma, Uncle Harry," and darted away over the terraces again.

For Johnson had promised them, later in the afternoon, a bath in a wonderful lake at the top of the terraces, where they could have the water at any temperature they liked. If they went in on one side it would be pretty hot, and if they went in on the other it would be pretty cold, and they could graduate it just to suit themselves by going in anywhere between, where the temperature suited them.

"It's quite safe, is it, Johnson?" asked Uncle Harry. "I don't care to leave a deposit of boy anywhere about here to add to the curiosities of the region. If we should turn Will into a marble statue, I should want to take him home with me, and not find, after he had turned into stone, that I couldn't detach him from the rest of the rock."

"Oh! it's all right, sir," called back Johnson, cheerfully. "It's perfectly safe. I'll see to them."

Uncle Harry finished his letters, smoked a cigar, rested awhile at his tent door, and then strolled up the terraces again to the place where he had promised to join the boys.

They were full of the good time they had had, and were only induced by the craving for supper to leave the upper terrace at all. Turning back to speak to Will, who had dropped behind, Uncle Harry's heart stood suddenly still. Will was not to be seen.

"Will! Will!" he called, but there was no answer.

Certainly it was mysterious. Not a minute ago he had been laughing and talking with them all; now he had disappeared. Dangerous as many points in the region were, there was nothing very near them at the moment to suggest danger; they were some distance from any of the hot pools, there was no precipice at all near the spot where they all stood petrified with surprise, and he could not have had time to run back and hide behind any of the rocks for the sake of playing them a trick.

"Will! Will!" they shouted. But there was no answer. Will had disappeared.

THE PRUSSIAN PRINCES.

THE late Emperor of Germany was one of the noblest men the century has produced, and the character that made him great was shown when he was a boy. In a speech at a military dinner given just before his coronation he said: "In my youth and early manhood I never believed that Providence would summon me to fill so high an office; nor did I ever dream of surviving my eldest brother. As a child, I was so much weaker than he that, in accordance with the ordinary laws of nature, my succession to the throne of my ancestors was altogether beyond my calculation of probability; and just upon that account I had from the first clearly understood my sole mission in life was to serve in the Prussian army. To that service, therefore, I devoted myself with all possible love and perseverance, believing that to be the best way in which a Prussian prince could fulfill his duty to his king and country."

Fitting himself for what he believed was to be his position in life, he found himself qualified to fill the higher position when called to it; able to fill it to greater advantage of himself and country because of the military training that he had taken when expecting to fill a military position only.

Prince William was a delicate, sensitive child, whose health gave serious anxiety to his mother and father. He had no teacher but his mother until he was seven years old, and the close companionship of those days bound the Queen and the little prince very closely together, and the death of Queen Louise while Prince William was still young seriously affected his health. The late Emperor William was born in 1797. In 1803 he was present when his mother presented a flag to the town of Köln. The next year, 1803, he was put into his first military suit, and presented at the Queen's drawing room as "a little recruit." This honor, which was conferred upon his brother and cousin at the same time, was a reward for their diligence and attention in learning their military exercises; for even at this early age was begun their training in military drill and tactics, their instructor being a soldier who had shown great bravery. Prussia and France became engaged in war in 1806, and when the troops went out of the city of Berlin, with flags and banners waving and cannon sounding, the little prince, we are told, greatly regretted that the tiny sword he carried was not a weapon for real warfare.

Those were dark days for the little princes who pined for the battlefields. The father was leading his soldiers, and not victoriously. The queen mother was separated more or less from her children, who greatly missed her. On her return to the castle at Schwedt they rushed to meet her, and she, greatly overcome at first, finally said:

"'You see me in tears. I mourn the destruction of the army. It has not realized the expectations of the King.' The same evening she spoke out of the bitterness of her heart to her sons in the presence of Delbrück, who has preserved the words: 'In one day I see a building destroyed upon the erection of which great men have worked for cent-

uries. There is now no Prussian State, no Prussian army, no national glory. Ah, my sons, you have reached a period of life when you can understand the great events which have happened. Recall these unhappy hours in future when your mother no longer lives. Shed tears in my memory, as I shed them now in the hour of the downfall of the Fatherland! But be not content with tears alone. Take action; exert your powers! It may be, Prussia's guardian angel will hover over you. Then free your people from the shame, from the reproach of humiliation, under which it languishes. Seek to reconquer from France the dimmed luster of your ancestors' glory, just as your great-grandfather, the great Elector, once at Fehrbellin avenged upon the Swedes the defeat and disgrace of his father! Be not seized, my Princes, with the degeneration of this age! Be men, and emulate the glory of great generals and heroes! If you had not this ambition, you would be unworthy the name of princes and descendants of the great Frederick. But if by every endeavor you are unable to raise up the down-trodden State, then seek death as Louis Ferdinand has sought it!'"[1]

Prince Louis Ferdinand, with a small detachment, was overcome at Hof, and fell fighting against a large force.

It was the custom for the princes of the house of Hohenzollern to be given rank in the army at ten years of age. When Prince William approached this age, the royal family were in the old fortress capital of East Prussia, and there, on New Year's morning of 1807 Prince William was invested with the uniform of an officer of the Prussian Guard, three months before his tenth birthday. In March of the same year he became an ensign.

After this he took his position in his regiment, entering Berlin in 1809 in command of his section of the First Regiment of Prussian Foot Guards. In 1813 Prince William wished to enter active service, but was not permitted because of the state of his health. His mortification was greatly increased because of the rapid promotion of many brother officers following the battle of Gross-Görschen, where the regiment was greatly cut to pieces. The King, however, promoted his son, who he said had remained behind in obedience to his command. In the fall of the same year he was made a captain, and entered active service, where he displayed the heroic qualities of a soldier prince. When seventeen years of age his bravery and daring made him conspicuous. He charged the French infantry at Bar-sur-aube, and fought bravely. As he was leaving the field with his father he was ordered by him to return and discover what regiment stood so gallantly in the thickest of the fight. He galloped back under a tremendous fire, got the desired information, and reported. For this he received the order of St. George and the Iron Cross. He valued these orders so highly that he wore them always. He became very popular at home, and gained such a reputation that he was treated with great consideration when he visited England while still a young man. He was just, generous, exact to perform his every duty, and rigid in discipline both with himself and others. In introducing his son, the present Emperor, to the officers of the Guards as a subaltern, he said, in part, "I hand him over to you in the hope that he will learn to obey, that he may be able to command."

Perhaps the one reason why he was able to command with power was because he knew how to obey. He died one of the greatest rulers the world has ever known, leaving to his successor a united empire.

His love for his soldiers was never better shown than in his remark because some of his followers had remonstrated with him for what they considered an unnecessary exposure: "'These overwatchful gentlemen,' his Majesty was wont to observe, 'in their amiable anxiety lest any mishap should befall me, seemed to altogether forget what a joy it was to my brave soldiers to see me among them while they were encountering mortal danger for their country's sake. What was a little risk to me in comparison to the gratification I derived from witnessing their splendid gallantry?'" Germany deeply mourns the death of the aged Emperor, who was united to the people by his military genius and his devotion as their ruler. His successor, Frederick III., gives every promise of ruling the people with even greater kindness than his father, for he is more liberal in politics, more willing to give the people greater liberty and more voice in their own government. Many stories are told of him that display his kindness of heart. A correspondent of the New York "Tribune" tells the following:

"With regard to his conduct toward his inferiors innumerable anecdotes—sufficient indeed to fill several volumes—are extant, showing his kindness of heart and consideration for others. The difficulty is to know how to make the selections from those at my disposal. Probably the prettiest one is that of the schoolmaster of Bornstedt, a little village on his estate near Potsdam. One day, when passing the village schoolhouse, he stopped, and, making his way into the class-room, sat down and began to listen attentively to the lessons. Suddenly a telegraph messenger made his appearance and handed the teacher a dispatch announcing that his mother was dangerously ill, and wished to see him at once before she died. The Crown Prince, noticing his blanched face, immediately inquired what was the matter, and on learning the contents of the dispatch, bade the poor man hasten to his mother's bedside, saying that he himself would look after the school until arrangements could be made for obtaining a substitute during the teacher's absence. Accordingly, for more than two hours the Crown Prince took sole charge of the school, rapping the idle ones good-humoredly over the knuckles, and rewarding the diligent ones, until the arrival of the village parson for the purpose of holding his bi-weekly Bible-class. By the afternoon a substitute had been found, but the Prince continued to superintend matters personally, and in the closest manner, until the regular teacher returned after the funeral of his mother.

"At Court dinners I have frequently seen him, when the guests had risen from table, call up the pages of honor—mostly boys of noble birth belonging to the Cadet school—who had been helping in the service, and, after chatting merrily with them for a few minutes, take the sweetmeats and bonbons from the table, and stuff them in the boys' pockets, and occasionally in their mouths. Sometimes he would stuff the latter as full as possible, and would then ask some question, demanding an immediate reply. Nothing could be more ludicrous than to observe the frantic efforts of the cadet to make a fitting reply while his mouth was crammed full of marrons glacés and other sticky delicacies."

Emperor Frederick lost a little son, and his grief was most intense, the same correspondent says.

"Never was depth and intensity of feeling more strikingly displayed than at the funeral of Prince Waldemar, an exceedingly bright and lovable twelve-year old boy, and the favorite child of 'Unser Fritz' and his wife. Few of those who were present on March 29, 1879, in the Friedenskirche, at Potsdam, will forget the scene. When the services had ended, and the choir were singing the beautiful hymn 'Wenn ich einmal sole scheiden, so scheide nicht von mir,' the Crown Prince strode up to the coffin and threw himself on his knees at the feet of his much loved child. Quietly and gently the Empress and her daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden, stole up and knelt down beside him. After about ten minutes he arose, pressed a long kiss on the velvet-covered lid of the coffin, and, having assisted his mother to rise to her feet, led her out of the church, the tears meanwhile streaming down his face. It is a moving thing to see a man weep, especially when the mourner is so glorious a specimen of manhood as the Crown Prince, and there were few dry eyes in the church.

"Those who, like myself, have had frequent opportunities of seeing the Crown Prince in civilian dress will have noticed that he always wears a little silver coin mounted as a scarf pin in his cravat. Remarking one day that the person with whom he was conversing was observing the pin with some curiosity, he pulled it out of his scarf, and said: 'This little silver coin is one of three which were unearthed in an old Roman grave in the presence of my three boys. I had the three coins mounted as pins for them as mementos of the occasion, and when my little Waldemar died I took possession of his, and have worn it ever since.' The Crown Prince's relations with his father are of the most affectionate nature, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, and nothing is more touching than to see the tender and respectful manner in which he raises the old gentleman's hand to his lips."

So kind a Prince, so tender a father, must make a kind and beneficent ruler.

The Emperor is in poor health; suffering from an obscure throat trouble. His son and successor, Prince William, is not popular, and, it is said, is an unsympathetic son.

The present Emperor, it is hoped, may recover his health, and rule for many years over united Germany, the legacy of William I.

[1] *Life of William I., Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia.* (Harper & Brothers; Franklin Square Library.)

CURIOUS HABITS OF THE AGRICULTURAL AND LEAF-CUTTING ANTS.

By Mary A. Roe.

"GO to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise; which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

Old King Solomon, who wrote this proverb, had in his country the same kind of ants as have been discovered at a comparatively recent date in our own land. Before this discovery modern naturalists were inclined to think the wise man had made one mistake, and that *harvesting* ants did not exist.

But now an observing traveler passing over the prairie near San Antonio, Texas, will come across circular clearings, surrounded by tall weeds and grass, having not a scrap of vegetation upon them, often for a distance of fifteen feet. This is the yard surrounding the gate or door to the underground cities of the Agricultural Ant. Long roads, usually four in number, but sometimes seven, lead from this yard into the rank grass, which for them is as formidable as any primitive forest to the early pioneers. Upon these roads they construct a pavement of coarse sand or grit half an inch thick and often from forty to three hundred feet in length. No green thing is allowed to grow upon their yards except a grain-bearing grass called *Aristida stricta*, but known in Texas as "ant rice." It is even asserted that the ants sow this grain themselves. When it is ripe the chaff is removed and the clean seeds carefully stowed away in their cells. They also gather oats and the seeds of plants in so large a store as to last till the time of ripening again.

These ants are so large and formidable that in Texas they are called the "stinging ants," and are as much dreaded as a nest of hornets. But some naturalists have carefully examined these formicaries, as their nests are called, defending themselves as well as they could from the fierce assaults of the enraged insects that swarmed out upon them.

They found the granaries in stories one above another, several inches long and about an inch high, and were convinced that the ants stored the seed for food.

As their pavements would be inundated in the rainy reason, they begin at least six months before to build mounds, rising over a foot from the center of the pavement; and when the rain begins, the young larvæ, the eggs, and some stores of grain are carried into them. Thus it has been proved that King Solomon could well quote the ant as a model of industry and prudent forethought.

The habits of the leaf-cutting ants are even more wonderful. These have made great ravages upon the orchards between Austin and San Antonio. There they are called the "parasol ant," from their having been seen carrying portions of green leaves above their heads. They work only at night, when entomologists have watched them with the light of a lantern. One writer describes "two long columns stretched from the top to the bottom of a live oak; one was ascending, the other descending, the tree, the latter column carrying above their heads circular portions of green leaves, and seemed like a procession of Lilliputian Sabbath-school children bearing aloft their banners."

In some instances we see another division of labor, for one party of foragers occupies itself wholly in cutting off the leaves with their sharp, sickle-shaped mandibles, and throwing them to the ground, while the carriers only make the journey between the foot of the tree and the nest. The piece cut out is about the size of a dime, although not always a perfect circle. These ants excavate nests sometimes twelve feet in diameter and from ten to fifteen feet deep, made with an irregular arrangement of caverns communicating with each other and the surface. Within these nests the fiber of the leaves had been reduced to pulp and spread out into a papery mass forming usually hexagon cells. These were supposed to be the living-rooms of the ants, and many contained their eggs and larvæ or grubs, and, although the paper was so frail, the ants ran over it with impunity.

They open and shut the gates to their abode with the utmost care. The barricade to their home is composed of little heaps of dried leaves and sand. About dusk very small ants appear creeping out of minute holes and bearing away one grain of sand. Next larger ants carry off bits of leaves or sticks, which they drop a couple of inches from the gate. After a slow procession like this, lasting for some time, there comes a final rush, with the large soldier ants in the lead, the rubbish is all cleared away, and during the whole night a constant line is passing in and out, some to cut the leaves and some to gather them. But when morning comes the minors again begin shutting up their house by drawing the refuse once more to the hole, and the last touches are carefully made by the smallest ants with tiny grains of sand, and all day the mound looks like an accidental heap of dry earth and leaves.

These ants are very destructive in many regions, especially as they prefer the leaves of fruit trees and vines. In Brazil immense hosts are unceasingly defoliating the trees. Sometimes in a single night they will strip an orange or lemon tree of every leaf. One gentleman had a wide ditch of water around his garden, but these ants undermined the stream and appeared on the other side. On another occasion, to secure access to an orchard, they tunneled beneath a creek which was twenty feet deep and thirty wide.

They often carry their subterranean roads for several hundred yards in grassy districts that would prove an impediment to their progress, yet will make a perfectly direct course to the tree they wish to attack. Though "little upon the earth," surely these ants "are exceeding wise."

She Knew.—Little folks frequently learn texts of Scripture and repeat them without the slightest idea of their meaning. They repeat as parrots repeat the sentences they are taught, and with about as much thought. The "Parish Visitor" tells this incident, which shows that the little girl knew the meaning of her text, if she had forgotten the words:

"A little girl had learned the verse, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me,' to repeat at a concert. She stepped on the platform and began, 'Suffer—' It was her first attempt at public recitation. She was frightened, and stopped for a moment, then courageously began again, 'Suffer little—' Again her fear overcame her, but being a resolute little one she made a third attempt and said, 'Suffer little children.' The third time she looked with dismay at the upturned faces and stopped. With a last grand effort she repeated, not exactly the verse, but these words, 'Jesus wants us all to come to him, and don't anybody try to stop us'

'Which was better, to repeat the exact words, or to have their meaning burned into her little heart?

JUNO AND SPORT.

WHO does not shrink from the dentist chair? How we put off as long as possible our visits to the dentist! How happy we feel if, when we leave the chair, we have acted so bravely that the dentist compliments us!

Listen to this story of a dog named Juno:

"Few dogs are so happily circumstanced as Juno, the property of a young dentist, whose tooth the doctor filled yesterday afternoon.

"Juno is a handsome five-year-old Laverick setter of blooded pedigree. In addition to this she is a most intelligent brute, that her owner deems invaluable. Some time ago, while looking in the dog's mouth, he noticed a defective tooth, the one that corresponds to the human eye-tooth.

"The operation of filling the tooth, which the reporter had the pleasure of witnessing, was a most interesting one. The animal was tractable to a degree, and manifested unusual intelligence. The doctor sat her on her haunches in the dental chair, and proceeded by first preparing the cavity for the reception of the filling. This was done by cutting around the edge of the cavity with the aid of the dental engine and drilling small holes at opposite points in the cavity as anchor holes for the filling. This is necessary where the decayed part is a shallow or surface cavity. During this part of the operation Juno was a little impatient, but showed remarkable tractability, and was easily appeased by a little petting.

"The preliminaries of the operation concluded and the cavity prepared for the filling, a rubber dam was placed over the tooth for the purpose of keeping it dry. This is an essential to gold filling, as gold will not weld if damp.

"The second stage in the operation was the insertion of the gold, which consisted of gold cylinders which were introduced with Varney pluggers with the assistance and occasional use of automatic and hand mallets. Flat pieces of soft annealed gold were used in finishing off the filling. This concluded, the third and last stage in the operation was entered upon. This constituted trimming down the edges of the filling and restoring the contour of the tooth.

"To effect this, corundum wheels, on a short steel shank, were inserted in the dental engine, the same as the burrs that were used to bore the cavity, and revolved at a high rate of speed. This finished, sandpaper discs were brought into requisition, with the aid of the dental engine, for polishing the surface of the filling, and the operation was completed.

"During the entire operation the animal made no sign or sound of disapproval further than to be a trifle uneasy. She sat in the dentist's chair like a good child. The operation occupied over an hour. Juno is the first dog to go on record as having a gold-filled tooth, or a tooth filled with anything, for that matter."

It is surprising the amount of intelligence animals will show. Recently there was a very strange witness introduced in a court in Minneapolis—a dog who was to testify to his ownership. This is the history of the case:

"Some two years ago H. Burton lost a Gordon setter dog. He was as intelligent as he was handsome, and Mrs. Burton had taught him many entertaining tricks. A couple of months ago Mr. Burton ran across Sport in the street and took him home. Chris Goehringer, a saloon-keeper, claimed the dog as his own, alleging that he had bought him two years previously. A lawsuit was the result. Mr. Burton produced witnesses to prove that he had owned the dog since his puppyhood. Goehringer brought in the person of whom he had purchased Sport, a man of unblemished reputation, who, on his part, produced witnesses equally as trustworthy as Mr. Burton's to prove that he had owned the dog as a puppy, and there appeared to be a case of mistaken identity somewhere. Judge and jury alike were in a quandary. At this juncture Mr. Burton asked the court if he might be allowed to introduce the evidence of the dog. No objections were made to this novel motion. Mr. Burton, mindful of the accomplishments which his wife had taught Sport in his youth, turned to the dog and said in a careless tone of voice, 'Come, Sport, go and shut the door.'

"Without a moment's hesitation the intelligent creature trotted over to the door of the court-room, which happened to be ajar, shoved it shut, and then trotted back to his master, and looked expectantly up into his face. The latter then took a bone out of his pocket, and, laying it on the floor at his feet, said: 'Well, Sport, that was well done; and now, would you like your dinner?'

"The dog's head nodded an emphatic affirmation, but he seemed in no hurry to take the bone. 'Do you?' said Mr. Burton; 'but you must remember that it is necessary for a good orthodox dog to say grace before eating.' Upon the word the dog dropped down on his stomach, extended his head along the floor, and reverently covered his eyes with his paws. In a moment Mr. Burton called out 'Amen!' and Sport sprang to his feet like a flash and seized the bone without any more ceremony, crunching it between his jaws.

"Mr. Burton then had the dog do his famous 'gallant' act. In this Sport sat upon his haunches, with a hat upon his head. When asked how he saluted a gentleman when meeting him he deftly touched the edge of the hat with his right paw; but when asked how he saluted a lady under the same circumstances, he brought up his paw and knocked the hat off his head. All concerned were perfectly satisfied, and the jury in a few moments brought in a verdict for Mr. Burton, and Sport followed his triumphant master out of the court-room."

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

THE GOSPEL INVITATION.[1]

By Lyman Abbott.

THE parable suggested for our study to-day is analogous to, and has sometimes been confounded with, the parable of the great supper recorded in Luke xiv., 15–24 We must believe either that Christ employed substantially the same figure more than once in his ministry, though with variation both in imagery and in application, or else that we have here two different reports of the same parable. The former opinion appears to me the better one. The parallel between the two discourses is very clear. In both there is a supper to which the guests first invited decline to come; in both their places are filled up by a throng invited from the streets. But the difference is more marked than the resemblance. That parable was delivered in a Pharisee's house, this in the temple; that before the enmity of the Jewish leaders had been fully developed, this as a warning against impending judgment; that represented simply a supper given by a certain man, this a wedding feast given by a king on the marriage of his son; in that the guests simply absent themselves, in this they maltreat the servants sent to invite them; in that they simply are shut out from the supper, in this they are destroyed and their city burned with fire; that is addressed to the remark of a bystander, "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God," and points out how in all ages and in all communities, Christian and Jewish, the actual invitation to eat bread in that kingdom is disregarded—this is closely connected with the preceding parable, and sets forth in a new light and from a different standpoint the judgment against the Jewish nation for its rejection of the Lord. In brief, that parable emphasizes the Gospel invitation—the fact of judgment and condemnation is subordinate and incidental; this emphasizes the judgment and condemnation—the Gospel invitation is subordinate and incidental; that illustrates the grace, this the judgment, of the Lord. It is not derogatory to Christ to suppose that he employed this parable twice; it is rather a token of the skill of the Great Teacher that he uses substantially the same picture to teach lessons which in modern theology have often been represented as incongruous, if not inconsistent.

The incident of the wedding garment is peculiar to the parable in Matthew. The symbolic meaning of this garment has been a subject of discussion, some Protestant writers having insisted that it represents faith, the Romish writers that it represents charity. Christ gives no interpretation. He simply teaches that though all, both bad and good, are invited, no one will be allowed in the heavenly kingdom who is not prepared for the company or the occasion. In what that preparation consists, and how procured, he does not here teach. But other passages in Scripture answer these questions Our own righteousness is as filthy rags (Isa lxiv., 6); these God takes from us that he may clothe us with garments of salvation (Luke xv., 22; Isa lxi, 10), which are made white in the blood of the Lamb (Rev. vii., 14) These are put on when we put on the Lord Jesus Christ by faith, in baptism (Rom. xiii., 14; Gal. iii., 26 27), which we do, not merely by a belief in Christ, but by such a personal reception of him that we lay off the old man and put on a new man in Christ Jesus (Eph. iv., 24; Col. iii., 10–14) Without these garments of holiness, the free gift of God (Rev. iii., 18), none can enter heaven (Rev. xvi., 15). The wedding garment, then, is neither charity nor faith, but the righteousness of the saints (Rev. xix., 8)—*i. e.*, that radical change in character and life wrought by the Spirit of God, through faith in Jesus Christ, without which no man can see the Lord (Heb. xii., 14) To be without a wedding garment implied that the man thought his usual attire good enough for the king's wedding; he thus represents those who profess to follow Christ, but who think themselves good enough as they are, and do not seek from Him that new life without which no man can see the kingdom of heaven.

With this brief exposition of the meaning of the parable, taken from my commentary on Matthew, I turn to consider the practical lessons which the story contains for us

1 The Gospel is an invitation to a life of joyousness and of intimate fellowship with God. The largeness of this invitation cannot be represented adequately by any one figure The guests who are invited to the wedding are themselves the bride to be married to the bridegroom. The invitation is not merely to be the joyous spectators of and participators in another's joy, but to be married to the Lord, and to live in fellowship and unity with him; and we have a patient and persistent suitor. His love is unwearying. The first, and even the second, declination does not cause him to desist. When they that are bidden will not come, he sends forth a second and a third invitation.

Christianity involves, as we shall presently see, obedience to law. But it is not primarily and chiefly this; it is invitation to a new and divine life growing out of a new and close relationship of love with God the Father and his Son Jesus Christ. To accept this invitation is not to accept a life of rigor and of fasting, of sackcloth and of ashes, of mourning and of isolation; it is to accept a life of festivity, of joyousness, of liberty, because a life of love. The symbols of this life are not the black robe and the cowl, but the white robe, the attire of the joyous bride.

2 The invitation of the Gospel meets with three classes of responses. The first simply give it no attention. They neglect the offer of so great a salvation; they make light of it, not heeding and scarcely even hearing it. In the day of the crucifixion there were a few priests and Pharisees who scoffed at Christ, and a few disciples who wept and reverenced, but the majority of the people of Jerusalem went their way, neither caring enough for Christ to sympathize with him or to share in slaying him. Luke suggests, in the excuses given, the reasons, not which men assign, but which really keep them from accepting the Gospel invitation: the possession and care of property, the demands and exigencies of business, the calls and pleasures of domestic and social life. As it was then, so it is now. The world, I may almost say even the church, makes comparatively light of this call of God to fellowship and oneness to him.

But there are others who not only neglect, but reject, the Gospel. They set themselves in opposition to it—by open and scoffing unbelief, by bigotry and persecution, by resisting the moral and social reforms which allegiance to the great kingdom demands, and by various forms of hostility, private and public, individual and combined. I do not lay stress upon the fact that the destruction threatened by this parable is threatened only to those who have interposed to the Gospel an active resistance; and yet there may be some significance in the distinction which is here implied between the mere neglecters and the open rejecters. For the last, certainly, there is no intimation of any hope of future forgiveness, rather only "a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries" (Heb. x, 27)

The third class to whom this invitation comes give to it at least a nominal and apparent acceptance. They profess their purpose to come to the feast to which they are invited; they neither reject and oppose the Gospel nor do they neglect and disregard it. They seem to accept it; they seem to enter the palace of the Great King that they may sit down at his table and be sharers in the wedding festivities. We cannot doubt that in this class are included all professors of religion, all members of the church, and perhaps even all who give to the Gospel a decorous attention and an outward show of reverence and respect.

3 But all that accept are not accepted. There is found at the wedding feast a man which has not on a wedding garment, and he, as unworthy to participate in the festivities, is cast out into the outer darkness. He has come very near the kingdom, nearer than the rejecter, nearer than the heedless hearer, and yet his fate at last is the fate of an outcast. To be a Christian, then, it is not enough to accept the Gospel invitation and say, "I come." We must put on the Lord Jesus Christ. We must have the spirit of Christ, or we are none of his. The end of the Gospel is a Christlike character; without this Christlike character there can be no heaven. The joy which Christ gives to his followers is his own joy; that joy which came to him when he saw the travail of his soul, and was satisfied. Heaven is fellowship with God, and fellowship is spiritual, not physical, contiguity. If we are not like God we cannot be truly with God By our unlikeness we cast ourselves out from his presence. He who imagines that heaven is secure for him because he has joined the church, or even because, as he says, he has "come to Jesus," may learn a solemn lesson from this parable, as it is interpreted in other parts of Scripture.

"There shall in no wise enter into heaven anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

"Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not; whosoever sinneth hath not seen him, neither known him."

"Little children, let no man deceive you; he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous."

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for April 1, 1888.—Matt. xxii., 1-14.

The hypocrite would not put on the appearance of virtue if it was not the most proper means to gain love. —[Addison.

Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are there, and will reappear.—[Carlyle.

HOME TALKS ABOUT THE WORD.

INVITED by a King to his heart and refuse to come! Summoned by the King's servants in person, and yet refuse to come! Make light of the King's invitation and messengers, and turn to every-day affairs when invited to the King's palace! Do even worse—show contempt by treating the King's servants shamefully and killing them! If the invitation had come to us to be the guests of the King, how honored we would have felt! How we would have hastened to let our friends know of the honor conferred upon us!

When Queen Victoria invites a guest, it is considered such an honor that the person receiving the invitation becomes an object of envy to those who cannot go. To be admitted to the Queen's drawing-room is considered to confer such honor on the person received that people make tremendous sacrifices to obtain the permission. Yet it is only to bow before the Queen, and sometimes only before a princess who stands in her place. Yet here was a King who made a great feast, and the people refused to come; turned to their every-day affairs—their farms and merchandise; refusing the honor, refusing the pleasure; proved themselves disloyal. For a man of honor and loyalty knows, feels, and rejoices in proving his allegiance to his King.

The body of the Emperor William of Germany lay in state in the great cathedral, surrounded by a guard of honor. This guard of honor were the men who had fought under him; men who asked no greater honor than to be near the King in battle. They are bidden to stand immovable hour after hour about his bier, and count themselves the most honored men in Germany. What are the reasons that the King in the parable of to-day's lesson and the kings and queens of our day received such different treatment from their subjects? One is the King of an invisible kingdom, the others rulers of empires whose wealth and greatness are visible to all men's eyes. It was to a feast of the kingdom of heaven that the rebellious guests were invited, but the King they could not see. They cared only for those things they could see and handle; the things that made them rich for time, that men might honor them, rather than the King whose subjects they were. Not the King, but themselves; not their country, but their own affairs, were the important things in their lives. And so the King cannot have the citizens he has chosen, for they would not come to the feast he prepared. Shall the feast be wasted, and the King's Son be married without any guest to rejoice in his happiness? No. In the highways and hedges are those who never dreamed the King's messengers would come and bid them to a feast; the chosen guests had always treated them with contempt, had made them feel that only in the highways and hedges could they hope to find refuge; and now they are the chosen guests of the King. And how generously the King has provided for them! Water to wash away the evidence of their tarrying on the road was given them, and every guest was furnished with a suitable garment. So they wore the garments of the King, and looked like kingly guests. They were clothed so that all who saw them knew them as people who were honored and loved by the King. But one man brought into the feast, given the water for cleansing, and the wedding robe, that the King's feast should have no spot or blemish, did not put on the robe given him. The King does not condemn him until he sought the cause of his seeming disrespect. "Friend," he calls him, "how camest thou hither not having a wedding garment?" No answer. There was no reason for dishonoring the King. Is it any wonder he was bound a prisoner, and cast from the palace of the King, covered with shame, writhing in contrition? for he alone is to blame that he did not sit among the multitude honored by the King. All things were ready but the man the King delighted to honor.

Do we hear the King's invitation? "Come unto me, all ye weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come and drink." "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." "They shall not hunger nor thirst; neither shall the sun or the heat smite them." Not only to a feast, but a perpetual feast. Having once sat at the King's table his guest, there need never be hunger nor thirst, for the King has given his promise. Where is this kingdom? Who is this King? Heaven. God. Every day the invitation comes; every hour of the day, every minute of our lives, the King summons us. But how many of us turn aside, waiting until we are older, or richer, or have sat at the feast from which comes only greater hunger and thirst! Who were these people who rejected the King's invitation? Those who knew of the King and the glory of his palace, who had heard the story of the King's feast many times, but who would not turn from the things that perish to the things that are eternal. Where is this kingdom? Christ tells us. "For, behold, the kingdom of heaven is within you." "Seek ye the kingdom of God" "Fear not, little flock, for it is the Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

What Christ meant for each of us by this lesson is that we should make our lives and hearts so pure that no evil thought can live with us. He meant that our bodies should wear the kingly robes of strength and purity. Should they not, when we remember what Paul said, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." In us the kingdom! we the temple of God's Spirit! and he, the King, delights to honor us, and we will not put on and wear the garment that the King has prepared for us, but dishonor him, his servants, and ourselves, who are the King's, bought with a price, by refusing the invitation that makes and marks us his forever! We are called, are chosen: do we listen and come wearing the wedding robe given by the King?

PEACEFUL LIVING.

By the Rev. F. S. Van Eps[1]

"Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."—Philippians iv. 6, 7.

NO translation can fully bring out the full force of the original Greek of this text. The Revised Version is an improvement on the Authorized, but there are beauties in the original that neither version sets forth. Perhaps the following will make the meaning clearer: "About nothing be anxious, but in everything, by the prayer and the supplication [appropriate to the particular thing or occasion], let your requests be made known unto God."

This text does not discourage careful, painstaking endeavor, does not advocate that careless indifference that amounts to slackness. Carefulness is a good habit. Without it there is no attainment of excellence in any business, trade, or profession. The successful man in all branches of human activity is the careful man. Carefulness in the sense of faithfulness is good; in the sense of anxiety, not.

This anxious care that is discouraged or forbidden is fear for self coming from human weakness in time of personal danger or perplexing circumstances. Every one who has had any experience in the world knows well what anxiety is, and every one is liable to have more or less of it. There are different ways of meeting it.

One way is to fret and worry, and not know what to do.

The Stoics met anxieties and troubles with stern indifference, taking all as a matter of course and making the best of the situation.

The Christian way is given in the text.

On the eve of a new enterprise there is felt a shrinking back. The future is unseen, and so uncertain that we naturally feel a certain dread or care—often anxious care. This is the consequence of looking to our own power. The inventory of our own ability is seldom reassuring.

Surrounded by foes, in the midst of perplexing circumstances, in whatever condition we may be, we are to rejoice in the Lord always, remembering his nearness and his care for us.

It is not personal endeavor, active exertion, that is forbidden, but that faintheartedness that comes from the consciousness of inability and lack of confidence in God; the anxious care; and it is not to be removed by contemplating one's own power, but by committing all to God, with whom "all things are possible."

Prayer is a natural instinct of the human heart. All men in danger bear witness to this fact. Skeptics and infidels may deride religion, may ridicule the Bible and its promises, may even deny the existence of God; but when the elements seem to be risen up for their destruction they are among the first to implore a higher Power to protect and deliver them. Sailors as a class are notoriously profane and godless; yet accounts of great storms encountered on the seas give many a case of wicked sailors praying earnestly for mercy and help. John Newton had run the course of wickedness, and was at last on his journey homeward across the ocean when a terrible storm arose, and, amid the howl of the tempest and the raging of the deep, he called upon the God whom he had rejected, and found salvation, living thenceforth for the glory of God.

Contrasted with this prayer in time of difficulty is the prayer of the true Christian, who, knowing his need of God's help all the time, seeks it.

Our desires are to be expressed, if we would find relief. Some have thought themselves so exalted as to be able to do without the expression; but they have found themselves mistaken. A thankful spirit is also to be cultivated.

There is a subjective purifying influence in prayer that some regard as the only effect of prayer; but there is far more value than this.

"How can I pray about everything?" you ask. Let us see what prayer is. It is communion with God. It is not the utterance of a formula. It is not getting down upon our knees. It is not any conventional words or attitude. It is the reaching out of the soul after the good things of God; yearning for gifts that the Father will bestow. It is not the attitude or condition of the body that affects the prayer, but that of the soul. Your heart all the time set on God and communing with him, this is the constant prayer.

"But I cannot keep my thoughts on other subjects while I am about my work. My mind must all be on my work." Indeed! Let us see. You are in your office about your business. Is your mind never planning some other part of your business while you are writing? While you are measuring your cloth or weighing your sugar for a customer, do you never think how much profit you are making, or whether your customer will pay cash or ask credit? When you have been hard at work all day, even in your busiest moments, have not thoughts of loved ones—mother, wife, children—come to you and your heart warmed with love? Yes, in such and many other ways have you thought while engaged in your work, and your work has been just as faithfully done. You can, therefore, often let your soul turn toward God. You can for the moment let the desire go forth to God that he help you to do well the work in hand, that he give you grace to endure what difficulty or trouble may assail you. "About nothing take anxious thought, but in everything . . . let your requests be made known unto God." That is practical, is it not? At the very moment utter the appropriate prayer to your loving Father. It is an easy thing to do, and, oh! the inexpressible peace that God will give you!

This practice does not at all interfere with having special seasons of prayer, such as morning and evening, and the stated social prayer at the church.

"But how can prayer avail? The laws of nature govern the universe, and there is no place for prayer; therefore prayer cannot avail." How many reason in just this way! Misconception of the universe and of prayer! What are the laws of nature? They are not forces, powers, but processes. They are methods of God's working. Because the Being who thus works is not seen does not prove that he is not there. You receive a telegram. You accept the message as from a fellow-man, a friend, a relative, or a customer. You do not question the reality of the existence of the sender or the operator. You do not ascribe the message to a law of nature, or to the electric current. An intelligence is behind the message. So is an Intelligence behind all the laws of nature, and that Intelligence is God. Methods never accomplish anything; it is the being behind the method that accomplishes.

The universe is not an automaton, not a machine made and set in motion, governed by fixed and immutable laws, the Creator having retired or lost control. It is, indeed, a wonderful mechanism; but God is still in it and controls it.

The word "law" implies a law-maker and a law-enforcer. Laws are not self-made or self-enforced or immutable. There must be an intelligence behind.

Here is a beautiful stream of water. It has flowed peacefully along its course for ages. You conceive the plan of utilizing it in running a mill. A dam is built, the waters pent up, and the mill is made to do its work by the power of the water. What have you done? You have interfered with a law of nature. You have stopped the course of the flowing water.

You build a house. This seems not a strange deed. But you have again interfered with a law of nature. The law is that the currents of air go rushing onward. Your building stops this, and the air meets obstruction, eddies and whirls around the house.

I take a pail of water and whirl it around and around in a vertical circle. The law is that when a pail of water is tipped or turned bottom upward the water shall run out. But not a drop goes from my pail. Why? I set one law in opposition to another.

Now, in neither case has a natural law been destroyed or suspended. Simply a higher law has been made to overcome a lower. This is the rule. I might say this is a natural law of the laws of nature. The higher law prevails. Intelligence directs the laws.

Now, if man, in so many ways subject to natural laws, can, by the use of higher laws, supersede others for the accomplishment of his commercial and other purposes, how much more can God, who made all the laws, use those laws for the accomplishment of spiritual purposes, that infinitely transcend all others!

There is room in the universe for prayer as well as for any other law or method of God's action, and God does answer prayer, as the experience of multitudes abundantly proves.

"Why is not prayer answered?" You mean, "Why

[1] Of Dodge Center, Minn.

are not my prayers answered?" I cannot answer this, but I can give a general rule that may enable you to answer.

Jesus said, "Have faith in God. For verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them" (Mark xi., 22–24). This is very plain. So also is John xiv., 12–14; xv., 7; and many other passages. "Ask, and it shall be given you; . . . for every one that asketh receiveth" (Matt. vii, 7, 8).

Now, what more could be promised than our Lord has promised in these wonderful words? He meant what he said, or he did not. Will any one dare to say that he did not mean what he said? Surely his words are all truth. The fault cannot be the Lord's if your prayers are not answered.

I find two main reasons for not receiving the answer to prayer. The first is James iv., 3 "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts." You ask, and receive not, because you ask with a bad intent; that is, that you may have pleasure from what you ask. Selfishness, not the demonstration of the truth, not the glory of God, is your purpose. Unconsciously, many times, self comes in while we do not mean it. The very first commandment is, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," and here comes up self before God. No wonder the loving John should say, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." The Master declared, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." Deny *self*. Read Matthew's account of the temptation of Jesus, and see how he denied *self*, and you will better understand what the Lord meant by denying one's self. The second reason for failure to receive is doubting. Just as Jesus did not promise that we should receive if we asked selfishly, but for his sake, in his name, so he did not promise that we should receive if we doubt. "When ye pray, believe that ye receive." He has promised to grant what you ask; you now ask; of course it is yours the moment you ask, "nothing doubting" and "in his name" You may not see the answer with your bodily eyes; but with the eyes of faith, your spiritual vision, all is clearly seen. The outward manifestation, that is, to the bodily eye, will surely come if you are faithful. Never for a moment doubt that your prayer is answered.

You are in business perplexity, and go to the Lord and say, "Lord Jesus, thou knowest that I am in perplexity; do thou give me light and deliverance, for thy truth's sake, even as thou hast promised to do." Now, this prayer you have just uttered, not to ease yourself of trouble, but because you depend upon the Lord, live in him, and you desire that he will now, for the sake of his own cause, grant what you ask. He knows your need. He knows how you are of his own people. He identifies himself with you just as with his followers when Saul of Tarsus was met on the way, and the Lord said, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Your interests are his. That prayer has been answered. You have his promissory note for the means needed. Hold that note. Hold that the matter is settled. Leave it with the Lord. "Be anxious about nothing." If your brother, known to be a millionaire, had given you the power of attorney, and told you to use his name to any extent, you would cease to worry. Here is your Elder Brother, more than a millionaire. "All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth" (Matt. xxviii., 18). Now, if you obey his words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," you will find that peace without measure will be yours.

Is sorrow, like a mad current, overflowing you? His words are for you. Is some great sin hanging over you, casting you into gloomy shade? He is able to save you to the uttermost. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

You ask me, "Has any one ever lived such a life as this? Is it practicable?" Yes; Jesus lived such a life. Note, as you read the Gospel narrative, how many times he withdrew to some spot alone and prayed—up early in the morning before others, and alone with his Father; spending whole nights in prayer; and at last Gethsemane was the preparation for Calvary.

Paul lived such a life. Triumphant in perils, in fighting with wild beasts, triumphant over enemies, triumphant over death. "I am now ready to be offered up." "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." "Rejoice in the Lord alway." "About nothing be anxious." Can you not see that his was such a life?

Martin Luther, George Müller, hundreds to-day who have come to know the Lord Jesus and his truth, live such a life. It is not for a few. It is for "whosoever will." It is for you, my brother, my sister. You can live such a life as well as others. This is what is meant by the life "hid with Christ in God."

Now, the result of such living, such freedom from anxious thought and leaving everything to God: "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus" (R. V.). Think what God's peace must be! Try to grasp its full extent and power! "It passeth all understanding," surely. What shall this do? Garrison your hearts and all your thoughts. You will be fortified against all the powers of evil, and God's peace shall be the garrison. No bad thoughts or purposes shall overcome you. No sin can master you. You are in Christ's keeping.

Dear brother, dear sister, try this plan. When the church, when Christian people, awake to righteousness, when they comprehend the unspeakable gift of God in Christ, there will be no more vague praying. "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven;" that kingdom will already be come. It will be in their hearts. This text points the way to the kingdom of God within you; will you enter? Will you try this beautiful way and know the depth of God's mercy and love?

ILLUSTRATIONS OF TRUTH.

By Edward Judson.

DEALING WITH INDIVIDUALS.

THE other day I heard a gentleman at a social gathering tell the following story about Charles Sumner. It seems that Mr. Sumner had been taking very great interest in the emancipation and the elevation of the colored people. Julia Ward Howe brought to his attention the case of a colored man who was in very great trouble, and in whose behalf she wanted Mr. Sumner to use his influence. His reply was, "I cannot interfere on his behalf. I am concerned with social principles, and deal with masses of people, not with individual cases." She answered, "From all accounts even the Almighty has not got along as far as that yet." It is one thing for us to have beautiful philanthropic dreams and to form fine social theories; it is another thing to apply our methods to the individual case. Christ went about doing good to individual men, and if, even on a small scale, we follow his example, we shall do more good than if we tried to devise some scheme which is to cure man's misery at wholesale.

FIRST FRUITS.

It was customary among the ancients to gather the ripe grape clusters in baskets and place them in the wine vat, which was often an excavation cut in the solid rock. From this receptacle there was a conduit, through which the grape juice escaped into a lower vat. The grapes were crushed by men who trampled upon them with their bare feet, so that their legs and garments were dyed red with juice. But before the treaders began their operations in the upper vat, the mere weight of the grape clusters would cause some of the juice to exude and flow into the lower vat. This was called the *first fruits*, and was offered to the Lord. It was regarded as the sweetest and the best product of the vine. I have often observed in times of special religious interest that those who first accept of Christ prove to be the choicest result. Those, on the other hand, who wait to be coaxed and urged, who do not yield to the Gospel except under violent pressure, do not make the best Christians in our churches. They are very apt to carry the same recalcitrant spirit with them into the church—to shrink from every suggested task, to camp out before every new duty. The sudden conversions are often in this regard the best ones. I should want to be like the first big drops against the window pane rather than form a part of the subsequent shower.

FIGUIER.

The great naturalist Figuier strove to bring the facts of science within the reach of common people. This awakened the envy of some of his fellow-scientists, so that they nicknamed him Vulgarizer of Science. He was once present in a room full of company, when a little girl came up to him and said: "They tell me thou art a vulgarizer of science. What is that?" He was at a loss for a reply. But it happened that a little while afterward the child gathered some white roses from a bush that grew over the window and distributed them to the guests. While doing so her hands were pierced by the thorns. "My child," said Figuier, "thou art now a vulgarizer; for thou takest to thyself the thorns and givest the flowers to others." We have here the general principle that those who try to do good are sure to incur peculiar suffering. The servant is not above his master. But how rich the consolation expressed in the lines of Wilberforce:

"As oft, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought—how comforting and sweet!
Christ trod this very path before."

COMPULSORY WORSHIP.

A little Bengalee girl, having been taught the Gospel in a Christian school, refused at home to bow down and worship the household idol. This so enraged her father that he caught her by the back of the neck, took her before the idol, and, having first bowed reverently before it himself, he forced the child to perform her devotions, and in so doing he struck her forehead so violently against the ground that it bled profusely. The next day the child related the occurrence at school, and said she did not much mind, adding, "I cannot believe that trees and wood and stone will save me."

Christ does not in any way force us to pay him homage. He recognizes the sovereignty of the human will, and gently knocks at the door for admission. I have learned in my own experience that gentle measures are more enduringly persuasive. There is no good in going at people with shovel and tongs. There is such a thing as cheapening religion. Rather let us by our words and behavior bear witness to its value and sweetness, and thus lure people to accept our Saviour.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

God fails not to sow blessings in the long furrows.—[Jeremy Taylor.

Humble love, and not proud science, keeps the door of heaven.—[Young.

Keep thy spirit pure from worldly taint by the repellent strength of virtue.—[Bailey.

President Fairbairn lately said, "What Christianity needs more than anything else is Christians."

I have lived to learn that the secret of happiness is never to let your energies stagnate.—[Adam Clarke.

The characters of men placed in lower stations of life are more useful as being imitable by great numbers.—[Atterbury.

To secure a contented spirit, measure your desires by your fortunes, not your fortunes by your desires.—[Jeremy Taylor.

You turn the Gospel upside down when you tell a wicked person to get quit of his wickedness first by his own effort, in order that thereby he may obtain the favor of God.—[H. G. Comingo, D D.

There are three things which the true Christian desires with respect to sin: justification, that it may not condemn; sanctification, that it may not reign; and glorification, that it may not be.—[Cecil.

Let no knowledge satisfy but that which lifts above the world, which weans from the world, which makes the world a footstool.—[Spurgeon.

It is the absence of love to Christ, not its fullness, that makes us so impatient of the weaknesses and inconsistencies of our Christian brethren.—[Mrs. S. F. Paden.

How shall we dare to behold that holy face that brought salvation to us, and we turned away and fell in love with death, and kissed deformity and sin?—[Jeremy Taylor.

Whatsoever we beg of God, let us also work for it.—[Jeremy Taylor.

Every thought which piety throws into the world alters the world.—[Emerson.

Jesus is the purest among the mighty, the mightiest among the pure.—[Richter.

Not to enjoy life, but to employ life, ought to be our aim and inspiration.—[Macduff.

When Christ abides in a human heart, he is in it as an immortal hope.—[President Culross.

One groan of prayer outbids in sweetness the best utterances of poetry.—[H. Spurgeon.

Men are won, not so much by being blamed as by being encompassed with love.—[Channing.

In the worst of times there is more cause to complain of an evil heart than of an evil world.—[Fleming.

Fruitless is sorrow for having done amiss, if it issue not in resolution to do so no more.—[Bishop Horne.

It is a sad thing to be often eating of the tree of knowledge, but never to taste of the tree of life.—[Quarles.

Four elements of Christian life and experience: 1st, admit; 2d, submit; 3d, commit; 4th, transmit.—[Canon Wilberforce.

Sin is to be overcome, not so much by maintaining a direct opposition to it, as by cultivating opposite principles.—[Fuller.

It is wonderful what strength and boldness of purpose and energy of will come from the feeling that we are in the way of duty.—[J. Foster.

A CHRISTIAN JOURNALIST.

JAMES CLARKE editor and proprietor of the London "Christian World," the largest, the most prosperous, and in many ways the best of English religious periodicals, died in London on February 24. He was a man of remarkable executive ability, a trained journalist of the highest order, and, in an unobtrusive and unassuming way, a philanthropist and promoter of Christian good works. Mr Clarke was the son of a Baptist minister of an Essex village, whence he came to London as a young man and there engaged in reportorial and other journalistic work. Before that he had engaged in temperance and other reform work in Ipswich, where he and his comrades were mobbed. "The whole tendency of the times," said Mr. Clarke, in some reminiscences of Ipswich forty years later, "was against innovations of any sort. Even in Christian society inquiry was frowned upon and hindered. Authority was the god that had been set up, and to this we were all expected to submit. However reverent your questionings, you were regarded with suspicion. From the debates of the Young Men's Society, held in connection with the chapel, even such subjects as teetotalism and phrenology had to be excluded, and the society was actually broken up on the question of a debate upon the latter subject."

When "The Christian World" was started by a Baptist minister, Mr. Whittemore, he appointed Mr. Clarke editor, and soon after he became part owner. Besides editing this journal, he established and supervised several others, among them "The Sunday-School Times," "The Literary World," "The Christian World Pulpit," "The Christian World Magazine," and "The Family Circle." Under his supervision the "World" soon obtained an enormous circulation and a wonderful influence among Nonconformists.

"His cardinal aim," writes a friend, "was the production of a weekly journal which *must* be read by large sections of the community, especially by Christians of all sects, and in this object he pre eminently succeeded Nor was he insensible to the oft repeated eulogium that his paper was 'The Times' of the religious world."

To American eyes the many pages of this religious weekly were when first seen a striking novelty. We have nothing that exactly compares with it here. Sometimes no less than five pages will be filled with closely printed short advertisements of "Help Wanted" and "Situations Wanted," often containing more such advertisements than our daily papers like the "Herald" or "World." We understand that much of the circulation comes from three months' subscriptions made at news-stands and renewed from quarter to quarter This, too, would be a novelty in American religious journalism. In its editorial character Mr. Clarke made the paper a model, studying variety, brevity, point, and timeliness. One of its ablest contemporaries, "The Nonconformist and Independent," says of him:

"He was not merely a good editor, but an editorial genius, who would have been quite equal to the responsibilities of a daily paper had such been his vocation. His intuition and the faculty of seeing what was required by the public to whom he appealed, and putting it before them in the most attractive style, was almost unerring, and no obstacle, cost or otherwise, was allowed to stand in the way. His whole soul was in his work, because he was conscious that it was a high calling, and that it devolved upon him to adopt the means of weekly influencing for good the minds of tens of thousands. No trouble was too great in order that he might produce the best article, and nothing was more repugnant to him than slovenly work."

Of Mr. Clarke's personal character and conception of life and duty we cannot better give an idea than by quoting from a tribute written by one of his editorial colleagues:

"His own personal character is best described when it is said that he was 'kind' in the fullest and most real sense of the word. He was unselfish and generous in the extreme. Personal indulgences he had none, save, perhaps, the buying of books. Apart from the supreme pleasure which he found in his work, his chief gratification was reading; and though, as a result of this, he had a wide knowledge of books, with none had he a more intimate acquaintance than with the Bible, of which he was ever a most diligent student. He was a lover of nature, and took great delight in his country home at Caterham. All the philanthropic work of the day met with a responsive chord in his heart. Of his power to render innumerable services he made unstinted use; nor did the appearance of ingratitude deter him from continuance in that course. . . . The Right and the Truth always had the first place in his mind. Indeed, on several occasions he proved himself prepared to run serious risk of failure rather than deviate from what he felt to be the path of public duty. He reverenced Freedom with all the stern devotion of a Puritan; and to the steadfastness of his purpose in the defense of liberty and largeness of thought, we venture to say, more than to any other influence of our time the Free Churches and their ministers owe their release from the tyranny of tradition, and their ability to propound, without fear of consequences, nobler conceptions of God and of man."

A JUDSON MEMORIAL.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

SOME of your readers may be interested in knowing that I propose to build, in lower New York, on the West Side, among the homes of the poor, a church edifice which shall stand as a memorial to my father, Adoniram Judson, who belonged to the first group of missionaries that ever left this country to labor among the heathen.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the great society which represents the Congregationalists of this country, was organized to support him and his fellow-laborers. Upon his becoming a Baptist, the American Christians of that denomination rallied for his support, and there was organized a second missionary society, called now the American Baptist Missionary Union, which raises and expends annually about $400,000. All this occurred between 1812 and 1814, and formed the beginning of American foreign missions. He labored for nearly forty years in India, and was buried at sea.

I have been working in lower New York nearly seven years, and am building up a strong church where plain people are welcome and have a feeling of ownership and responsibility. We are situated in the old Ninth Ward, and are working steadily along evangelistic, philanthropic, and educational lines. We need to house our work in a new and larger church edifice. To realize this project I require at least $300,000. I have in hand about $50,000, and Mr. John D. Rockefeller subscribes $40,000 on condition that we raise the whole amount within six months, either in money or good subscriptions. This leaves me $110,000 to raise; and, desiring to bring these facts to your attention, as well as to that of your readers, I remain

Yours fraternally, EDWARD JUDSON.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MOVEMENT.

IT is now definitely decided that the next National Convention of the United Society of Christian Endeavor will be held in the Armory Hall of Battery D, Chicago, July 5-8. Though the date and city of the Convention were fixed at the last Convention at Saratoga, it was proposed at first to hold the meeting in Union Park Church, which had been kindly offered. The societies, however, have increased so rapidly during the past year that it is thought that no church in the city can hold the expected delegates, and the trustees have been obliged to engage Battery D, which in many respects is admirably suited to such a convention.

Last year, when the Society had not attained half its present proportions, 14,000 young people were brought from its ranks into the various evangelical churches. This year from all parts of the country come reports of revival interest, and of many conversions in connection with the meetings. Especially in connection with the National Society Day, observed in the last week in February, have the reports been more than usually numerous and cheering. On this day special prayer was made for sister societies everywhere, and for the associate members. These meetings in many places seem to have been the beginning of a revival in the respective churches.

Several of the religious papers have announced that the Young People's Christian League which has been started within a few weeks in some Methodist churches is meant to be a rival of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, and to be head of the movement, as it has been said, in the Methodist churches. We cannot believe that such a sectarian purpose is the object of the organization, or that it entered into the idea of its founders. Societies of Christian Endeavor are being formed more rapidly in the Methodist churches than in any other in many parts of the country. The Christian League, as we understand it, differs from the Endeavor Societies largely in having special provision for teaching Methodist doctrine and history and polity; but this can easily be made one feature of any Methodist Christian Endeavor Society.

A few months ago a catalogue of Christian Endeavor Societies in New York was made. The first has very much increased since then, but it was found that there were 450 societies, an increase of nearly 500 per cent. in one year. The Presbyterian denomination led the list, with 134 societies, the Baptist next with 102, the Methodist with over 60, then the Congregational with 60, and the Reformed with 47. The others were scattered among the other denominations.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

A private letter received from the Rev. G. H. Filian, of Marsowvan, in Turkey in Asia Minor, says that the writer's work since his arrival from Constantinople a year ago has been greatly blessed. His congregation has increased from six hundred to nearly a thousand—a very large audience even for a great city. A larger hall is needed, as that now used is old, weak, and small. The people, though not rich, have pledged themselves to raise $2,500. Outside assistance would be thankfully received and applied to great advantage for the work of Christianity in Turkey.

Some interesting facts respecting the accommodation provided by the trustees of the Peabody Donation Fund for the artisan and laboring population of London are given in the twenty-third annual report of that body. Up to the end of last year 11,151 rooms, besides bath-rooms, laundries, and washhouses, had been let to 20,279 persons. These rooms comprise 5,014 seperate dwellings; 74 of four rooms, 1,782 of three rooms, 2,351 of two rooms, and 807 of one room Three blocks of buildings to contain 136 rooms are in course of erection at Pimlico, and will, it is hoped, be ready for occupation in the autumn. The total fund on the 31st of December amounted to £935,570, of which £500,000 represented Mr. Peabody's original gift. The death-rate, including the deaths of those residents who were removed to hospitals, was 18 72 per 1,000, which is 0.85 per 1,000 below the average of London. The infant mortality was 140.66 in each 1,000 births, or 17.26 below that of London. We do not know, however, whether the inhabitants of the Peabody Buildings are to be congratulated on the fact that the birth-rate among them last year reached 41.78 per 1,000, which is 10.10 per 1,000 above that of all London for the same period.—[London Christian World.

Two hundred and fifty-two clergymen of the Church of England have signed an address to Mr. Gladstone saying that his Home Rule policy "is the only one consistent with those principles of justice and charity which we profess and teach in our Master's name."

Canon Scott Robertson is responsible for the statement that the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland spends £1,195,714 on foreign missions, which is divided as follows: Church of England, £486,082; societies which unite Churchmen and Dissenters, £193,617; Nonconformist, £330,128; Scotch and Irish Presbyterians, £177,184; Roman Catholic, £8,703.

The Presbyterian Council has unanimously agreed to invite the Pan-Presbyterian Council to hold its meeting in 1892 in Toronto, Canada.

A dispatch from Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, says that the possibility of a union of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches of the Dominion is being discussed there. Leading clergymen of the city favor the project.

PRINCETON'S NEW PRESIDENT.

THE event of the evening at a meeting of the Princeton Alumni Association of this city on Thursday evening of last week was the address of the President-elect, the Rev. Dr. Francis L Patton. We select some paragraphs in which Dr. Patton gave his idea of what an American college should be and of what he proposed to try to make of Princeton:

"It is the duty of the head of an American college to impress on those committed to his charge that their blood-bought privileges are a precious inheritance, and that it is their bounden duty to hand down an unencumbered estate to their children and to their children's children. If that is what you mean by being an American, I am an American through and through, second to none in my loyalty for your institutions and my love for the people among whom all the years of my manhood have been spent; and, more than that, I believe that the American university must be conducted along the lines of historical continuity and with reference to the special exigencies of our own people. There are some good things in Paris, in Edinburgh, in Berlin, but the typical American university will not be a simple imitation of any of these. Better a common country church than the clay model of Cologne cathedral. Better a thousand times possess a roomy American college than a feeble German university.

"Further, I shall not shrink from saying that we must keep Princeton a Christian college. I am a Presbyterian, but after all there is no church broader in her catholicity than the one to which I belong, and no church that has done more in the cause of higher education. But Princeton is too big to be sectarian. We are going to administer this college along the lines of our common Christianity; but we do mean to keep the confidence of the religious public if we can. We mean that when the Episcopalian comes to us, and is under the supervision of his rector on Sunday, he shall not have philosophy taught him on Monday that undermines his faith in God. We mean that he shall see the universe opened, and deal with its facts and problems of life under theistical conceptions. This is something more than having daily prayers in chapel, though we shall have that too.

"Princeton must become the rallying point of broad and generous sympathies. This means that we must recognize, so far as they are good, all the elements that enter into our university life. I have no opinion to give upon the question as to what relation the alumni shall sustain to the college affairs; but I am pretty clear in one connection—that is, that we must not treat the alumni as a lot of customers who have bought learning at our shop. The solidarity of university life must be conserved and perpetuated beyond the years of graduation, and it is very natural that the alumni must feel that they should have something to do because it is a law of nature that when an organism has no function it tends to atrophy.

"I recognize, moreover, what some people do not understand—that there are a great many students who go to college with no intention of being either very hard students or very great scholars. I am not prepared to say it is better to have gone and loafed than never to have gone at all; but I believe, with Sir Joshua Reynolds, that there is around every seminary of learning an atmosphere of floating knowledge where every one can imbibe something peculiar to his own original conceptions. To change the subject rather abruptly, I confess if the evils that are alleged to exist in regard to inter-collegiate contests can be checked or abated, I can well believe that out of these brawny contests some of the very best elements of manhood may emerge.

"I think we must do better work with our best men than we have done; that is to say, without raising the minimum of requirements for any, we must raise the maximum of possibility for some. That is to say, I think—though I express myself with great modesty here and do not commit

myself or anybody else—I think it not unlikely that, in addition to the distinction between elective and required studies, there may come a time when, for the sake of securing the best results, we shall have to recognize the distinction between forced and honorary work. We are close-hauled, and the university headlands are just off the port bow; if the wind tacks we will have to beat up, but if it holds, then we will ease the sheet and sail free, but we will get there in either case."

CHURCH GLEANINGS.

MIDDLE STATES.

—The Rev. Dr. W. H. Ward, of the "Independent," who was so severely injured in an accident at the Hoboken Ferry recently, has improved so far as to be able to be removed from the Chambers Street Hospital in this city to his home in Newark, N. J.

—The recently published statistics of the Manhattan Association for 1887 show a healthy growth in Congregationalism in Brooklyn. Of the eighteen churches which have reported, the total membership is 8,707. There have been 897 additions to the churches during the year, and 392 removals, making a net gain of 505. The four churches which have made the largest net gains are the Central, Tompkins Avenue, Clinton Avenue, and Stuyvesant Avenue, each having a net gain of over fifty. The Central leads with 152 new members, a net gain of eighty-six from last year, making a total membership of 1,608. Clinton Avenue leads in benevolent contributions with $22 500, while the Church of the Pilgrims, Central, and South take respectively second, third, and fourth places.

—The Rev. Mangasar Mangasarian, pastor of the Independent Church in Philadelphia, has sent in his resignation, to take effect on April 1. About the 1st of June he will sail for Constantinople, where his father and mother reside. Thence he will go to Armenia, his native place, and join his wife and children. The reason given by the preacher for leaving America is that his family desire his return. Mr. Mangasarian came to this country in 1880, and while pastor of the Spring Garden Presbyterian Church, Eleventh and Wistar Streets, he created a sensation in religious circles by disavowing the church creed and organizing the Independent movement.

—On Sunday of last week the Rev. Dr. R. R. Meredith, of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church of Brooklyn, preached a sermon with special reference to the building of a new house of worship, which the growth of the church seemed to demand. In the course of his sermon he said: "There is not one church to 5,000 people in this part of the city. Our church seats 1,200. We have almost that number of members. Some who are members stand up at services because there are no seats to be rented. Some have sittings for themselves, but are compelled to leave their children at home because there is no room for them."

—On Thursday evening of this week a farewell reception will be given to the Rev. James M. King, D D., who has just closed his pastorate at the Park Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church of this city, which church has grown greatly under him as pastor. Addresses will be made by the Rev. R S. MacArthur, D.D., the Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D., the Hon. John Jay, General C. B. Fisk, and others.

—The steeple of the Classon Avenue Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn was bent over by the recent heavy storm in such a way as to seriously alarm the people in neighboring houses, and to compel cessation of travel past it. It will be taken down, and for some time services cannot be held in the church.

—The Executive Committee of the Beecher Statue Fund have, it is said, almost decided to place the statue on the plaza at the westerly entrance of Prospect Park. About $31,000 have already been raised; the price to be paid to Mr. J Q A. Ward, the sculptor, is $35,000.

—A Philadelphia paper says that arrangements for the centennial meetings of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church have been completed. George Junkin, Chairman of the Finance Committee, states that the sum of $5,540 will be required to meet the expenses of the celebration, and that about $3,000 has already been subscribed. There will be five hundred delegates to the Assembly, and it said that one-half of these are to be cared for in the homes of Presbyterians. The centennial session will begin on Thursday morning, May 17, at eleven o'clock, in the First Presbyterian Church.

—Methodist Episcopal conferences have been in session the past week in Philadelphia and Camden, N. J. At the former meeting the question of the functions and powers of presiding elders was discussed. A motion favoring an amendment of the Discipline so as to have appointments of preachers made with the concurrence of the presiding elders, and providing that the members of the annual conference should have a voice in the selection of the presiding elders, was rejected. The Rev. W. M. Ridgway said: "The bishops are often made the scapegoat of unsatisfactory and unfitting appointments. If co-ordinate power is conferred on the presiding elders, there will be no hiding spot for them. At present the bishop has the power of arbitrary transfer. There is no opposition to transfer if made on an equitable basis, but unfortunately a transfer bureau has grown up in our midst, and also a class of ecclesiastical go-betweens. A certain sister evangelist in the Conference has not been averse to join this transfer bureau, and class herself among the ecclesiastical tinkers. A new qualification for the ministry has grown up among us—a man and his wife must both be good-looking."

—The consecration of the Church of the Holy Comforter for Seamen in this city was performed Sunday morning by Bishop Potter. The new building is in West Street, near West Houston Street. It was built during the last year, at a cost of $94,000. Of this amount $44,000 was raised by general subscription, and $50,000 was the bequest of William H. Vanderbilt to the Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen.

—The Rev. Dr. Dix, who is delivering a series of Lenten lectures in Trinity Chapel in this city, on Friday evenings, has arranged for a series of lectures in Trinity Church by the Rev. B. W. Maturin, Rector of St. Clement's Church, Philadelphia. They will be delivered at noon, from Monday, March 19, to Saturday, the 24th, inclusive.

—The Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie, of Cambridge, Mass., preached by exchange in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on Sunday for Mr. Abbott. His sermon in the morning was an exposition of the parable of the talents and the lesson from it of making the most of present opportunities

NEW ENGLAND

—At the meeting of the Boston Evangelical Ministers' Association on Monday of last week in the Meionaon, the subject, "The State the Moral Educator of her Future Citizens," was discussed by Professor J. B. Thomas, D.D., of Newton Theological Seminary, and the Hon. Thomas W. Bicknell. Dr. Thomas in clear and forcible language set forth the idea that the State exists for man, for the furtherance of his manhood. Freedom implies education, and the State cannot begin at all the work of educating without, in the very organization and governance of its schools, proceeding along the lines of moral discipline, requiring obedience, punctuality, mutual adjustment of one to the other, the submission of all to law, demanding truthfulness—all of which imply morality. The children should be trained to understand their relation to others, and led to know that their comfort and success depend upon self-government, concessions which recognize the subjection of one to another, knowing that the prosperity of one is the prosperity of all. On the ground, also, of the self-preservation of the State, this moral training is essential. He who in the true sense is a man is a safe and wise citizen. Mr Bicknell maintained that the Christian State should see well to the instruction of the young in morals, the Bible being an indispensable book in the work of training future citizens

—At a largely attended meeting of the church in Jamaica Plain, Boston, a unanimous vote was passed requesting the pastor, the Rev. George M. Boynton, to reconsider and recall his letter of resignation. The action was so hearty that Mr Boynton is constrained to consider the request, and will take time to decide whether he will withdraw his letter of resignation and recall his acceptance of the Secretaryship of the Sunday School Publishing Society.

—The Conference of General Secretaries of the Young Men's Christian Associations of New England was held last week at Concord, N H. The attendance was smaller than expected, owing to the blockade of railroad trains by the storm Talks on boys' work, on physical work in the gymnasium, on "How to get young men into your rooms," and on "How to secure the best spiritual results from our secular agents" were among the exercises at this Convention.

—In the second lecture on Japan, delivered by Dr. W. E. Griffis, of Boston, at the Yale Divinity School last week, he spoke specially of the social conditions of the country. Among other things he said, "When Japanese look out over earth and air, it seems to them that there is mythology in everything Pantheism will always be among them, no matter how much religion they may have. There will be a god for them in every mountain, stream, etc. My great difficulty with missionary work among the Japanese is to teach them to appreciate the idea of one God. They could better conceive of the abstract idea of one Creator. . . . It is necessary for us to know how the Japanese students who have been educated in this country have fitted into the new order of things. The Government of Japan is to-day in the hands of men who were educated in Europe or America. There are not so many Christians as we would like, but they are molding the country as far as they are able. The simpler the form of Christianity the quicker the Japanese will be Christianized, and I am glad that here at Yale, Christianity is taught in its simplest forms, depending more on faith in Jesus Christ than in anything else."

—On March 4 thirty-two persons were admitted to membership in the First Church (Congregational), Danbury, Conn., the Rev. J Allen Maxwell, D.D, pastor. Twenty-three of these were on confession of faith.

WEST AND SOUTH.

—A telegraphic dispatch announces the sudden death, at Las Cruces, New Mexico, of the Right Rev. George K Dunlop, Missionary Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in that Territory. Bishop Dunlop was consecrated Missionary Bishop of New Mexico and Arizona in 1880 He was a native of Ireland. During his episcopate he lived at Las Vegas.

—The Southern Baptist Convention meets in the First Church, Richmond, Va., May 11. This Convention represents, it is claimed, about one million members of the Church. The union of the churches North and South will probably be considered.

—The Young Men's Christian Association of Cleveland, O., proposes to buy a $65,000 lot on which to erect a $100,000 building.

—It is said that negotiations are being opened with the Treasury Department at Washington with reference to the admission of the Chinese delegates to the Methodist General Conference. Says the California "Christian Advocate:" "The Rev. Sia Sek Ong, the ministerial delegate, is an able, polite, Christian gentleman and a minister of many years' service. He is also a graduate of the Government university, having won the degree of *sau-ts oy*, or 'excellent talent,' which gives him a position among the *literati* of the country. Mr. Tiong-a-Hok, the lay delegate, is a wealthy merchant. He was a contributor to the late Paris Exposition and to the Centennial at Philadelphia. He has a large business. He has a native and an English residence most elegantly furnished, in which he has entertained all the foreigners, mercantile and official, in Foochow in royal style. Before he united with the church he gave $10,000 to our mission. He has since given $1,000 to support the mission to Corea. As a heathen man, he supported a foundling asylum of 100 girls. His purse is always open in all times of public calamity, floods, famine, or pestilence. Mr. Ahok gives a certain percentage of his profits to every worker in his establishments, from head clerk to errand boy."

—Oberlin College has, after considerable litigation between the college and the representatives of the James F. Clark estate, finally accepted the offer of Mrs. James F. Clark, and has received a check for $66,666.67, or one-third of the amount claimed.

—The Episcopal Church Convention of the Diocese of Ohio last week elected as Assistant Bishop of the diocese the Rev. Henry Y. Satterlee, D.D., of Calvary Church, this city. The other prominent candidates voted on were Dr. Nichols, of Philadelphia, and Dr Langford, of this city. Dr. Satterlee was regarded as a compromise between the High and Low Church parties. It has not been announced whether or not he will accept the position.

—A dispatch from Detroit, Mich., to the Philadelphia "Press" says: "At Cottam, a small town across the Detroit River, the choir of the Methodist Episcopal church undertook to raise money by dramatic and musical performances. The first night was a success, but the minister then attempted to prevent the ladies from going upon the stage again, and because they refused to obey him he preached a sermon on Sunday in which he denounced the performances. He threatened to refuse the sacrament to any who took part in or attended the next entertainment The choir refused to sing the closing hymn, and say they will not sing for the pastor any more. The society is rent in twain."

—The Rev A A E Taylor has succeeded Dr. Cooper as editor of the St. Louis "Mid-Continent."

—The college paper at Oberlin, O., has under its notes concerning graduates of the Theological Seminary the following: "C D Tenney, one of the original members of the China Band, who resigned from his position under the American Board because he felt that he could not conscientiously subscribe to their standard of doctrine, is engaged in a work in China which promises to be the most influential and useful ever performed by a foreigner in that great empire. The success with which he organized and conducted a private academy for Chinese boys in Tiensin, the seaport of Pekin, attracted the attention of the Viceroy of China, Li Hung Chang, who has committed to Mr. Tenney the tutorship of his three boys The influence for good which through them may be exerted can hardly be overestimated. It is expected that within a year the Government will establish an Anglo Chinese college, and Mr. Tenney has been chosen to be its head. He has the cordial sympathy of the different missionaries in Tiensin, and is a frequent preacher in the Union Church in that place"

MINISTERIAL PERSONALS.

CONGREGATIONAL.

—C. A. White, of Mechanic Falls, Me., has resigned on account of his wife's ill health.

—R R Davies, of Fairport, N Y., has resigned to accept a call to Owasso, Mich.

—A D. Blakeslee was installed as pastor of the church at Hayward, Mich., on March 1.

—A. F. Pierce, of Warsaw, N. Y., has received a call from the church at Middletown.

—R F. Lavender was recently installed as pastor of the church in Polk City, Iowa.

—A. C. Hand, of the Union Theological Seminary, has accepted a call to the Church of the Covenant, Buffalo, N. Y.

—O D. Fisher accepts a call to the pastorate of the Washington Street Church of Toledo, Ohio.

—Albert Donnell, of the Riverside Church of Haverhill, Mass., has resigned.

—S. D. Jewett died recently at Middlefield, Conn., at the age of eighty-six.

—R. B. Guild, of Sterling, Kan., has resigned.

—C B. Sumner, of Pomona, Cal., has resigned.

—H. M. Cole was recently installed as pastor of the church at Argentine, Kan.

PRESBYTERIAN.

—J. L. Lyons, D D., died at Jacksonville, Fla., on Maren 1.

—R M Irvine accepts a call to the Second Church of Los Angeles, Cal.

—Eugene Peck, pastor of the Eastern Church of Washington, D. C, was killed by a locomotive while walking on the railroad track in that city on March 16.

—A. H. Bernhardt has been chosen pastor of the Hopkins Street Church (German) in Williamsburg, Brooklyn.

—C D. Ellis, of Marlette, Mich., has resigned to accept a call to a new church in Saginaw City.

—A. J Brown, of the Oak Park Church of Chicago, Ill., has resigned, and will accept a call from the First Church of Portland, Oregon.

OTHER CHURCHES.

—W. F. Lewis, rector of St Stephen's Episcopal Church of Baltimore, Md, has resigned to return to his former position as rector of St Peter's Church, Peekskill, N. Y.

—R. S. Stuart has become assistant rector in St. James's parish, Alexandria, La.

—Professor A. A. Benton (P. E.) has accepted a professorship in the University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn.

—E. C. Clarke, of the Free-Will Baptist Church of Sutton, N. H., has resigned.

—Benjamin Hayes, who for thirty years had been a Methodist temperance exhorter, died in Sandwich, Mass., on March 4.

Books and Authors.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

The American people are swift to recognize facts. The ready disposition to accept that which has fairly succeeded in getting itself accomplished, which is one of our national traits, accounts for the sudden and surprising advance in public sentiment upon the question of church unity. So long as the issue was a dream of individual opinion, or a topic for random discussion, the Christian public was either lukewarm or indifferent. But the moment it was lifted to the plane of an organized and definite movement with a specific end in view, a sudden and widespread interest was excited, which refuses to die out. The Congress of Churches, the action of the House of Bishops at Chicago, and the response from Congregational and Presbyterian bodies, are facts of history. They represent an authorized activity of Christian purpose, they embody a fresh organic movement in church circles, and they have realized a fact very dear to the American heart, viz., the presentation of an authorized, direct, and practical issue.

As a consequence, the progress of opinion in the matter has acquired incalculable momentum in the past twelve months. Two recent literary events have served to emphasize the vitality of the movement, and to measure the width and the character of the attention enlisted by it. The first of these is the running discussion of the problems involved, by leading divines of different denominations, in the "Century Magazine." The other event is the appearance of a modest little volume by one of the originators of the movement, with whose name the readers of The Christian Union are familiar.[1]

The kindly reception accorded from so many and such varied sources to the brilliant papers which comprise this volume is sufficient witness to the fact that the author has sounded the whole gamut of the subject, from the summit of lofty ideal to the foundation of practical detail.

The supreme value of the book is in the clearness and force with which it unfolds and impresses the fact that the Protestant Episcopal Church is pre-eminently rich in varied elements of fresh and vigorous growth. This has not been widely enough understood or appreciated, and ought to be hailed with generous enthusiasm in the present temper of the various communions on the subject of Church Unity. By growth is not meant mere numerical increase in membership, phenomenal as this has been, but the capacity for constitutional, organic development and increased practical efficiency. One cannot read the author's account of the development of a "Constitutional Episcopate" under pressure of the "Evangelical party" without being profoundly impressed by two things:

1 That the constitutional episcopate of the United States bears scarcely any more resemblance to the English episcopate, with its intricate entanglement with the feudal aristocracy and the State, than the primitive episcopate described by Cyprian has to the autocratic prelacy of Rome; and,

2 That the radical defect of episcopal administration in all its Old World forms has always been the absence from its organization of the appropriate balance-wheel of clerical and lay representation in the legislative councils of the Church. The want of such a check has occasioned the rapid and abnormal development of an overgrown ecclesiasticism in the form of prelatical and pontifical assumption, and has also left an open field for the entrance of a paralyzing and corrupting Erastianism. For 1,400 years the episcopal order seemed to have wholly lost sight of the primitive powers and prerogatives of the presbyterate; and it seems to have been reserved to the Church in America to recover this primordial element of her flexibility and steadiness. Her growth in this land of freedom has not been blighted by the chill and terrifying shadow of papal despotism, nor stunted by the Procrustean limitations of political selfishness and feudal caste. The two legislative bodies of the Protestant Episcopal Church—the House of Bishops and the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies—constitute an absolutely unique feature of church organization, modeled on the form of our National Legislature.

The same historic process has been exemplified in that course of development upon American soil which has modified the ecclesiastical form of nearly all the other historic churches of our land. The modifications in the episcopal methods of administration are only typical and representative of what has been occurring in all bodies of Christians. The Congregational Church, with its vast missionary societies and its gradation of conferences, associations, and councils, is very unlike the independency of Cotton Mather and the Puritans. The Presbyterianism of to-day, with its "synodical missionaries" in lieu of bishops, and its Missionary Boards, is a very different article from the Presbyterianism of the Westminster divines. And as for Methodism, it is scarcely adolescent, ecclesiastically.

The House of Bishops, therefore, in the fourth item of their declaration with reference to church unity, have simply formulated the results of a historic process, and with the keenest wisdom have squarely planted themselves upon an accomplished fact—"the historic episcopate locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the nations and people called of God into the unity of his church." This briefly states a fact that has been brought about by a historic process which finds its equal illustration in every separate body of Christians in this nation—a process of gradual modification in the ecclesiastical type, to meet the demands of different ages and the conditions of human development.

It is in vain to try to dodge this by asserting that these changes affect only methods of administration, while the type remains unchanged; for no variation of function is possible without a corresponding change in the organic structure. Ecclesiastical history in America demonstrates that "the Babel of Polity" is no excuse for the continuance of division. All denominations of American Christians have proved by their history and declared by their acts in the present century that no form of church polity is divinely ordained in such a sense as to place the Holy Spirit under an ecclesiastical embargo in the matter of church government.

Mr. Newton also points out very skillfully the fact that the different schools or parties in the Episcopal Church have been controlled by a purpose to which they were blind; that the actual results of their struggles and influence have been radically different from, if not wholly undreamt of in, the conscious aims of their striving. The principles for which they stood were almost exclusively theological. The outcome of their labors has been almost without exception practical; whilst no permanent impress of their theology remains. The Evangelicals, broadly speaking, stood for a type of Calvinism—which has to-day almost no following in the Church; but the constitutional episcopate which their sturdy stand for doctrine, with its accompanying method, called into being, abides. The sacramental theology, which the High Church party esteemed as their chief end of being, will never become the distinctive belief of the Church; but loyalty to the objective sacraments as the standard of church life, over against the subjective emotions, will remain as the enduring contribution of their position. The liberalism which has called the Broad Church party into existence will make no lasting impression on the Church's faith; but the Church Congress, the Congress of Churches, and the movement toward Christian unity are the practical achievements of their bold, aggressive leadership.

This fact should bring home to all Christian hearts the truth that the might and the wisdom of an active Providence is able to subordinate to higher ends of Christian life and to the larger interests of His kingdom all the base, partisan rancor of dogmatic warfare which even now is holding us asunder, to our shame and to the scandal of the world. It should remind us that we are but toiling for a day in a historic process which shall one day set up in our land and in the whole earth a church as much more glorious than that which we behold to-day as that is grander and more beauteous than the Nicene and the Mediæval Church. All the diverse elements of this sectarian age are surely working toward the evolution of that church of the future which shall not be built on the exclusive pattern of any existing form of church life, but shall embody the collective, blended graces, beauties, strength, and helpfulness of all. "The next General Council," to which good Archbishop Cranmer long ago appealed with such pathetic courage, and to the hope of which in the far future the Church of England has adhered through all her trying history as to an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast, entering into that which is within the veil—such a council, in a form and with results far different from the dream of Cranmer, may yet be a reality. In any event, to doubt the ultimate unity of Christendom in an ideal kingdom is to doubt the efficacy of our Lord's great intercession for his people, "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." And it is equivalent to the despairing of his farewell promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

[1] *The Vine Out of Egypt; or, the Growth and Development of the Protestant Episcopal Church, with Special Reference to the Church Life of the Future.* By the Rev. W. W. Newton. (New York: Thomas Whittaker.)

AN EASTERN PRINCESS.[1]

It must be admitted that a princess is a princess, even if only of the royal house of Kickaboo. Mrs. Ruete was thus foreordained to interest the American public which, possessing no princesses of its own, is eager to know all about the rare bird. This open-mouthed curiosity characteristic of freemen, the "born princess" of Zanzibar crams full with her own regal finger. You know how they fatten the geese of Strasburg for future *patés de foies gras!* From Mrs. Ruete's (*née* Princess of Oman and Zanzibar) standpoint there is much in Oriental life that puts civilization to shame. So there is. The position of women she regards as superior in Zanzibar to what it is in Europe.

She somewhat acutely observes that in Zanzibar, man has ten wives, you know it, but in Europe no one ever knows how many a man may secretly have. If this consoles the Zanzibar female mind it is enough. Let us be content.

Mrs. Ruete gives a fine description of the long fast of Rumdan, commonly known to us as Ramadan. She points out that the Christians have nothing to compare with it in severity. Not a drop can be drunk or a crumb eaten during the days of the fast. Nay, it is a deadly sin to swallow your own spittle, so strict is the pious Mohammedan, from the tender age of nine years. Perhaps Mrs. Ruete is not aware that there are Christian saints who, they say, in infancy, even from birth, refused sustenance upon Friday. But when we have just got to admiring the asceticism of Islam, at once, with apparent unconsciousness of the absurdity, she explains how during Ramadan they sleep all day and spend the night in feasting. While we were penning the first part of this notice, a dwelling-house next door was suddenly discovered to be in flames; of course we rushed to the scene. After a painful delay a single fireman was discerned. He approached like a snail, and when he had arrived he leisurely remarked that he had "walked slow to let the engine catch up with him"! The notion of duty, in civil as well as religious affairs, gets to be a formality which it is our duty to evade if we have the sense and craft.

Mrs. Ruete informs us that, so far from servitude being the condition of the women of Zanzibar, they generally rule the roast. They manage their own estates if they are single or widows, and their husbands' also if they are married. Altogether Zanzibar must be a feminine paradise.

There is a cool impartiality in the manner in which the German widow, sometime "Princess of Oman and Zanzibar," tells over the virtues and vices of the members of her family, *seriatim*. Altogether, it is a diverting exhibition of Oriental jars—of the family.

According to her own confession she behaved abominably to Madjid, her eldest brother, who had given a home to her and her mother, and spoiled her with petting. She plotted against Madjid in favor of Bargasch, who, now that he is on the throne, has repaid her with the disfavor and contempt which she deserved. To us it is a relief to turn from this family gossip to descriptions of the fasts, feasts, medical treatment of diseases, etc. "An Offering at the Sacred Spring Tschemschem" is one of the most striking passages in the book. On account of its length it cannot be reproduced in this place. Slavery the heroine thinks to be a boon in Zanzibar. Slaves not only will not seek release, but people voluntarily sell themselves into the advantages and benefit of the servile condition. We need not add in detail that Mrs. Ruete's account of herself never fails of interest. The very *naïveté* fairly tickles one's midriff, and, besides, the items of information about the social life of an African Mohammedan are often of considerable value, because unique. It is not every day that an Arabian princess marries a German mercantile agent. Such a combination was not foreseen by Scheherezade, or the nights would not have been limited to 1 001. It is only fair to add that Mrs. Ruete wrote this book first of all for her children alone, and in the German tongue, from which, with obvious inconsistencies of phrase and spelling, it has been "upset into English."

[1] *Memoirs of an Arabian Princess: An Autobiography.* By Emily Ruete, *née* Princess of Zanzibar. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

THE WORLD'S VERDICT.[1]

This story is not without the faults of a first book, but it is also full of promise, and, judged from this point of view, the reading of it can but give sincere pleasure to all those who are eager for the appearance of strong writers in American fiction. It is an unusually well-balanced story. The dramatic element is well developed, the plot well defined and brought to a strong dramatic climax, and the characters well drawn. There is also a great deal of very good descriptive work which recalls pleasantly some of the most delightful scenery of Southern Europe. Best of all, the story shows freshness of feeling, which is a very great charm in a work of fiction. So much of this kind of work is done in a professional way that, while we recognize its literary skill, we receive from it no direct or thrilling impression; it is pervaded by self-consciousness, and it smells of the lamp. Mr. Hopkins, on the other hand, infuses this charming quality into every part of his story, and, without any didacticism, makes us feel in the most real and deli-

[1] *The World's Verdict.* By Mark Hopkins, Jr. (Boston: Ticknor & Co.)

cate fashion the strong contrast between the conventional life of the world on the one hand, and the fresh, aspiring, and original life of a few gifted and attractive persons on the other. This contrast, sustained throughout, is the strongest and most promising feature of the story. It shows a thoroughly artistic conception of the use of fiction. Another characteristic of "The World's Verdict" is the vigor and variety of thought which underlie the story. It is a long time since we have come upon a book so full of ideas—ideas which indicate that the writer has meditated upon life and character and art, and that his work has, therefore, beneath it the soil out of which a genuine literary work grows. Such a story renews the growing promise of fiction among us, and refreshes the reader of current novels with a glimpse of the possibilities of the future.

Life's Problems, Here and Hereafter. An Autobiography. (Boston: Cupples & Hurd.) The hidden author of this thoughtful book has had serious difficulties with religious truths, and successfully wrought his way to mental and spiritual peace. His purpose in writing is simply "to blaze a path through a very intricate forest for the benefit of future explorers." He is now able to say that he has

> "Built not on secret doubt whitewashed with faith,
> But on conviction solid as the hills."

A child in a Christian family, with a mother of more than average intelligence and spirituality, he early yielded to the influences of home, and after a little reaction embraced what he saw and believed to be true with youthful fervor. At eighteen he was in a Christian pulpit, but soon found difficulty with certain doctrines—the mode of the divine existence, immortality, the unity of spirit, the substantiality of the spirit world, the problem of evil. At twenty-four his mental difficulty was at a climax; investigations followed, resulting in the disappearance of the mist, and the joyful experience of standing on solid ground. In twenty chapters on various themes the author rehearses the process by which he came to settled convictions. It is blessed never to have had such doubts, but from the outset to have clearly seen and taken the steps to happiness and peace. But if one is in the mazes of unsettled questionings, this book will doubtless be a help. His experience with prayer was as follows: As a child he was impressed with three truths: (1) Prayer is pleasing to God, and therefore men ought to pray. (2) Prayer is a way of asking God not to be angry with us and plunge us into hell on account of the sin of Adam, or because of our own sins. (3) Prayer is a means of obtaining certain spiritual blessings that cannot be obtained by other means. After difficulties he settled the matter thus: (1) To pray is natural. (2) To pray is instinctive. (3) God has promised, through instinct and revelation, to hear and answer prayer. (4) Prayer has been heard and answered. (5) Prayer, therefore, affects God. (6) Prayer, therefore, affects men. (7) It is a means of procuring material and spiritual blessings that cannot be procured without it. (8) God is supreme, both in the realm of matter and the realm of souls. These points are elucidated and defended with warmth and abundant illustration. God, Personality, Immortality, the Spiritual World, Other-World Order, Immortal Youth, Evil, Death of Little Children, Providence, and Prayer are among the subjects discussed.

Future Retribution Viewed in the Light of Reason and Revelation. By the Rev. C. A. Row, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, Author of "Bampton Lectures on Christian Evidences." (New York: Thomas Whittaker.) It is a well-known fact that not only dissenting ministers in England, but clergymen of the Establishment as well, affirm much broader views on the question of retribution than their American brethren. Such a book as Dr. Shedd's now famous treatise on "The Doctrine of Endless Punishment" could hardly have appeared in England without calling forth such keen and intelligent criticism as followed the publication of Dr. Pusey's "What is of Faith as to Everlasting Punishment?" In our opinion the traditional orthodox theory has been greatly modified among all classes of evangelical thinkers, and we suspect that agnosticism on the whole subject of the duration of penalty prevails extensively in the ranks of the English clergy, where the restoration or annihilation of the wicked has not become the accepted belief. The tendency of thought in this direction has been greatly stimulated by the writings of Kingsley, Farrar, Oxenham, the general tone of periodicals and journals, and, last but by no means least, by such a book as comes to our table from the pen of Prebendary Row. We are not prepared to indorse his positions in full; some of the chapters are rather suggestive of special pleading; the discussions of critical questions of Greek terminology are not invariably appreciative of the weight of opposing scholarship; in a few particulars the reasoning is inconclusive; but, upon the whole, it would be difficult to present a more cogent indictment of the traditional Calvinistic view of retribution than is found in the contents of this volume. To these people who think "a wayfaring man though a fool" cannot err in his interpretation of New Testament teaching on this subject, we recommend the reading of chapters ten and eleven, in which passages supposed to favor the doctrine of eternal torment are exhaustively considered. Some of the points raised have already been suggested by writers like Dr. Whiton, in current publications; but never, to our knowledge, more connectedly examined. The general teaching of an author may be summarized as follows: There will come a time when God will judge the world, and render to every man according to his deeds; the question back of this, Will man survive the dissolution of the body? science does not answer affirmatively, nor can science prove the contrary, but reason and the fact of God's moral government make such survival in the highest degree probable, while revelation teaches this truth convincingly. Another important query is, Will this survival be of endless duration? It does not follow that because the stroke of death is not final, existence is of endless duration. No being brought into existence by the will of another can have endless existence "inherent in itself." Moral evil willfully persisted in may destroy man as a personal conscious being. Now, the revelation of divine character, and perfection in the Scriptures leads us to believe that God will not hold men responsible (*a*) for transmitted evil, (*b*) evil environment into which they are born and educated, (*c*) for not having embraced a Gospel of which they have never heard, (*d*) for not living up to light they have never enjoyed, (*e*) cases of mixed responsibility must be referred to the omniscience of God. Some of the Calvinistic doctrines growing out of the alleged fall of man are repudiated on the ground that the Bible does not support the traditional view of the sin of Adam and its consequences. Nothing in this narrative, rightly understood, gives us adequate data on which to build a theory of retribution. As regards the meaning of the terms employed in the New Testament which are commonly supposed to teach the endlessness of punishment, the author inclines to the opinion that "aion" is a time-word, and settles nothing, and that Greek words in general, were used by the Apostolic writers in a popular sense, which fact seems to corroborate the belief of the advocates of annihilation. The doctrine of Universalism is equally open to the charge of faulty exegesis with the doctrine of endless torment; and to the objection that the latter has been a generally accepted dogma of the Christian Church, Mr. Row replies that that mode of argument is absurdly insufficient as a test of truth, since many beliefs, once adopted by the Christian Church, are now confessedly untenable. In this brief survey we have presented only a bare outline of an important and useful work, whose entire contents disclose much candor and fearlessness in the statement of opinions matured by years of thought and study. All the chapters are made contributory to one prevailing purpose—the overthrow of the extreme orthodox position. In connection with Oxenham's reply to Dr. Pusey and Farrar's "Mercy and Judgment," this volume is calculated to convince many that one may hold evangelical truth in the highest reverence, as a preacher of the Gospel, and still be less certain than many of the soundness of dogmas which multitudes only accept because they were brought up to believe them.

System of the Christian Certainty. By Dr. Fr. H. R. Frank, Professor of Theology in the University of Erlangen. (New York: Scribner & Welford.) This volume is a good example of the wonder-books evolved from German metaphysics. In a treatise covering nearly five hundred pages the logical foundations are established on which an appeal to Christian consciousness may be made in the full assurance of ample intellectual warrant. With scarcely an illustration, with rare parsimony in the use of language, without a trace of rhetorical coloring, Dr. Frank has constructed an argument for certainty in religion that leaves no bulwarks unsubdued in the rear of his marching columns of thought. But to follow in the track of his reasoning is wholly impossible unless one possesses both theological knowledge and metaphysical instinct. Hence this volume is for the student's library and not for the table of the general reader. To those acquainted with the important questions in mental science which imperatively demand a work of this character, the positions of the learned author will bring a high degree of satisfaction. And in so far as simplicity is attainable in the treatment of such a theme, Dr. Frank has achieved it—for American readers through the kindly and intelligent offices of the translator, the Rev. Maurice J. Evans.

RECENT SERMONS.

The Covenant of Peace. By Marvin R Vincent, D.D. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) *Sermons Preached in St. George's.* By the Rev. W. S. Rainsford. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.) *The Dream and the Awaking.* By the Rev. Owen Street, D.D. (Boston: D Lothrop Co.) *Sermons for Children.* By A. Hastings Ross. (Boston: Congregational S. S and Publishing Society.) *The "Verily, Verily's" of Christ.* By the Rev. J. H. Rogers, M.A. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) Of making many sermons there is no end. Each Lord's Day thousands of them are spoken into the ears of the attentive and inattentive multitudes. Each day of the week, by some religious celebration, calls out another multitude, till they are as numerous as the leaves of Vallombrosa, and not always as autumnal. Many are gathered into volumes and published solely to gratify the desire of friends, or as a memorial; sometimes possibly to satisfy the clerical ambition to appear in print. But these speedily climb the dusty shelves into oblivion. Now and then a single sermon in such books has merit enough or originality sufficient to keep the volume in sight. Other sermons are published nobody can tell why; and yet others because of the treasures of thought they contain, the inspiration to activity they furnish, or the splendor of the rhetoric with which they captivate their readers. The five volumes to which attention is here called were worthy of publication, and demand an audience. It was the intent of Dr. Vincent to deal with hard, painful, and puzzling phases of Christian experience, and with popular mistakes in estimate of Christian duty. The scholar and the Christian pastor are blended in these wise discourses. Twenty in number, they present lofty truth for common uses. They are very practical, though the preacher lifts his hearers to a high level of thought, and holds them there by his calm, strong, often beautiful unfolding of truth. These sermons are worthy of close study by the young preacher, and show what Dr. Vincent's work is likely to be in the Union Theological Seminary. The preaching in St. George's, judged by this volume, is manly, earnest, and stimulating. The topics are fresh, and touch the busy life of to-day. Dr. Street has gone to his reward, but, though dead, he yet speaketh in these thoughtful, well-developed Gospel sermons. Full of the mental vigor that characterized him, cast often in that poetic mold which was his by nature, fervent with the warmth of his earnest soul, they will long be read and treasured by the many who knew him, and by all into whose hands they may be placed. Dr. Ross shows how to preach to children successfully. The era of simple story-telling for children has passed, and there is ripe thought and wise counsel here within the comprehension of those for whom it was intended, various and ornamented enough to be constantly attractive. The twenty-five times in which the "Verily, verily" occurs in John's Gospel furnishes Mr. Rogers with suggestive thought concerning the kingdom of heaven on earth, the nature and power of the Son, the gifts of the Son to his people, and the service the Son expects from his people. These truths are presented and enforced with calm and weighty reasoning. Examining these volumes together, we praise the Giver of gifts for the variety in human endowments, for the wide range of life from which men are called into the ministry, for the peculiar conditions of thought and life in which they become interested, and which they give their lives to improve. Thus upon humanity the Spirit of God is evidently at work. Happy the day when, perfected in every part, the full image of God shall reappear, and he shall rest from his labors, pronouncing his work "good."

LITERARY NOTES.

—A biography of John Bunyan has been written for the Great Writers' Series by Canon Venables.

—A translation of Renan's new work, "History of the People of Israel," will be issued at once by Roberts Brothers, of Boston.

—In commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Schopenhauer's birthday on February 22, memorial tablets were placed on the houses in Dantzic where Schopenhauer and his mother were born.

—Lee & Shepard, of Boston, announce a new edition in one volume of the "Lives of the Three Mrs. Judsons," Anna H., Sarah B., and Emily C., who were missionaries to Burmah and successive wives of the celebrated Adoniram Judson.

—The St. Louis church of which the late Dr. Goodell was pastor has sent copies of his biography, which was written by Professor Currier, to the members of the Senior and Middle classes in Yale, Hartford, Andover, Bangor, Pacific, and Chicago Theological Seminaries.

—General D. H. Strother, "Porte Crayon," died at his home in Charleston, West Va., last week, aged seventy-one years. His *nom de plume*, although perhaps little known by the magazine-reading public of to day, was almost a household word thirty years ago, when "Harper's Magazine" was embellished by his crayon sketches, and made interesting by his delightful descriptions of Southern life.

—The article in the November number of the "New Englander," by President Patton, of Howard University, criticising the action of the majority of the American Board at Springfield, made such a deep impression on a layman, who is a liberal contributor to the Board, that he has had four thousand copies of it printed and mailed to the Congregational pastors and other influential persons.

—The new edition of Browning's works, for which Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are the American agents, will have various illustrations, one at least to each of the sixteen volumes. It will include portraits of the poet taken at various periods of his life, one dating from the time when "Paracelsus" was written, another a fac-simile of those done in woodburytype from Fradell's excellent cabinet photograph.

—Mr. Kennan's Siberian papers, illustrated by Mr. G. A. Frost, who accompanied Mr. Kennan on his trip through Asiatic Russia, will begin in the May "Century." Their appearance has been deferred on account of the author's desire to group in preliminary papers—the last of which will be in the April "Century"—an account of the conditions and events in Russia directly related to the exile system.

—For want of funds, the Museum authorities are unable to do anything in the way of excavation in Babylonia, and the natives are making away with every relic they find, breaking cylinders in pieces in order to obtain a larger gain. Better Sir A. Layard had never turned a sod than that the natives should have been taught what was hidden in the soil, for they use their knowledge only to destroy. —[Athenæum.

—We called attention recently to an attempt to establish a fund the yearly interest of which would yield the sum of $300, for a prize scholarship for the "Harvard examination for women." The "Evening Post" has since received from one donor the entire sum required for this purpose ($6,000), together with the interest for one year in advance ($300). The gift has been made on the condition that the name of the donor shall not be disclosed.

—This pleasant little story concerning the most delightful of doctors is told by "The Boston Transcript:" A young Southern lady found beside her at a Boston dinner-party an old gentleman who wanted to know how she passed the time in the country with her old father. "Well—we read," answered Mademoiselle. "What do you read?" "Chiefly 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.'" "Don't you get very tired of it?" "Oh, no. When we get to the end we simply turn back to the beginning." The old gentleman chuckled, and made a remark implying that the "Autocrat" was no great thing among books—and Mademoiselle was rather surprised at his disparaging air. After dinner she demanded of her hostess the name of the very unappreciative old gentleman, and was told it was Dr. Holmes.

INQUIRING FRIENDS.

[Any subscriber sending an inquiry on any subject to The Christian Union, accompanied with a postage stamp, will receive a reply either through the columns of the paper or by personal letter. The answer will be given as promptly as practicable.]

Will you kindly give a clear, succinct, and brief answer to an inquiry from a son in college to his father? Also please refer to the best recent work to help young minds befogged in metaphysics to find their way out into the clear light of the truth. This is the inquiry: "Can you give me some help on this question? 'God is the Absolute Reason. Therefore why should we pray except as a means of worship and communion with God? For to ask a reasonable being to act reasonably is superfluous, as he cannot do otherwise; and to ask him to do an unreasonable act is to ask him to change his nature—*i. e.*, not to be God.' I cannot see that praying for rain or recovery from sickness, or any other material benefit, is of any use whatever, as such things are governed by eternal laws." * *

In renewing my subscription for Christian Union, permit me to extend to you my hearty good wishes for its continuance in prosperity. It requires such nerve and *faith* to boldly take a stand, *alone*, for right and justice! It seems much easier to drift with the current, but manhood is lost to the *drifter* when a known duty is left undone. One would suppose the church had reached the height of thought and did not desire further light. Paul did not claim to have even apprehended the whole of truth, much less comprehended the deep things of God. I am free to admit that, while I have had much of pleasure and, I hope, profit in reading The Christian Union, still sometimes when we ask for *bread* we get a *stone;* but often this comes from other pens, not The Christian Union. Many times in listening to others it would seem as though Belief and Faith were like a garment, to be put on at will and very easily adjusted, while it should be the result of evidence and logical conclusions. Take the matter of prayer, which has been discussed of late. Does God answer prayer and change his laws to conform to our wishes or prayers? We put on the garment *belief*, and answer, Certainly. I suppose every true prayer is answered; but true prayer says, "Thy will be done." It would seem to me that all the prayers that have ever been offered, or all that ever will be offered, combined, would not change God's ways one iota. There is no need of reasons for changing; his ways are exactly right and just. He has made no mistakes in his law; no need to repeal or revise. He has made no law that does not govern his own being. It remains for *man* to *make* and then *break* his own laws, for they are made with limitation of knowledge. I fail to see how a person can have a very high appreciation of God's intelligence, and desire that intelligence to change or modify to suit my short sighted desire or prayer. That cannot be the object of prayer, and must have been born of that crude idea that Christ came to *reconcile* God to our ways; but, rather, he came to reconcile us to God's ways, and the prayer should be to know his will and conform to his ways. To be out of harmony with God's laws, either spiritually or physically, brings disease, and, if continued, death. Nature comes, time and time again, to repair the body; so God's Spirit comes and strives to repair the injury, and both come whether we pray for it or not. Our prayer should be that we may receive what God is striving to give. The change that is needed is on our part, not God's. * *

Both these letters seem to us to assume a greater knowledge of God's nature and God's laws than we possess. Apart from that, may we not recognize the fact that what it is wise for God to do depends in some measure upon what we say, or do, or are ourselves. It may be wise for him to give us something if we care enough about it to ask for it, and if not it may be wise to withhold it. That conception of prayer which regards God as one who needs to be informed or as one who is measurably obdurate and needs to be entreated, we agree with our correspondents in thinking to be both irrational and unscriptural. But the notion that God is a being of emotions and thoughts, and that his emotions and thoughts are moved upon by our emotions and thoughts, is certainly concordant with the teaching of Scripture, and if the teaching of the schools involves a doctrine of Absolute Reason or of the unlimitedness of the Infinite which is inconsistent with this teaching, we answer by calling for some evidence that the doctrine of the schools is true. Prayer is communion with God, and there can be no real communion without some measure of mutuality. As to the philosophical objection presented in the letter of the college student, we recommend him to get from the library James Martineau's "Study of Religion," volume one, and read what he has to say in that volume respecting this difficulty.

In your comments on the Sunday-School Lesson in The Christian Union for March 1, you say, "Christ is to come again. In this second coming he will appear evidently and to all men as King." Will you kindly state exactly what you mean by his coming? Whether he will actually come in *person* among the inhabitants of the earth, and what the result of his coming will be. Will that time be the end of the world, and the destruction of the earth, as many believe and teach; or will the earth remain as it is, and Christ reign on it as King? Or will his coming be only spiritual? I am sincerely seeking light on this question, and will be very grateful to you for your plain and full ideas about it. C. H.

The Bible gives very little light in answer to these questions; and we doubt whether the most devout and careful student can get much more light in answer to them than the devout Jew got as to the first coming of the Messiah from the Old Testament prophecies. At all events, all that we are prepared to say is involved in these three general principles:

1. That as the Old Testament dispensation prepared the way for the New Testament, which grew out of it, so the New Testament will prepare the way for a third revelation of God in Christ.

2. This third revelation of God in Christ will be sudden, not gradual; like the lightning, not like the dawn (Matt. xiv., 27); and will be recognized by the most unspiritual, and therefore will be in some way manifested to the senses (Matt. xxiv., 30; Rev. vi., 15–17.)

3. It will be connected with the end of the present dispensation or redemptive eon or epoch, called in the Bible "the end of the world" (which does not mean, nor necessarily imply, the destruction of the material earth), and with the last judgment, which latter it will precede, but by how great a time distance, if by any, we are not clear that the Bible reveals.

More than this we are not prepared to say, all study of the New Testament prophecies only tending to make us more and more skeptical about the accuracy of other interpretations of them, and more and more diffident as to our own, in any matters of detail.

Will you kindly explain to me Matt. xxvii., 53? Your explanations of the passages in Paul's writings commonly thought to teach a literal resurrection of the body are quite satisfactory to my mind. B. C.

The story of the resurrection of believers at the time of the crucifixion of Christ appears only in Matthew. It is not an untenable supposition that it was an addition of a later date. At all events, the authenticity of the Gospels does not depend upon it. At the same time the literal resurrection of the body receives no more warrant from this incident than from the resurrection of Lazarus. The spirit may be called back to reanimate the body, but this fact does not indicate that all bodies will be miraculously preserved and restored in a general resurrection.

Will you kindly state whether you take literally the fifth and sixth lines of the verse of poetry which concludes your article, "Art Thou a King, Then?" in the issue of March 1, and greatly oblige D. W. L.

We regard these lines as figurative, not literal. In our judgment, the Bible not only does not teach, but contradicts, the doctrine of the literal resurrection of the body.

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1. Please give the name of the publishers of the Revised New Testament and Psalms, with American notes in the text and English notes as foot-notes.

1. The book you have in mind is published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; $1.

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1. Can any one tell me if the Shepherd Boy's song in "Pilgrim's Progress," or any other of the verses in that book, are set to music? 2. Who is the author of, and where can I find, a poem written for a child, of which one of the verses, I think the first, is this:

"Busiest creatures happiest are;
Things that grow the fairest,
Pleasures we must strive to win,
Believe me, are the rarest. E. D. P.

A PLEA FOR JAPAN.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

WILL you allow a seven years' resident of Tokio, Japan, to address a few words to your readers in regard to the present political crisis in Japan? I am moved to do this on account of the article in the Outlook of February 23. I fear that the *résumé* of the "Nation's" production may leave a very erroneous impression on the minds of those who read it. I admire the firmness with which The Christian Union stands up for right and justice everywhere and to all persons. I feel quite sure that you would not willingly misrepresent any person or any people, and that you will do all in your power to counteract any injurious effects from the article referred to above.

I am sorry to say that the writer in the "Nation" very plainly shows his animus. It is derived, I should say, from one of the two rival English newspapers published in Yokohama. One of these papers is friendly to Japan, the other is not. The "Nation" says that the friendly newspaper is subsidized by the Japanese Government. I have heard that story before, but never have had proofs of its truth. In fact, I have no reason to believe that it is true; on the contrary, I think the story originates from the rival sheet. As regards the relative value of the two papers, ask any of the Christian foreign residents in Japan, and I think you would get but one answer.

Tracing, as I think I can, the representations of the "Nation" back to their source, I am compelled to say I think they cannot be reliable. At all events, I would like the privilege of presenting that "other side" which belongs to every story.

Let us for a moment try to realize Japan's present perilous condition. Her progress in material civilization has certainly been phenomenal; so phenomenal, in fact, that we are apt to expect too much of her, overrating, as we do, her real status. Just at present the Western world is horrified at what is called absolutism in Japan. On December 26, 580 persons were summarily banished from Tokio. A co-worker of mine, now in Tokio, writes thus: "On Christmas Day there was an Imperial rescript which caused great excitement. One report has it that there was a plot to set fire to several sections of the city, and last of all to some buildings close to the palace. The gun would be fired off, and every loyal citizen would fly to the aid of the Emperor. During the confusion they were to assassinate the principal officers of the Cabinet; and after that I know not what. True or not, they say they caught them just in time, and the order came that these men were to leave Tokio immediately. They were mostly Yosa (a province of Japan) men, and were notified at 8 A. M. to leave before 3 P. M. the same day. Police escorts were furnished each man. Some, of course, objected, and wanted to know why they were sent away. They were immediately popped into jail, and are still there: some condemned, for contempt of the Imperial command, to two years' service and one year's police surveillance afterward. The air is full of rumors of others implicated, whom the police are watching closely."

To one who knows nothing of the real state of things in Japan, such action as this looks like absolutism. But one who has lived in Tokio for some years will not be inclined to judge too harshly. Under the circumstances, what else could the Government have done? Supposing the plans of the insurrectionists had been carried out, what would have been the result? Who would have taken the places of the assassinated Cabinet? Men abler than those at present in office? If so, I know not who they would be. The men who have the helm of state now have been guiding the good ship through a most perilous channel, and she has been sailing safely. It would be perilous in the extreme to change pilots now. And Count Ito, Minister-President of State, and Count Inouye, until last summer the Minister of Foreign Affairs, are both most able statesmen and diplomats. Perhaps, all things considered, no country has their superiors. Under the leadership of these men, Japan has been preparing for a constitutional government in 1890. What is that government to be? Surely not democratic like our own government. Such a thing would be an impossibility. Even the government of Great Britain would be impracticable at first.

When a nation has been for centuries under an absolute monarchy it cannot at once change to a purely representative government. I believe the masses in Japan to be by no means ready for the franchise. The Government knows this fact, and yet the clamor is so great something must be done to silence it. Who can say from absolute knowledge that the Government is not doing the best it can do? It is in a hard position. Deep down under the surface is the current of the old conservatism and anti-foreign element. On the surface, bubbling here and there, are the eddies of fanatical radicalism. Both of these are dangerous to the safety of the country. When one of these elements shows itself as strongly as it has just done, nothing but the quickest and most severe action on the part of the Government can crush it and so preserve peace. If the incipient insurrection of December had not been as promptly dealt with as it was, probably Japan to-day would be in a state of anarchy. I think that under the same circumstances any other government would have done as Japan has done. Leave her alone and she will come out all right. I wish I could give you the reasons for this belief on my part, but it would make too long an article. I will simply say that the Christian missionaries in Japan see God's hand at work. Japan has made a mistake. She has tried to take her part in the world's arena, destitute of the morality which alone can make a nation great. She evidently sees her mistake, and is now working earnestly to obtain enough Christian leaven to allow herself to be called a Christian country. She will soon be nominally a Christian nation. She is rapidly becoming such. But if harebrained youthful fanatics are to take the reins in their hands, Japan's true progress will be severely checked. I think that the intentions of the Cabinet are right ones. If only Count Ito's numerous critics would attempt to fill his place for a while, they would soon find out how onerous his duties are.

In spite of this last threatened outbreak, my Japan papers which arrived yesterday give full accounts and translations of revised press regulations which are much more liberal than ever before.

There is a great deal to be said on the subject of Japan's present political status. I cannot write more, as I see that even this article will be too long for your columns. I will close with a quotation from the "Japan Mail" of December 31: "One marked feature of the recent agitation was a Tokioward gravitation of men whose title to meddle in political affairs was for the most part of the slenderest possible description. That these people should come to the capital and present petitions, though an exceptional, was not, perhaps, an unnatural, proceeding. But that they should remain in Tokio and plan combined measures of forcing their views upon the Government was scarcely tolerable as a matter of peace and good order. The longer they stayed, too, the more deeply did they become pledged to show some fruit of their journey, and the greater did the temptation become—especially to the young bloods among them—to attempt some striking 'coup.' Japanese enthusiasts are dangerous out of proportion to their actual strength, inasmuch as, once fairly embarked upon an undertaking, they cease to set any value on their lives. From every point of view it is desirable that these irresponsible agitators should be compelled to return to their native provinces, there to resume the occupations which they abandoned for objects that do not lie within their sphere at all." B.

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At a special meeting of the Board of Directors of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children held on Tuesday of last week, resolutions were adopted in memory of the late Henry Bergh which so well express the sentiment of the general public interested in humanity and philanthropy that we transfer them in part to our columns:

"*Resolved*, That in the death of Mr Bergh the cause of humanity throughout the world has sustained a deep and irreparable loss. His lifelong devotion to the alleviation of suffering in the dumb creation; his patient perseverance in securing proper legislation for their protection from abuse; his zealous and vigorous enforcement of the laws enacted in their behalf; and, finally, as the crowning act of his long and useful life, his organization of this society for the prevention of cruelty to helpless little children as a natural outgrowth of his humane work, endear his memory to mankind at large, and reflect honor on the country which gave him birth, on the city in which he lived, and on the societies of his creation.

"*Resolved*, That the American people have just cause to be proud of Henry Bergh as one of the most eminent men of the present century. Thoroughly an American, he made his nationality known in every branch of the work to which he consecrated his life, and in every walk of society which he adorned. An elegant scholar, refined and cultivated in his manners, gentle and sympathetic in his disposition, his pleas for the oppressed met with quick response and hearty appreciation by all who knew and loved him. He lived to see his labors crowned with success, himself revered and honored everywhere, and the condition of the helpless brute creation elevated by his efforts beyond his most sanguine expectations. He has passed away in the prime of life, with a character unsullied, and his name will be recorded in history among those great philanthropists whom posterity will ever hold in increasing reverence and respect."

FATAL GOOD NATURE.

The Rambler remembers reading, long, long ago, in one of Lord Lytton's novels, about the morning walk of a fatally good natured man, a man whose so-called good nature, whose so-called good heart, consisted in a weak unwillingness to say *No* to anybody. Rather than take the trouble and summon the resolution to say *No* to a person present before him (though, perhaps, a perfect stranger), he would run the risk of doing no end of harm to other people.

In the course of his walk, a young man asked for alms. The gentleman, rather than make the effort necessary to refuse, instead of taking the time to learn something in the premises, gave the beggar half a sovereign, and thus dissipated a half-formed purpose in the young man's mind to go to work, and made him a beggar for life.

Then some one asked him about the character of a servant. The gentleman knew the servant to be dishonest and unprincipled; but it would be some trouble to say these things and to furnish the proof, and he would never be thanked for it; so he recommended the servant; in the end, the servant robbed the employer and tried to cut his throat.

Then somebody wants to be introduced to A. B., a young man of fortune; the gentleman knows the person making the request to be a sharper and villain; but it would be a trouble to refuse the introduction, and so he gives it; and in the end, the young man A. B is well-nigh ruined in property and morals.

And so on, all through. After his walk he returns to his home with a glow of self-satisfaction at his heart, but having in that short walk (says the author of "Disowned") done as much injury as he could well have done had he been a most malignant enemy of the human race.

There is a very large lesson here. It is not easy to say how much harm is done by a good-natured, easy-going, kind-hearted man, who is incapable of saying *No*.

The Rambler ventures to suggest to the conductor of this esteemed and prized sheet that the members of the editorial profession may well profit by the lesson. The editor is constantly asked to recommend this and that man, object, book. To do so will please the applicant; to refuse will bring the ill-will of the applicant and will bring no thanks from any human being. But the editor ought (it seems to the Rambler) to consider himself as the guardian and representative of the large public whom he never sees as against the small public which the editor sees often. As for his reward—well, it is enough if he hope one of these days to reach that world where (no doubt) editors are appreciated, and where there are no unpaid subscriptions, no obituaries, and where no one borrows his neighbor's paper.—[National Baptist.

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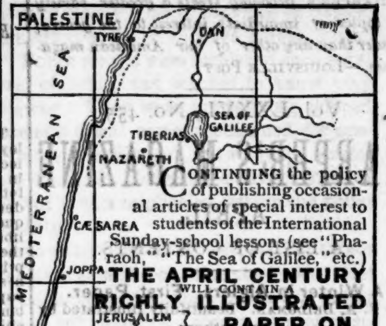

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TEMPERANCE NEWS.

A DEFENSE OF STIMULANTS.

The Christian Union believes so thoroughly in the strength of the temperance cause that it does not believe in protecting it from the attacks of its opponents. Especially does it not believe in this when the attacks are made in good spirit, and contain at least elements of truth. During the past week we have received a little book which bears upon its cover the title "Stimulants. Emerson." We opened it with a feeling that, since the dead have rights which the living are bound to respect, any man named Emerson who publishes a book ought to have the modesty and good taste to print his initials. However, the initials are not necessary to distinguish this work from those of Ralph Waldo. The writer, Mr. J. M. Emerson, has devoted a great deal of research to the medicinal effects of alcohol, and the authorities which he quotes are those which have rank in the medical profession. He takes the position that alcohol, even if it does not supply and build up tissues, prevents waste, sustains the vital forces, and prolongs life. The first authority which he quotes is Professor Binz, of Bonn University, who says:

"Alcohol is incapable, as far as we know, of supplying material to build up the tissues; but when given in small doses, oft repeated, especially in the case of a sick person, it may be said to surpass all other substances as a species of an easily burned fuel, from whose combustion the heat required to generate vital force may be derived. Though it may furnish actually no new building material, it spares the reserve supply of fat in the body, which would otherwise have to be burned to give the necessary warmth."

He next quotes Liebig and a number of French physicians, who take substantially the same position. He then cites several examples to show how far alcohol may serve as a substitute for food. The most remarkable of these are the following:

"Dr. Anstie mentions the case of a man, eighty-three years of age, who took one bottle of gin per day for twenty years, and during all that time ate only one small finger-length of toasted bread a day. The same author reports that two female patients subsisted on nothing but alcohol for months.

"One case was that of a man in the middle class of life who subsisted for several months entirely on spirits and water, remaining all the while in good health and condition.

"Another was that of a young man who ate no solid food for five years, and for the last two subsisted on brandy and water. He kept his flesh and his good spirits to the last, and died from valvular disease of the heart, from which he had suffered before his appetite failed."

He then urges that alcohol supplies an equally important function in aiding digestion. He quotes Dr. Brunton, of England, who says, "Alcohol increases the secretion of gastric juice and the movements of the stomach, thus aiding digestion. It dilates the blood vessels, increases the force and frequency of the heart's action, imparts a feeling of comfort, and facilitates bodily or mental labor."

Yet, in spite of holding these positions regarding the salutary effects of alcohol, Mr. Emerson admits that to its misuse is due a large part of the "human degradation existing in our midst," "the numberless and awful crimes committed by drunkards, and the moral disheavelment and physical destruction of multitudes of victims of the drink habit and those dependent upon them." He finds that the source of these evils is the saloon, which creates temptations and sells adulterated and poisonous liquors. He therefore believes that the saloon should be restricted, though he fiercely condemns those who would limit a man's right to drink in his home. Like most other men who pride themselves on the temperateness of their temperance views, he finds the true cure for whisky drinking to be wine drinking. "Pure wines," he says, "made from the juice of the grape, with no added alcohol, not only do not lead to a taste to strong drinks, but are in most cases the best cure for drunkenness." He would have the most stringent legislation to prevent the drugging of liquors, and he would have the sale of the milder and less intoxicating beverages favored by the State. He is a thorough believer in the principles of high license. What he says about alcohol serving as a substitute for food is merely an overstatement of a fact which most of us are prepared to acknowledge. Alcohol does prevent the waste of our tissues, but this is rarely a healthful process. Our tissues should be wasted and new ones take their place instead of having the old ones preserved in alcohol. In the report of the Commission on Alcoholic Liquors appointed by the Swiss Government, which was noted in our columns, it was pointed out that that section of the people whose food supply was least nutritious were often compelled to use alcohol in order to carry them through the day's work. But the Commission reported that this strength came from the using up of the reserve powers, and soon resulted in the physical wreck of the men. Alcohol certainly has its uses, but these uses are rather to tide one over in an emergency than to help one who is in normal condition. The use of alcohol is like the borrowing of money; a day of payment must come, and the payment must be made, with interest, which is usually so heavy as to involve bankruptcy.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

This week we are indebted to the bulletin of the Woman's Christian Union for a number of items regarding temperance work. One of these summarizes the report made by Colonel Switzler, of the National Bureau of Statistics, at the request of the National Druggists' Association, regarding the proportion of liquors consumed in this country used in the arts and manufactures. His estimate is that only 7.2 per cent. is thus used. This estimate is of special importance at this particular time, since Congress is considering the expediency of remitting the tax upon alcohol used in the arts as one of the means of reducing the surplus. It is being urged that hatters, soap makers, barbers, drug manufacturers, varnish-makers, patent medicine men, jewelers, and a great many others use high proof spirits in large quantities. But if, all told, this consumption amounts to but 7.2 per cent. of the alcohol produced, the reduction in the surplus thus effected is of little importance compared with the fraud which the exemption of manufacturers from taxation would make inevitable.

The liquor dealers in New Jersey are trying in various ways to evade the payment of the higher license demanded by the new law by renewing their licenses before May 1. Fortunately, the modification of local ordinance is generally necessary before new licenses can be secured, and the Republicans in the Legislature are keeping up their courageous fight by introducing an act forbidding such renewals. This act is now being advanced as rapidly as the rules of the House will allow.

In spite of all that has been said of the fondness of negro ministers for bitters, the colored Baptists of Tennessee cannot be accused of lacking in zeal for temperance. Their State convention has adopted the following resolution: "*Resolved*, That no minister be allowed to preach the Gospel who fought prohibition during the late canvass; they will not be recognized hereafter by this convention." This is what might be called an *ex post facto* boycott.

Governor Hill, of New York, has sent to the Legislature a message recommending the appointment of an excise commission which shall revise the intricate and often incongruous excise laws now upon the statute books. He believes that a revised excise law, broad in its scope, complete in its details, would subserve the highest interests of the people and promote the better administration of the laws. The bill which has been presented to the Legislature in accordance with these suggestions designates as members of the Commission Austin Abbott, Howard Crosby, George Thomann, Attorney-General O'Brien, and John Hodge. Each commissioner is to be paid a salary of $3,000 for his services.

General Fisk says: "High license is not a step toward prohibition, but toward perdition." The "Voice" says: "High license does restrict; it restricts prohibition."

W. C. T. U. NOTES.—The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of New York State is circulating a petition, to be presented to the Legislature, asking for the enactment of a law granting municipal suffrage to women. The municipal suffrage bill before the Iowa Legislature has been favorably reported by the committee.—Mansfield (Ohio) high school has set apart a "temperance day" and given out topics to the pupils on the leading workers of the present time.

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PRIMITIVE PRINTING IN FAR CATHAY.

A correspondent of the "North China Daily News" of Shanghai describes a printing establishment which he found in a village in the interior, about 150 miles from Shanghai. The printing was being temporarily carried on in the village temple, and movable type only was used. In the large central hall of the temple were placed about twenty ordinary square tables, on which the cases of type were spread out. At the time of the visit one man was engaged in setting up type, an other was printing. The former stood before a table, on which was what might be called the Chinese "case." It was a solid block of hard wood, about twenty-two inches long by fifteen inches broad, and perhaps three inches deep. The inside was hollowed to a depth of about a quarter of an inch, this depression being still further hollowed out in grooves about three-quarters of an inch deep. The block had twenty-nine of these grooves, each filled to the depth of a quarter of an inch with ordinary stiff clay. With his copy before him, armed with a small pair of iron pincers, the compositor began his work; character after character was transferred from the case and firmly pressed into the clay. When the "form" was complete a flat board was placed on the top and the characters pressed perfectly even and level with the surface of the wooden block, the edge of which was cut to form the border generally found round every Chinese page. The printer now received the form and carefully brushed his ink over the type. Taking a sheet of paper, he pressed it down all over the form so that it might be brought in contact with every character. He then removed the sheet and examined each character, carefully adjusting those which were not quite straight with the pincers, and apparently never touching the type with his fingers. After sufficient copies had been struck off, the type was distributed, each character being returned to its particular box. The writer was told that the art of printing in this way had been was handed down in the same family since the Sung dynasty, more than 600 years ago. No strangers were ever taught, apprentices being always taken from the same clan.—[Pall Mall Budget.

SLIGHT CIRCUMSTANCES.

It is stated that when Leopold von Ranke began to collect facts for his History, a singular accident occurred in his native town. A bridge gave way one morning, and some persons were swept away in the current beneath. Von Ranke, who was absent at the time, on his return inquired into the details of the catastrophe. "I saw the bridge fall," said one of the neighbors. 'A heavy wain had just passed over it, and weakened it. Two women were on it when it fell, and a soldier on a white horse." "I saw it fall," declared another; "but the wain had passed over it two hours previous. The foot-passengers were children, and the rider was a civilian on a black horse." "Now," argued Von Ranke, "if it is impossible to learn the truth about an accident which happened at broad noonday only twenty-four hours ago, how can I declare any fact to be certain which is shrouded in the darkness of ten centuries?" To this trivial incident—which to many persons would have borne no lesson—was due much of his caution and impartiality.

A few moments' consideration will convince any one that some of the most momentous crises in history have hinged upon very slight circumstances. A glass of wine, for instance, changed the history of France for nearly twenty years. Louis Philippe, King of the French, had a son, the Duke of Orleans, and heir to the throne, who always drank only a certain number of glasses of wine, because even one more made him tipsy. On a memorable morning he forgot to count the number of his glasses, and took one more than usual. When entering his carriage he stumbled, frightening the horses, and causing them to run. In attempting to leap from the carriage his head struck the pavement, and he soon died. That glass of wine overthrew the Orleans rule, confiscated their property of £20 000 000, and sent the whole family into exile.

If Mr. Grenville had not carried, in 1765, his memorable resolution as to the expediency of charging stamp duties on the plantations of America, the Western world might still be under British rule. In connection with this matter there is another slight, albeit remarkable, circumstance, which may be told in Thackeray's own words. "It was strange," says he, "that in a savage forest of Pennsylvania a young Virginian officer should fire a shot and waken up a war which was to last for sixty years, which was to cover his own country and pass into Europe, to cost France her American colonies, to sever ours from us, and create the great Western republic; to rage over the Old World when extinguished in the New; and of all the myriads engaged in the vast conquest, to leave the prize of the greatest fame with him who struck the first blow."

If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, says Pascal, the condition of the world would have been different. His meaning is that if Cleopatra had had a nose short to deformity, she would have failed to attract Antony, who would not have been drawn into the conduct which culminated in the loss of the battle of Actium, which loss made way for the close of the Roman Republic in the inauguration of the Roman Empire.

Dyspepsia has been the cause of many momentous crises. A leg of mutton is said to have controlled the tide of Leipsic's battle; and the consequences of the indigestion of a certain duchess are proverbial.

The great failure of the potato crop in Ireland cannot be called a slight circumstance, yet it was comparatively slight compared with the momentous changes which it brought about; for the repeal of the corn laws was hastened by the potato famine. As Lord Beaconsfield has observed, "This mysterious but universal sickness of a single root changed the history of the world."—[Chambers's Journal.

SPELLING REFORM PLEDGE.

Those who believe in the gradual reform of English spelling by striking at the worst absurdities first will be interested in the following:

I hereby giv my name to be used in the list of advocates of spelling reform, and agree to adopt for general use the simplified spellings indicated by the number following my signature. The numbers signify:—I wil—

1. Use the simplified forms allowed by standard dictionaries, as *program*, *favor*, etc.

2. Use the Two Words: *tho*, *thru*.

3. Use the Ten Words: *tho*, *thru*, *wisht*, *catalog*, *definit*, *hav*, *giv*, *liv*, *gard*, *ar*.

4. Use the Two Rules: (1) Use *f* for *ph* sounded as *f*, as in *alfabet*, *fantom*, *filosofy*, etc. (2) Use *t* for *d* or *ed* final sounded as *t*, as in *fixt*, *tipt*, *stopt*, *clast*, *crost*, *distrest*, etc.

5. Use the Five Rules: (1) and (2) as in 4. (3) Drop *a* from digraf *ea* sounded as short *e* as in *hed*, *helth*, *sted*, etc. (4) Drop final *e* silent in a short syllable, as in *hav*, *giv*, *liv*, *forbad*, *reptil*, *hostil*, *engin*, *infinit*, *opposit*, *activ*, etc. (5) When a word ends with a double letter, omit the last, as in *eb*, *ad*, *staf*, *stif*, *stuf*, *eg*, *shal*, *wil*, *tel*, *wel*, *dul*, *lul*, etc.

6. Use the 24 Joint Rules of the American and English Philological Associations.

7. Use all changes recommended by the Philological Associations.

The rules ar brief; changes that suggest a wrong pronunciation ar excepted. Ful information on request.

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per annum first mort gages on productive Real Estate. Loans approved by Tacoma National Bank. BEST OF REFERENCES

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Surplus, $385,016

In our Savings Department, in sums of **$5 to $200**, paying 4 38/100 % annual interest, Savings Certificates are exchangeable for Securities mentioned below, and are also payable in cash on demand. In the MORTGAGE DEPARTMENT in amounts of $300 and upwards, at 5% interest, payable half yearly. In the 16 years and 10 months we have been in business we have loaned $11,156,430, and $6,794,690 of interest and principal was returned promptly to investors. Principal and interest fully guaranteed by Capital and surplus of $1,105,016. In other departments, up to 10% is assured. More than a Million Dollars have thus been invested, returns on which average largely in excess of Ten per cent.

J. B. WATKINS LAND MORTGAGE CO.
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.
New York Mng'r, HENRY DICKINSON, 243 Broadway.

NATIONAL LOAN & TRUST CO.,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.
ESTABLISHED 19 YEARS.

PAID-UP CAPITAL INCREASED TO $200,000. | HAVE LOANED NEARLY $5,000,000.

Real Estate Mortgage Loans Debenture Bonds.

Our loans are carefully selected in good localities. Every piece of property personally inspected. We are prepared to give investors the benefit of our judgment and experience, based on the above Correspondence solicited, and all inquiries cheerfully answered.
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Correspondents: Hanover National Bank, New York; National Bank North America, Boston.

6% and 7% LOANS

On improved city property in the cities of ST. PAUL AND DULUTH, MINN.

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18 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

BUSHNELL & BUSHNELL,
REAL ESTATE & PRIVATE BANKERS,
365 Robert Street, Cor. 5th,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Investments made. Money loaned. Interest coupons collected. We have a very large list of property in St. Paul and its environs. Reference: First National Bank, St. Paul Trust Co., National German-American Bank, St. Paul, Minn. Correspondence solicited.

THE MIDDLESEX BANKING CO
MIDDLETOWN, CONN.
Capital Stock, Paid up - - $500,000

6 PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURE BONDS

and Mortgage Notes Guaranteed. Interest payable at National Bank of the Republic, N.Y. Under same supervision as Savings Banks. Chartered 1872. The amount of outstanding obligation Limited by Statute.
Offices: Boston, 54 Equitable Building; New York, 1 Wall St. Philadelphia, 512 Walnut St.

6% GOLD THE AMERICAN INVESTMENT CO.,
150 Nassau Street, New York,
Offer extraordinary inducements in
INVESTMENT SECURITIES,
ALL GUARANTEED.
Assets, Oct. 1st, 1887, $1,868,836.63.
Send for full information and references.

SAFEST OF ALL INVESTMENTS.

First Mortgage Bonds 7 to 8 per cent. Semi-Annual Interest. Negotiated by W. B. CLARK INVESTMENT CO., in sums of $200 and upwards. Prompt Payment of Principal and Interest Coupons made and remitted to lender without charge. BEST LOCATION IN THE UNION. Fifteen years' experience. Ample Capital. Wide connections. Refer to the "Congregationalist." Send for Form, Circular, and references before you invest elsewhere.

W. B. CLARK INVESTMENT CO.,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

SIX PER CENT. Income Securities

Call or write for circulars.

New England Loan and Trust Company,
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DEBENTURE BONDS
Secured by First Mortgage Loans deposited with the
BOSTON SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO.
FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS.
Principal and Interest Guaranteed.

The Farnsworth Loan
Minneapolis, | & REALTY CO. | Minnesota.
SOLICITED. Offer strictly choice First Mortgage Loans bearing 6 to 7 per cent. interest, well secured on selected properties in Minneapolis and St. Paul. *Perfect title, absolute security, prompt payment, good character, our invariable requirements.* We collect and remit principal and interest free to lender. Send for pamphlet containing forms and references East and West.

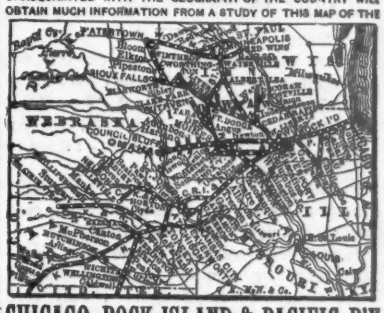
Connecticut General Life Insurance Company.
23d ANNUAL STATEMENT,
JANUARY 1st, 1888
(Condensed.)

Receipts in Year 1887,	$296,061 08
Disbursements "	204,412 98
Assets, Jan'y 1st, 1888,	$1,716,606 23
Liabilities, " "	1,296,365 36

Surplus to Policy Holders by Conn. and Mass. Standard, $420,240 87
Of which $181,001.44 is a special reserve due to Savings Endowment policies.

T. W. RUSSELL, Pres't.
F. V. HUDSON, Sec'y.

A MAN
UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY WILL OBTAIN MUCH INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE



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Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska R'y
"Great Rock Island Route."
Extends West and Southwest from Kansas City and St. Joseph to NELSON, HORTON,, BELLEVILLE, TOPEKA, HERRINGTON, WICHITA, HUTCHINSON, CALDWELL, and all points in KANSAS AND SOUTHERN NEBRASKA and beyond. Entire passenger equipment of the celebrated Pullman manufacture. All safety appliances and modern improvements.

The Famous Albert Lea Route
Is the favorite between Chicago, Rock Island, Atchison, Kansas City and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Its Watertown branch traverses the great
"WHEAT AND DAIRY BELT"
of Northern Iowa, Southwestern Minnesota, and East Central Dakota to Watertown, Spirit Lake, Sioux Falls and many other towns and cities.

The Short Line via Seneca and Kankakee offers superior facilities to travel to and from Indianapolis, Cincinnati and other Southern points.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply at any Coupon Ticket Office or address

E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Manager. E. A. HOLBROOK, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt.
CHICAGO, ILL.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1888.

THE MISSIONARY FUND.

ANOTHER SUBSCRIPTION.

Publisher Christian Union:

I inclose $10 which I wish you would use in sending the Union to home missionaries or ministers who are preaching and cannot afford to take it, if you know such, as I have no doubt you do.

Very truly yours, O. W. N.

[This brings the Fund up to $270.—PUB. C. U.]

HOW THE GIFTS ARE APPRECIATED

Mr. ——:

DEAR SIR,—Mrs. Caswell, of the American Home Missionary Rooms, tells me that it is to your kindness that I owe the weekly visits of The Christian Union. Please accept my hearty thanks for the same. In its earlier days I was a constant reader of the paper, but have not felt able to take it since I have been on Home Missionary ground.

Sincerely and gratefully yours, J. O.

DAVID CITY, Neb., March 5, 1888.

Publisher Christian Union:

Have received yours of February 3 that "a friend of missionaries has authorized us to send you The Christian Union for one year." I shall be especially glad to have it, as I value your paper beyond any other. Thanking our friend at Malden, I am

Yours fraternally, W. H. B.

PUKWANA, Brulé Co., Dakota, March 9, 1888.

A NECESSITY.

To the Editors of the Christian Union:

DEAR SIRS,—The time to renew my subscription has come.

The Christian Union has come to be a necessity at our home. I don't know how I can get along without it; nor how am I going to pay for it. Can you not manage to send it to a Home Missionary for a little less? Small salary and a large family of six makes it hard to pay for a paper that is absolutely necessary.

I don't ask this because the paper is not worth all you ask for it, but because it is so good, and hard for me to find the money to pay for it.

Please let me know what you can do for me; in the meantime do not stop the paper at present. Yours truly, M.

HAMILTON, Mo., March 12, 1888.

Dear Sir:

I have lately received intimations that the subscription to The Christian Union which stands to my name has expired. For this I am truly sorry, for there is nothing that can take its place, but I fear I cannot afford to subscribe another year.

I should not have let it run along, but I did not know but the same friends who sent it to me last year were continuing it.

It was sent last year to me as a Home Missionary by a class in the Hammond Street Church School, Bangor. If they have not renewed it, I am afraid I shall have to lose it. Perhaps they have—will you see? and oblige, (REV.) S. W.

HOLDEN, Me., March 8, 1888.

MOTTOES.

[To be continued.]

A FEW COMPETITORS.

Not credulity, but faith; not license, but liberty; not creeds but Christ.

The past sifted to make its "good seed" the nucleus of future growth. M. G. D.

BALLSTON, N. Y.

"Nothing that keeps thought out is safe from thought."

"Worshipers of light ancestral make the present light a crime." J. W. A.

AGNEW, Neb.

(Selected.)

The true charity is not that which thinks lightly of evil, but that which is slow to believe in it.—[James Martineau.

There is a trust that is better than any security, and a wisdom that is better than any joy.—[Idem.

Nothing so marks the degeneracy of modern Christianity as the notion that faith is only opinion.—[Idem.

If there is nothing celestial without us, it is because all is earthly within.—[Idem.

(Original.)

If the Past is divine, the Present is more divine. G. S. P.

NEW YORK CITY.

"Justice always and for all." A. L. O. S.

CLEVELAND, Ohio.

"Live pure, speak true, right wrong,
Else wherefore born?" MRS. J. W. E.

ST. PAUL, Minn.

"Real philosophy seeks rather to solve than to deny."

"A heart unspotted is not easily daunted." MRS. S. D.

WASHINGTON, Ga.

"Would you know true happiness? Try the reckless rapture of self-forgetfulness."

"Get thy spindle and distaff ready, and the Lord will send the flax." ANONYMOUS.

March 2, 1888.

A SINGLE MOTTO—SHORT.

The Christian Union Company:

Will you kindly explain whether you mean a three years' subscription for the best motto or for the best eleven mottoes? Then must the mottoes be as brief as your present one? Yours truly, A. L. B.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN."

BY H. H.

"THE MORAL USES OF LUXURY AND BEAUTY."

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We have a limited number of above reprints from The Christian Union in pamphlet form, which we will send to any of our subscribers who will send us stamp for return postage.

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Publisher Christian Union:

At what price can you furnish covers in which to file The Christian Union which can be removed and used again?

E. E. W.

WOOLEN UNDERWEAR AGAIN.

Publisher of The Christian Union:

The sanitarian, that has made a study of the relation of clothing to the physiology of the human constitution, will heartily thank you for your able article on the subject of woolen underwear in the "Desk" columns of a recent issue of The Christian Union. It is a valuable contribution to his invaluable work, and a positive benefaction to those who will accept its sound doctrine and give heed to its wholesome counsel. It is saying in a good way, at the right time, and in the best place—the columns of a religious journal—one of the things most needed to be said; and what, substantially, many of the leading journals in this country and abroad are saying with an emphasis inspired by a scientific appreciation of the subject, and with an exceptional approach to unanimity on all the essential points.

In view of the general excellence of your article, it might seem ungracious to intimate that there are some points which require qualification; and yet we ask leave to offer a few suggestions which point in that direction.

Though setting forth with unmistakable clearness the great importance of wearing woolen next to the skin, and giving most cogent reasons for so doing, you say

"Or, if one desire the silk, why not demand that it should be placed on the inner surface of the garment, where it will protect the skin from the irritating effects of the woolen fibers?"

Either you forget, for the moment, the demonstrated superiority of woolen, as a stimulant of the cutaneous exhalations, or you suggest the permissibility, if not advisability (instead of squarely protesting against it), of an inner stratum of silk on the undergarment, as a choice of evils, in view of the irritating qualities of woolens.

It is not unlikely that there is now and then a person whose skin is so peculiarly sensitive that it cannot endure a woolen garment of any kind. Nevertheless, it is our conviction that any supposed or apparent irritating quality of the finer woolen fabric is rather due to a torpid or morbid condition of the skin of the wearer, and an indication that the garment he rejects is the very thing he should persist in wearing, till its stimulation has had its due restorative effect, and the garment becomes a comfort and a delight to him. Of course this is to be expected only of those softer and finer woolen fabrics such as are found in the finest grades produced under the Jaeger system. They look like silk, they feel like it, and cannot possibly irritate from any sharpness or roughness of fabric or fiber. The really irritating factor is some acrid element of mischief lurking in the skin, which the innate medicinal (stimulating) properties of the woolen fiber set in motion and eliminate, to the speedy relief and permanent well-being of the patient. In a word, the irritation is not the fault of the fabric, but a symptom, and a sign of needed expurgation. This once done, there will be no further question as to the suitableness, agreeableness, and healthfulness of woolen underwear.

As to the reality of the properties referred to, as inherent in the constituents of the woolen fiber, there is ample evidence if it should be required. Indeed, it is these very properties, more than anything else, that make woolen fabrics so pre-eminently the clothing for the human body.

Most appropriately may we introduce here the following passage from a previous number of The Christian Union:

"The worst poison for the human body is the dead matter which is being in some way perpetually thrown off from it. If any of the great excreting arrangements are blocked up, and the pores of the skin are not cleansed, there is an accumulation of this dead material, much of which is of a deadly nature, and is more or less absorbed by the mucous surfaces, or through the absorbent system gets into the blood and circulation again; and wherever the blood goes, there it diffuses this poisonous matter."—[Henry Ward Beecher.

Bearing in mind that the poisonous matter above mentioned is chiefly contained in the "moisture" so frequently referred to in your "Desk" article, and that the woolen garment is powerfully promotive of the excretion and dispersion, by evaporation, of this moisture, when not intercepted by an overlying texture of cotton, linen, or silk, the value of your argument for woolen clothing, as a hygienic expedient, is immensely enhanced.

You "specially recommend red flannel drawers for ladies' wear." Because, as you would have it understood, "colored underwear is much more trustworthy than white merinos [*i. e.*, cotton and woolen mixed], since the very presence of the dye indicates that at least a large portion of the threads are covered with wool, if not woolen."

We think it may well be questioned whether the fact that the color may be an aid to the purchasers in securing more or less of wool in their purchases would be a sufficient compensation for the risk of poisoning, so frequently occurring from wearing colored flannels. Even the purest of these dyes are not, under all conditions of physical contact, free from these poisonous capabilities. Besides, the dye, to be "fast," must take hold chemically upon the substance of the animal fiber, producing some measure of change undoubtedly detractive from its hygienic virtues. Yet some concessions must be made to the demand for variety in color. But these should be made in the line of garments not worn next to the skin. Hence, in the Jaeger system, preference is given to the undyed, pure white, and especially to the *natural gray*, in various shades, produced by a mixture of the white with the so-called black wools, which, as you have stated, possess the additional advantage of a minimum liability to shrink.

Waiving, out of respect to your space, some minor points on which we had thought to offer a word, we ask the favor of a few lines in relation to the thoroughly scientific and common-sense article in the preceding issue upon the "Buying of Shoes."

One could have wished that, before writing that article, you had seen the "Jaeger shoe." It seems to be the perfect embodiment of your ideal shoe. It is entirely lined with a pure, fine woolen, woven cloth, and has not only the soft, woolen felt sole that you commend so highly, and so wisely, but a pair of them, with an intervening "open-work" leather sole, constituting a system communicating, by a tube in the upper part of the heel, opening posteriorly, with the open air, permitting, under the motion of the foot in walking, etc., a free ingress and egress of air, thus securing complete ventilation of the interior of the shoe and the foot—a great benefit to every one and a special boon to people annoyed by excessive perspiration, or other disorders of the feet.

If in these comments there should seem to be a visible leaning toward the German Doctor's theory and practice, it may be accounted for by the fact that the writer has studied the one and tried the other, and is, at all essential points, without any investment in his wares, save what he wears upon his back, a thoroughgoing JAEGERITE.

NEW YORK March 6, 1888.

BARNUM'S MENAGERIE.

Judging from the crowded condition of the many very elegant animal cages in the double menageries of the Barnum and London new shows, now in Madison Square Garden, Mr. Barnum and his partner, Mr. Bailey, would appear to have retrieved all their losses by the fire in Bridgeport last winter. Certainly the showing of rare specimens of wild beasts was as good as ever before, while the exhibition of trained animals—trained to perform many difficult and clever tricks—is upon a grand scale indeed. It is said that never before were so many trained creatures seen together at one time. The museum of Professor Worth, containing 200 cases of rare antiquities and relics, and the other museum of living human curiosities, are well worth a visit. Besides these there are Jumbo's reproduction, his big ivory-boned skeleton, the horses, new costumes, two herds of elephants, two droves of camels, giraffes, etc., an artificial lake with performing seals, aquatic feats, etc., an elevated stage, and all forms of expert equestrianism and mid-air performances. Mr. Barnum takes pride in providing good, wholesome instruction together with pure, innocent amusement.

VICTORIA'S CORONATION CROWN.

The diadem in which Queen Victoria was crowned, June 28, 1838, is much more tasteful and manageable than that of her predecessor, George IV., which weighed nearly seven pounds. The Queen's crown weighs about three pounds, and is composed of bands of silver, entirely covered with precious stones and topped with a ball covered with small diamonds, surmounted by a Maltese cross composed of brilliants, and bearing in its center a large sapphire. A splendid heart-shaped ruby, once owned by Edward the Black Prince, adorns the face of a cross which is in the front of the crown, and below this is an enormous oblong sapphire. There are two large center diamonds valued at $10,000 each, and four diamonds on the tops of crosses, each worth $50,000; two circles of pearls around the rim cost $4,000, and there are besides emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and clusters of pearls to the value of $555,000. The whole crown is lined with deep blue velvet and surrounded with ermine.—[Watch Dial.

THE COWBOY OF THE WILD WEST

lives in the open air and has no trouble with his lungs or liver. The Bank Cashier lives a sedentary life in a close atmosphere, and has bronchitis, liver complaint, and piles. Cashier needs Perfected Oxygen to restore him to health. Wonderful and complete remedy. Full information free by mail. Address Walter C. Browning, M.D., 1,235 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MADAM PORTER'S COUGH BALSAM
is one of the best remedies for Coughs and Colds Successfully used over fifty years.

FUGITIVE POEMS.

NOT AS I WILL.[1]

By Helen Hunt Jackson.

Blindfolded and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand.
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long!
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will"—the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will!" The darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all his love fulfill,
"Not as we will."

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.[2]

By James Russell Lowell.

The world buxes mild: democracy, they say,
Rounds the sharp knobs of character away,
And no great harm, unless at grave expense
Of what needs edge of proof, the moral sense;
For man or race is on the downward path
Whose fiber grows too soft for honest wrath,
And there's a subtle influence that springs
From words to modify our sense of things.
A plain distinction grows obscure of late;
Man, if he will, may pardon; but the State
Forgets its function if not fixed as Fate.
So thought our sires; a hundred years ago,
If men were knaves, why, people called them so,
And crime could see the prison-portal bend
Its brow severe at no long vista's end.
In those days for plain thing plain words would serve;
Men had not learned to admire the graceful swerve
Wherewith the æsthetic Nature's genial mood
akes public duty slope to private good;
No muddled conscience raised the saving doubt;
A soldier proved unworthy was drummed out,
An officer cashiered, a civil servant
(No matter though his piety were fervent)
Disgracefully dismissed, and through the land
Each bore for life a stigma from the brand
Whose far-heard hiss made others more averse
To take the facile step from bad to worse.
The Ten Commandments had a meaning then,
Felt in their bones by least considerate men,
Because behind them Public Conscience stood,
And without wincing made their mandates good.
But now that "statesmanship" is just a way
To dodge the primal curse and make it pay,
Since office means a kind of patent drill
To force an entrance to the Nation's till,
And peculation something rather less
Risky than if you spelt it with an s;
Now that to steal by law has grown an art,
Whom regues the sires, their milder sons call smart,
And "slightly irregular" dilutes the shame
Of what had once a somewhat blunter name,
With generous curve we draw the moral line;
Our swindlers are permitted to resign;
Their guilt is wrapped in deferential names,
And twenty sympathize for one that blames.
Add national disgrace to private crime,
Confront mankind with brazen front sublime,
Steal but enough, the world is unsevere—
Tweed is a statesman, Fisk a financier;
Invent a mine, and be—the Lord knows what;
Secure, at any rate, with what you've got.
The public servant who has stolen or lied,
If called on, may resign with honest pride
As unjust favor put him in, why doubt
Disfavor as unjust has turned him out?
Even if indicted, what is that fudge
To him who counted in the elective Judge?
Whitewashed, he quits the politician's strife
At ease in mind, with pockets filled for life;
The "lady" glares with gems whose vulgar blaze
The poor man through his heightened taxes pays,
Himself content if one huge Kohinoor
Bulge from a shirt front ampler than before,
But not too candid, lest it haply tend
To rouse suspicion of the People's Friend.
A public meeting, treated at his cost,
Resolves him back more virtue than he lost;
With character regilt he counts his gains;
What's gone was air, the solid good remains;
For what is good, except what friend and foe
Seem quite unanimous in thinking so,
The stocks and bonds which, in our age of loans,
Replace the stupid pagan's stocks and stones?
With choker white, wherein no cynic eye
Dares see idealized a hempen tie,
At parish meetings he conducts in prayer,
And prays for missions to be sent elsewhere;
On 'Change respected, to his friends endeared,
And but a Sunday-school class, he's revered,
And his too early tomb will not be dumb
To point a moral for our youth to come.

[1] Reprinted by request.

[2] From "Heart's Ease and Rue," just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

A SUCCESSFUL CO OPERATIVE FARM.

In February, last year, the local co-operative society at Aspatria, Cumberland, entered on the occupation of a farm of fifty-two acres. Of this, thirty-two and a half acres are pasture, and, of the rest, fourteen acres are fallow. The first annual balance sheet has just been issued, and shows the remarkable result of a net profit of £41. Not that the society gets its land for nothing, as the rent amounts to about fifty shillings an acre. In the course of the year it has bought £950 worth and sold £1 200 worth of cattle, corn, etc., and the close of the year leaves it with £700 worth of stock on hand. These figures are all certified by the valuation of two well-known local agriculturists, who testify that "the condition and state of cultivation of the farm are highly satisfactory, and the land has been managed in accordance with the rules of good husbandry—the hay and turnips especially are a heavy crop even for a good season—and the stock is in good condition, healthy and thriving." The valuators conclude their report in these words: "If all the land in Great Britain was made to produce the same proportionate amount, we might almost be independent of foreigners." There must be a good many landlords at the present time who would like to number the Aspatria Co-operative Society among their tenants.—[St. James's Gazette.

NEWS IN THE COUNTRY, CONFIRMED IN THE CITY.

A bright-eyed lady from Brooklyn came into the New York office and cheerfully gave her experience. There been a time when she thought Compound Oxygen "just a thing to advertise." But she had been boarding with friends in the country who thought very differently, and had the best reason for thinking so, as three or four members of their family had been cured of lung trouble and catarrh by it. So, on their recommendation, this Brooklyn lady procured a "Home Treatment." She had been suffering from insomnia, nervousness, and indigestion. Her husband was a sufferer from catarrh and bronchitis. She had now been taking Compound Oxygen for only two weeks, but already felt so much benefit from it that she gratefully said: "I am a new woman. I have found so much benefit from it that nothing shall hinder me from taking it regularly. I can now sleep with comfort; my digestion is better, and my nervousness is going away. My husband, too, is materially better, and very much encouraged."

All that you want to know about this Compound Oxygen is to be found in the "Treatise," which will be freely mailed to you by Drs. Starkey and Palen, 1,529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Write for it.

LACTATED FOOD

For Young Infants a perfect substitute for mother's milk, often saving life; for the invalid, or Dyspeptic, it is of great value. Thousands who have used it say it is the

FINEST BABY FOOD,
BEST INVALID FOOD,
MOST PALATABLE FOOD,
MOST NUTRITIOUS FOOD,
MOST ECONOMICAL FOOD.

A valuable pamphlet on the Care of Infants and Invalids sent on application.

Sold by Druggists. 25c., 50c., $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. BURLINGTON, VT.

(33 Colors.) DIAMOND DYES

are the Purest, Cheapest, Strongest, and most Durable Dyes ever made. One 10c. package will color 1 to 4 pounds of Dress Goods, Garments, Yarns, Rags, etc. Unequalled for *Feathers, Ribbons,* and all *Fancy Dyeing.* Also Diamond Paints, for Gilding, Bronzing, etc. Any color Dye or Paint, with full instructions and sample card mailed for 10 cents. At all Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

When You Need

An Alterative Medicine, don't forget that everything depends on the kind used. Ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla and take no other. For over forty years this preparation has had the endorsement of leading physicians and druggists, and it has achieved a success unparalleled in the history of proprietary medicines.

"For a rash, from which I had suffered some months, my father, an M. D., recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It effected a cure. I am still taking this medicine, as I find it to be a most powerful blood-purifier."—J. E. Cocke, Denton, Texas.

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I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased.

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This Association expends annually about $25,000 in judicious relief after careful inquiry and visitation by its own visitors at the houses of the poor. During the year ending September 30, 1887, over 9,880 such visits were made, and more than 46,000 persons aided with groceries, coal, shoes, clothing, blankets, medicines, etc.; 7,060 meals and lodgings furnished to single persons; 585 tenement-houses were inspected and reported. All cases referred to the Association will be immediately visited and reported upon and suitable relief given. Blank forms furnished on application, as well as full information. Contributions earnestly solicited.

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OFFICE OF THE

ATLANTIC

Mutual Insurance Company,

NEW YORK, January 24, 1888.

The Trustees, in Conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st of December, 1887.

Premiums on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887	$3,642,969 00
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1887	1,417,600 18
Total Marine Premiums	$5,060,569 22
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887	$3,672,331 21
Losses paid during the same period	$1,599,468 95
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$788,846 88

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$8,622,565 00
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise	1,559,100 00
Real Estate and Claims due the Company, estimated at	474,439 88
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	1,362,986 07
Cash in Bank	218,192 40
Amount	$12,237,283 35

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof or their legal representatives on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1883 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled.

A dividend of forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1887, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the First of May next.

By order of the Board,

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

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All Traveling Expenses Included.

A party will leave NEW YORK THURSDAY, MAY 3, for a TOUR of 51 DAYS in a

New and Magnificent Train of Vestibuled Pullman Palace Cars, with Pullman Palace Dining-Car Attached,

THROUGH

COLORADO AND CALIFORNIA,

With visits to Chicago, the Veta Pass, the Toltec Gorge, Las Vegas Hot Springs, Santa Fe, Albuquerque Riverside, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, Pasadena, Los Angeles, San Francisco, the Hotel del Monte (Monterey), Santa Cruz, Salt Lake City, Manitou Springs, Denver, etc., and daylight trips over the Sierra Nevada and through the most picturesque regions of the Wahsatch and Rocky Mountains.

In conjunction with the above and on the same date, a Party will leave NEW YORK, for a TOUR of 79 DAYS (in Vestibuled Pullman Palace Cars, with Pullman Palace Dining Car), over the same route through

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Thence through the Picturesque Regions of the

PACIFIC NORTHWEST,

And homeward over the entire length of the Northern Pacific Railroad, this part of the journey including a ride over the Famous Switchback in the Cascade Mountains, with a Side Trip of a Week to all points of interest in the Yellowstone National Park. Visits will be made to Portland, Dalles City, Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria (Capital of British Columbia), St. Paul, Minneapolis, Lake Minnetonka, etc. Incidental Excursion up the Columbia River and on Puget Sound.

In connection with either of the two excursions, time will be had for a trip to the Yosemite Valley and Big Trees.

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